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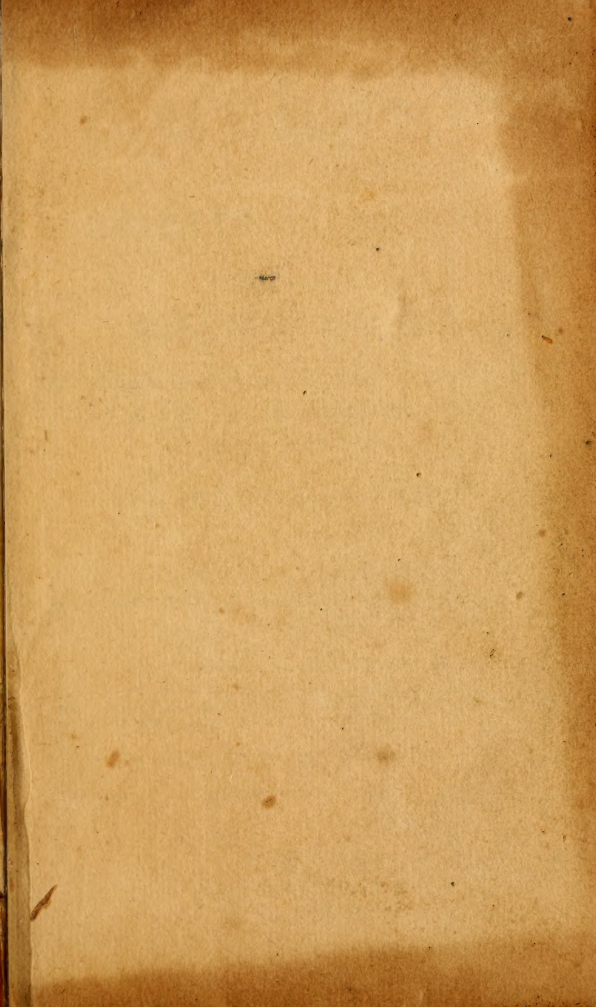
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A SELECTION

OF

# HYMNS

AND

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

*IN TWO PARTS.*

PART I. CONTAINING THE HYMNS.  
PART II. CONTAINING THE SONGS.

DESIGNED (ESPECIALLY THE FORMER PART)  
FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS,

*AS AN APPENDIX*

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

*BY WILLIAM PARKINSON:*

PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE CITY  
OF NEW-YORK.

---

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

*Col. iii. 16.*

“Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?”

*Job xxxv. 10.*

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*NEW-YORK:*

PRINTED FOR JOHN TIEBOUT,

*By D. & G. Bruce.*

1809.

*District of New-York, ss.*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*L. S.\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of May, in the thirty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, *William Parkinson*, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words and figures following—to wit :

A Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in two parts, part I. containing the Hymns, part II. containing the Songs—Designed (especially the former part) for the use of congregations, as an appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. By *William Parkinson*, Pastor of the first Baptist Church in the city of New-York.

“ Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”—*Col. iii. 16.*

“ Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night.”—*Job. xxxv. 10.*

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled, “ An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,” and also to an act entitled, “ An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

CHARLES CLINTON,  
*Clerk of the District of New-York.*

THE First Baptist Church in the City of New-York, having, by a Committee, examined the following Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, agree to use them in Public Worship, as an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns ; and do hereby recommend them to our sister Churches in particular, to the people of God in general, and to the public at large.

*By order of the Church.*

JOHN BEDIENT, *Church Clerk.*

*New-York, May 1, 1809.*



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## PREFACE.

THE Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts are known and admired by most of the godly in all denominations: nor is this admiration any more extensive than just. In poetry, sublimity and spirituality, they stand unequalled; and will probably remain so to the end of time; at least until a more perfect state of the church than the present. As evidence of their high and extensive reputation it may be remarked, that in most congregations they are constantly used; also that nearly all the collections that have been published owe the chief of their riches and beauties to that "sweet singer in Israel." As an individual, such is the esteem in which I hold the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, that I wish never to be without them, either in my closet, in my family, or in the house of God. They are, however, but *human composition*:—and, in a doctrinal point of view, several of them, in my humble opinion, are exceptionable; which, added to many more that are of local application, leave the book deficient, with respect to many particular occasions and subjects.

To supply this deficiency, Dr. Rippon published his selection; which is certainly superior to any other book of the kind that has appeared; and that it is so esteemed by the



## PREFACE.

churches of Christ, is sufficiently manifest, by its very extensive circulation and general use.

Favoured as we are with this *excellent* selection, and with many others, several of which\* are valuable, it may be thought by some altogether unnecessary to add another. Possibly it is so. However it does not appear so to me; and as those who have preceded me in selecting and compiling hymns, have thought themselves to be influenced by sufficient reasons; why may not I be allowed to think the same?

By this publication I hope in some measure, First, to gratify many who have long wished to see, in a suitable book for public worship, a number of hymns by various authors, which are not contained in Dr. Rippon's selection.—Secondly, to contribute towards lessening the use of several hymn books now in common circulation, which I consider as essentially erroneous in doctrine, and therefore calculated to corrupt the minds of some who use them, especially of young christians. And Thirdly, to furnish those who choose to make use of them, with a greater variety and more correct edition of what are called *Spiritual Songs*, than they now possess. This kind of composition has, for several years past been greatly abused —Songs have been circulated, not only in MS. but also in print, which have been so barbarous in language, so unequal in numbers, and so defective in rhyme, as to excite disgust in all persons even of tolerable understanding in these things; and, what is infinitely worse, so extremely unsound in doctrine, that no discern-

\* Especially that by Drs. Jones and Allison.

ing christian can sing or hear them without pain. Many of them, notwithstanding, contain valuable ideas; and such I have laboured to render acceptable. I still see in them many imperfections; and persons of better taste and discernment must necessarily see in them many more; however, I have learned, and all who make the attempt will learn, that, easy as it may be to discover faults in poetic composition, it is very difficult for a man, not born a poet, to correct them.

In selecting materials for this work, no respect has been had to the religious denomination of authors: Hymns or Songs that were thought to be good, wherever found, were taken.

As it is expected that this book will have its chief circulation where Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns are in common use, there are but very few taken from that excellent book; and yet, for the benefit of such as do not possess Watts, and especially for the use of travelling ministers, to whom it would be inconvenient to carry both, a few *choice* ones from *that* book are inserted in *this*. The books of Newton and Hart, also Watts's Lyric Poems, and the Songs in the Night, have considerably enriched this volume. As a proof of the high esteem in which I hold Dr. Rippon's selection of hymns, I have selected about one half of the same. Some of them, to be sure are slightly altered. Many are taken from other collections, either as I found them, or with alterations. A considerable number, especially in the second part, are either such as I found in writing in different places, and among different

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## PREFACE.

societies, or such as have been sent to me in letters, and which were never before in print. Some of them indeed have undergone such alterations, as that little more than the general idea remains. I do myself make no pretensions to poetic talent; nevertheless, at different times, since I profess to have known the Lord, I have been led to compose hymns: of these a few will appear in this book; and, that no other person may be charged with their blemishes, they are distinguished by the letter P——, as the others are by the names of their respective authors when known—when the authors are unknown, the books are mentioned from which the hymns or songs are taken.

The book is divided into two parts: the first containing what are called the *Hymns*, the second what are called the *Spiritual Songs*. In this general division, I have been governed partly by the metre and partly by the tunes usually sung to those of the second part; but principally by the denomination under which they commonly pass among us. The first part contains 420 hymns, and is especially designed for the use of congregations, in the same manner in which Dr. Rippon's book is used; that is, as an *Appendix* to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. The second part contains 150 Spiritual Songs; some of which may be used in common with those of the former part, but which are chiefly designed for the use of Society meetings and other circles of religious friends.

To this kind of singing I am aware that many serious persons object; however it is hoped that they will bear with those to whom it has



## PREFACE.

often been made a means of great refreshment, and the rather so, because it appears to have been owned, in many instances, as the means of bringing careless sinners to think seriously of eternal things.

As in Dr. Rippon's book, so in this, both the hymns and songs are arranged under particular heads, and the number of each made to agree with the number of the page on which it stands; which must greatly facilitate the finding either of any particular one sought for, or of one suited to any particular subject or occasion.

Should the sales of this work produce any surplus of money, after defraying the expense of printing, distribution, &c. it shall be scrupulously applied to the interests of Sion. And should the book be rendered at all useful, either to the dear people I statedly serve, and for whose use it is primarily designed, or to any other church or individual, my Lord and Master shall have all the praise.

W. P——.

*New-York, 1809.*

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# H Y M N S.

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## GOD.

I. L. M. *WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.*

*The unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God ! Almighty cause  
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown;  
All things are subject to thy laws;  
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possest;  
Control'd by none are thy commands;  
'Thou from thyself alone are blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;  
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;  
All other gods we disavow,  
Deny their claims, renounce their sway
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;  
Their idol-deities dethrone;  
Reduce the world to thy commands;  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

II. L. M. *DODDRIDGE.*

*The Immutability of God, and the Mutability  
of the creation. Psalm cii. 25, 28.*

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,  
Our souls adore thine awful name;  
And bow and tremble while they praise  
The Ancient of eternal days.

- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,  
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;  
And as to-morrow, shall thine eye  
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existing light ;  
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,  
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,  
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;  
And in the firmest state we boast,  
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around :  
Let death consign us to the ground :  
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,  
And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see,  
While grace secures us an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

III. C. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS*

*The Infinite.*

- 1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be !  
Great Everlasting one !  
Boundless thy might and majesty,  
And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,  
And wondrous large thy grace ;  
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,  
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
Which angels cannot sound,  
An ocean of infinities  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd

- 4 The mysteries of creation lie  
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;  
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
And fly before the winds.
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
And stretch from pole to pole,  
But half thy name our spirit fills,  
And overloads our soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,  
For nothing's found in thee  
But boundless inconceivables,  
And vast eternity.

IV. C. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.*

*Divine Sovereignty ; or, God's Dominion and  
Decrees.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod :  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on his firm decree :  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With ev'ry angel's form and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his councils shine ;  
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke  
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown ;

And there, the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives ;  
Nor dares the favourite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
O may I find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

V. L. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.*

*God Supreme and Self-sufficient.*

1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor tho'ts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,  
Compar'd with him, how short they fall !  
They are too dark, and he too bright,  
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,  
Creation rose at his command :  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature leans, and feels her prop :  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon :



No ebb his sea of glory knows;  
His age is one eternal noon.

- 6 Then fly, my song, and endless round,  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;  
All nature dwell upon the sound,  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

VI. C. M. *WATTS'S HYMNS.*

*God's eternity.*

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound  
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah fill'd his throne,  
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,  
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime;  
Eternity's his dwelling-place,  
And ever is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal now,  
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come!  
The creatures—look! how old they grow,  
And wait their fi'ry doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies;  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When th' old creation dies.

VII. L. M. *WATT'S HYMNS.**God invisible.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind;  
We can't behold thy bright abode;  
O! 'tis beyond a creature's mind,  
To glance a thought half way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,  
The great Eternal reigns alone,  
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
Of gems insufferable bright,  
And lays beneath his sacred feet  
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
Look through, and cheer us from above;  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

## CREATION.

VIII. C. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**A Song to creating Wisdom.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings:  
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!  
How glorious to behold!  
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the gazing sight,

Through skies and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill  
Shine through the worlds abroad ;  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace  
Our softer passions move ;  
Pity divine in Jesus's face  
We see, adore and love.

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PROVIDENCE.

IX. C. M. COWPER.

*The mysteries of Providence ; or, light shining  
out of darkness.*

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;

The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

X. C. M. *BEDDOME.*

*Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.*

- 1 **G**REAT God of providence! thy ways  
Are hid from mortal sight;  
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,  
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wondrous methods of thy grace  
Evade the human eye;  
The nearer we attempt t' approach,  
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above,  
Where thou dost ever reign,  
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,  
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Son of Righteousness shall there  
His brightest beams display,  
And not a hovering cloud obscure  
That never-ending day.

XI. C. M. *ADDISON.*

*The Traveller's Psalm.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord.  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will :  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and death;  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to thee.

## XII. C. M. FAWCETT.

*Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.*

- 1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea,  
Thy paths I cannot trace ;  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thy abounding grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,  
My captive soul surround ;  
Mysterious deeps of providence,  
My wand'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand  
My earthly hopes destroy ;  
In deep astonishment I stand,  
And ask the reason, why ?
- 4 As through a glass I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love,

How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part I know thy will,  
I bless thee for the sight;  
When will thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace;  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love and praise.

### XIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

#### *Mysteries.*

1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways;  
How blind we are! how mean our praise!  
Thy steps no mortal can explore;  
'Tis ours to wonder and adore!

2 Thy deep decrees, from creature sight,  
Are hid in shades of awful night;  
Amid the lines, with curious eye,  
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God, I would not ask to see  
What in futurity shall be;  
If light and bliss attend my days,  
Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Is darkness and distress my share,  
Then let me trust thy guardian care,  
Assur'd I am that love divine,  
At length through every cloud shall shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
Be this my only wish below:  
"That Christ is mine!"—This great request  
Grant, bounteous God—and I am blest!



XIV. L. M. *EREN-EZER.**The Darkness of Providence. Psalm lxxvii. 19.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,  
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,  
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
  - 2 Through seas and storms of deep distress,  
We sail by faith and not by sight;  
Faith guides us in the wilderness,  
Through all the briars and the night.
  - 3 Dear Father, though thy lifted rod  
In love doth scourge us here below,  
Still we do lean upon our God;  
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.
- 

## THE FALL OF MAN.

XV. L. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**Original Sin ; or, The first and second Adam.*

- 1 **A**DAM our father and our head,  
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead:  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies;  
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,  
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,  
The weighty vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around  
Stand silent through the heavenly ground;  
There's not a glorious mind above  
Has half the strength or half the love.
- 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!  
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;

Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
Stretches his arms and bleeds and dies.

- 5 Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;  
Ye saints below and saints above,  
All bow to this mysterious love.

XVI. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The effects of the Fall lamented. Psalm cxix.*

136, 158.

- 1 **A**RISE my tenderest thoughts, arise ;  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;  
The Father wounded through the Son ;  
The world abus'd the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night ;—  
In flames that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the fire brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

## SCRIPTURE.

## PROPERTIES.

## XVII. C. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*The inspired word a system of knowledge and joy. Psalm cxix. 105.*

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

## XVIII. BEDDOME.

*The usefulness of the Scriptures*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,  
A fiery pillar went before,  
To guide them through the dreary waste,  
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,  
'Tis for our light and guidance given;  
It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
And quickens its inactive powers,  
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,  
Displays thy love and kindles ours.

- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,  
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;  
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,  
 It comforts, and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favour'd lands who have this word,  
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,  
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
 And his distinguished grace adore.

XIX. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*The riches of God's word.*

- 1 **L**ET avarice from shore to shore  
 Her fav'rite god pursue ;  
 Thy word, O Lord, we value more  
 Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy  
 Are open'd to our sight:  
 The purest gold without alloy,  
 And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
 These sacred leaves unfold:  
 And here the Saviour's lovely face  
 Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above  
 Directs our doubtful feet:  
 Here promises of heavenly love  
 Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,  
 And all our wants supplied;  
 Nought we can ask to make us blest,  
 Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains  
 That so enrich the mind,  
 O may we search with eager pains,  
 Assur'd that we shall find !

## THE MORAL LAW.

## XX. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The sinner found wanting. Dan. v. 27.*

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;  
Behold the balance lifted high;  
There shall God's justice be display'd,  
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale his perfect law;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw;  
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,  
Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold! the hand of God appears  
To trace these dreadful characters;  
"Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,  
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."
- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;  
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;  
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail;  
Christ, in the scripture turns the scale;  
Still doth the gospel publish peace,  
And show a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Jesus, exert thy power to save,  
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave;  
Great God, the load of guilt remove,  
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

## XXI. L. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*The practical use of the moral law to the convinced sinner.*

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands  
Of breaking all thy ten commands:

And on me justly might'st thou pour  
Thy wrath in one eternal show'r.

- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms  
Have warn'd me of approaching harms:  
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;  
Lost and undone I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness  
Can ne'er thy broken law redress:  
Yet in thy gospel plan I see  
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord,  
How Christ hath to thy law restor'd  
Those honours on th' atoning day,  
Which guilty sinners took away.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
Display'd to rebels from above!  
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase  
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

XXII. C. M. COWPER.

*Legal obedience followed by Evangelical.*

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice  
To serve the Lord aright;  
And what she has, she misapplies,  
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay  
In bondage and distress!  
I toil'd the precept to obey,  
But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then to abstain from outward sin  
Was more than I could do;  
Now, if I feel its power within,  
I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then all my servile works were done  
A righteousness to raise;



Now, freely chosen in the Son,  
I freely choose his ways.

- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,  
That I may worthier grow?  
What shall I render to the Lord?  
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,  
And hear his pard'ning voice,  
Changes a slave into a child,  
And duty into choice.

XXIII. L. M. *WARTS'S LYRIC POEMS.*

*The law and gospel; or, Christ a refuge.*

- 1 “**C**URST be the man, for ever curst,  
“That doth one wilful sin commit;  
“Death and damnation for the first,  
“Without relief and infinite.”
- 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth  
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;  
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,  
And Calvary say gentler things:
- 3 “Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,  
“Streaming along a Saviour's blood,  
“And life, and joys, and crowns above,  
“Bestow'd by the eternal God.”
- 4 The Saviour prays, (the charming sound  
Dwells on his dying lips) **FORGIVE**;  
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound  
Cries, “Father, let the rebels live.”
- 5 Go, you that rest upon the law,  
And toil and seek salvation there,  
Look to the flame that Moses saw,  
And shrink, and tremble, and despair:

- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,  
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;  
 And the keen sword that justice draws,  
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

## CEREMONIAL LAW.

XXIV. 148th M. COWPER.

*The ceremonial law. Heb. iv. 2.*

- 1 **I** ISRAEL in ancient days,  
 Not only had a view  
 Of Sinai in a blaze,  
 But learn'd the gospel too;  
 The types and figures were a glass.  
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,  
 And blood-besprinkled door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
 And once apply'd with power,  
 Would teach the need of other blood,  
 To bring a sinner nigh to God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth  
 His perfect innocence,  
 Whose blood of matchless worth  
 Should be the soul's defence;  
 For he who can for sin atone,  
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The Scape-goat on his head  
 The people's trespass bore,  
 And, to the desert led,  
 Was to be seen no more;  
 In him our surety seem'd to say,  
 "Behold I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
 The living bird went free;

The type well understood,  
Express'd the sinner's plea;  
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
And by the Saviour's death discharg'd.

- 6 Jesus, I love to trace  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in ev'ry age!  
O grant that I may faithful be  
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

## GOSPEL.

XXV. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The Gospel a Feast. Isaiah, xxxv. 6.*

- 1 **O**N Sion, his most holy mount,  
God will a feast prepare,  
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands  
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food  
His bounteous hand bestows:  
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,  
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile  
A free acceptance given!  
See rebels, by adopting grace  
Sit with the heirs of heaven!
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now  
To ease and health restor'd,  
With eager appetites partake  
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,  
What dainties shall be given,  
When, with the myriads round the throne,  
We join the feast of heaven!

- 6 There joys immeasurably high  
 Shall overflow the soul,  
 And springs of life, that never dry,  
 In thousand channels roll.

XXVI. As the 148th. *Altered by TOPLADY.*  
*The Jubilee.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound !  
 Let all the nations know  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atonning Lamb ;  
 Redemption by his blood  
 Through all the lands proclaim :  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive ;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live :  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pard'ning grace :  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face :  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Jesus our great high priest  
 Has full atonement made :  
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad !

The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

XXVII. L. M. Gloucester tune. *DODDRIDGE.*

*The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.*

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round ;  
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,  
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe,  
When humble at his feet you fall,  
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain  
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heav'n,  
Your joy, your boast is freely giv'n ;  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her bless'd inhabitants no more,  
Bondage and property deplore ;  
No debt, but love immensely great,  
Their joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound,  
Celestial light their steps surround,  
And show the jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run.

XXVIII. C. M. S. *STENNETT.*

*The glorious Gospel of the blessed God.*

*1 Tim. i. 11.*

- 1 **W** HAT wisdom, majesty and grace  
Through all the gospel shine !

'Tis God that speaks, and we confess  
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry throne on high,  
Th' almighty Saviour comes ;  
Lays his bright robes of glory by,  
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt his people ow'd,  
Upon the cross he pays ;  
Then through the clouds ascends to God,  
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he our great high priest appears  
Before his Father's throne ;  
His blood perfumes our pray'rs and tears,  
And brings salvation down.

5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore  
Thy justice and thy grace :  
And on thy faithfulness and power  
Our firm dependance place.

#### XXIX. L. M. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.*  
*Rom. i. 16.*

1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief for all his woe ?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind ?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,  
Or form our spirits fit for heav'n ?  
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,  
Make their own powers and passions clean ?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;  
'Tis there that power and glory dwell  
That save rebellious souls from hell.



- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,  
That bears our fainting spirits up ;  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines  
Where nature's golden treasure shines ;  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.

XXX. C. M. *WATTS'S SERMONS.*

*A rational defence of the Gospel.*

- 1 **S**HALL Atheists dare insult the cross  
Of our incarnate God ?  
Shall infidels revile his truth,  
And trample on his blood ?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways  
To cleanse us from our faults ?  
May not the works of sov'reign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts ?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us strive  
With flesh, and self, and sin ?  
The prize is most divinely bright,  
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the men, despis'd on earth,  
Still of his grace partake ?  
This but confirms his truth the more,  
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred truth,  
Indulge their souls in sin ?  
None should reproach the Saviour's name,  
His laws are pure and clean.

- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,  
 Our lips profess his word;  
 Nor ever shun those holy men,  
 Who fear and love the Lord.

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## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

### ELECTION.

XXXI. L. M. *BEDDOME.*

*The consequences of Election. Rom. viii. 33, 39.*

- 1 **W**HO shall condemn to endless flames  
 The chosen people of our God?  
 Since in the book of life their names  
 Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.

- 2 He, for the sins of all th' elect,  
 Hath a complete atonement made;  
 As well as in their nature kept  
 The law, which he for them obey'd.

- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,  
 The famine, peril, or the sword;  
 Not persecution, or distress,  
 Can separate from Christ the Lord.

- 4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth nor height,  
 Nor powers below, nor powers above;  
 Not present things, nor things to come,  
 Can change his purposes of love.

- 5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,  
 His faithfulness shall still endure:  
 And those who on his word depend,  
 Shall find his word for ever sure.

XXXII. As the 148th. *L. H. C.*

*Eternal and unchangeable love. 2 Tim. i. 12.  
Chap. ii. 13. Phil. i. 6.*

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears!  
But greater, Lord, thou art,  
Than all my doubts and fears:  
Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,  
Though dark may be my frame;  
His loving heart is still  
Eternally the same:  
My soul through many changes goes;  
His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,  
And perfectly perform  
The work thou hast begun  
In me a sinful worm;  
Midst all my fears, and sin and woe,  
Thy spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace  
At first did freely move:  
I still shall see thy face,  
And feel that God is *love*!  
Myself into thy arms I cast;  
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

## ADOPTION.

XXXIII. *C. M. DODDRIDGE.*

*Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6.*

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim;

Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a father's name.

2 My Father God ! how sweet the sound !  
How tender, and how dear !  
Not all the harmony of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart ;  
And show, that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe ;  
And *Abba*, Father, humbly cry,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

#### COVENANT.

#### XXXIV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Support in God's covenant under trouble.*  
2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure,  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee  
As nature could desire ?  
To nobler joys than nature gives,  
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My father art become ;  
Jesus my guardian and my friend,  
And heaven my final home ;

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,  
For all that will is love :

And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

- 5 Thy covenant the last accent claims  
Of this poor faltering tongue ;  
And that shall the first notes employ  
Of my celestial song.

XXXV. 112th. *BENTLER'S COLLEC.*

*Pleading the covenant. Psalm lxxiv. 20.*

- 1 **O** LORD my God, whose sov'reign love  
Is still the same, nor e'er can move;  
Look to the covenant, and see,  
Has not thy love been shown to me ?  
Remember me, my dearest friend,  
And love me alway to the end.
- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,  
And help me forward more and more;  
My strong, my stubborn will incline  
To be obedient still to thine :  
O lead me by thy gracious hand,  
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

### REDEMPTION.

XXXVI. L. M. *STEELE.*

*Redemption by Christ alone. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.*

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin and bound in chains,  
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,  
And doom'd to everlasting pains,  
We wretched, guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace,  
Nor the whole world's collected store  
Suffice to purchase our release;  
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,  
An all-sufficient ransom paid :

Invalu'd price ! his precious blood  
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became  
To rescue guilty souls from hell ;  
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,  
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness ! love divine !  
O may our grateful hearts adore  
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,  
Nor wear its cruel fetters more !
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue  
The glorious work it has begun,  
Each secret lurking foe subdue,  
And let our hearts be thine alone.

XXXVII. L. M. S. STENNETT.

*It is finished. John xix. 30.*

- 1 'TIS finished, so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head and died,  
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd all that Heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said  
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan  
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone :  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
By this, my last expiring breath.



- 5 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round:  
 'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly  
 Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

## EFFICACY OF GRACE.

XXXVIII. C. M. *TOPLADY'S COLLEC.*

*Efficacious grace. Psalm xlv.*

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty Jesus, how divine  
 Is thy victorious sword!  
 The stoutest rebel must resign,  
 At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;  
 They pierce the hardest heart:  
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
 And joy succeeds the smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,  
 Ride with majestic sway:  
 Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,  
 And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy victories are complete;  
 When all the chosen race  
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,  
 To sing thy conq'ring grace;
- 5 O may my humble soul be found  
 Among that favour'd band!  
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound  
 Throughout Immanuel's land.

XXXIX. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The conversion of Zaccheus. Luke xix. 1, 10.*

- 1 **O**NCE as the Saviour pass'd along,  
 Zaccheus fain the Lord would see:

- Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,  
He ran before, and climb'd a tree.
- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,  
Upward he look'd and saw him there,  
"Zaccheus, hasten down, for I  
"Must be thy guest to-day, prepare.
- 3 "To day," the pard'ning Saviour cries,  
"Salvation to thy house is come,  
"On wings of sov'reign love it flies;  
"Go tell the blissful news at home."
- 4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around,  
To ev'ry list'ning sinner speak;  
Now may thy ancient love abound,  
From ev'ry seat a captive take.
- 5 Mourners make haste our God to meet;  
Come to the feast his love prepares;  
The lost are sought and sav'd, how sweet!  
And not the righteous, Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are ye come out to view  
Jesus who once for sinners died?  
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,  
"Cast sinful, righteous self aside."
- 7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?  
Dost thou invite thee to my home?  
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,  
'To day let thy salvation come.

XL. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The lost sheep found; or, joy in heaven on the conversion of a sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4.*

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold,  
Has lost a straying sheep,  
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,  
And climbs the mountain's steep.

- 2 But O the joy ! the transport sweet !  
 When he the wand'rer finds ;  
 Up in his arms he takes his charge,  
 And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,  
 And make his bliss complete :  
 The neighbours hear the news, and all  
 The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy  
 When grace one sinner turns ;  
 When the poor wretch with broken heart,  
 His sins and errors mourns !
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,  
 In songs their tongues employ ;  
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
 And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd the Father sees and hears  
 The conscious sinner weep ;  
 Jesus receives him in his arms,  
 And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,  
 But kindle with new fire :  
 " A wand'ring sheep's return'd," they sing,  
 And strike the sounding lyre.

XLI. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*The converted thief. Luke xxiii. 42.*

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,  
 And wept, and bled, and dy'd,  
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch  
 That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,  
 The penitent confess'd ;  
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,  
 And thus his prayer address'd :

- 3 "Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven,  
 "Thou spotless lamb of God,  
 "I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,  
 "And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe  
 "In triumph thou shalt rise,  
 "Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,  
 "And shine above the skies.
- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
 "Dear Saviour, think on me ;  
 "And in the vict'ries of thy death  
 "Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
 And instantly replies,  
 "To day thy parting soul shall be  
 "With me in paradise."

XLII. L. M. S. STENNETT.

*Praise to God for renewing grace.*

- 1 **T**O God, my saviour and my king,  
 Fain would my soul her tribute bring ;  
 Join me ye saints in songs of praise,  
 For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
 Just breathing all my life away,  
 He saw me welt'ring in my blood,  
 And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,  
 Bound up my wounds and sooth'd my grief:  
 Pour'd joys divine into my heart,  
 And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord:  
 Deep in my breast I will record ;  
 The life which I from thee receive,  
 To thee, behold, I freely give.

- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,  
Through the remainder of my days :  
And when I join the powers above,  
My soul shall better sing thy love.

XLIII. S. M. Mount Ephraim tune.  
*RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Salvation by grace, from first to last.*

*Eph. ii. 5.*

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound !  
Harmonious to the ear !  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name  
In God's eternal book :  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow :  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.]
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

XLIV. C. M. *EVANGEL. MAGAZINE.**Excellency of Grace.*

- 1 **T**O distant realms let monarchs spread  
     Their grandeur and renown;  
     Yet saving grace doth far exceed  
     The splendour of a crown.
- 2 Let earthly mortals proudly vaunt,  
     Of their increasing store;  
     The more they have, the more they want  
     And are in plenty poor.
- 3 But grace is an inheritance,  
     Not to be bought or sold;  
     More to be priz'd than stores or lands  
     Or heaps of shining gold.
- 4 Such treasures cannot here be found  
     To fill the empty soul,  
     Though we could search the globe around,  
     Or dig from pole to pole.

## UNION TO CHRIST.

XI.V. S. M. *DODDRIDGE.**Vital union to Christ, in Regeneration.*

1 Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour we are thine,  
     By everlasting bonds;  
     Our names, our hearts, we would resign,  
     Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave  
     With ever growing zeal;  
     If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
     O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy spirit shall unite  
     Our souls to thee our head;  
     Shall form us to thy image bright,  
     That we thy paths may tread.

- 4 Death may our souls divide  
 From these abodes of clay ;  
 But love shall keep us near thy side  
 Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
 Why should we doubt or fear ?  
 If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,  
 He'll fix his members there.

## XLVI. L. M. STEELE.

*Life of the Soul. John xiv. 19.*

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
 And fainting hope almost expires ;  
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
 And can my hope, my comfort die,  
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word,  
 That God which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
 Then my immortal life is sure ;  
 His word a firm foundation gives,  
 Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here, let my faith unshaken dwell ;  
 Immovable the promise stands ;  
 Not all the powers of earth, or hell,  
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here O my soul thy trust repose ;  
 For Jesus is for ever mine,  
 Nor death itself, that last of foes,  
 Shall break a union so divine.



## RIGHTEOUSNESS.

## XLVII. L. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Human righteousness insufficient to justify.*

*Mic. vi. 6, 8.*

- 1 **WHEREWITH**, O Lord, shall I draw near,  
Or bow myself before thy face?  
How in thy purer eyes appear?  
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?  
Will multiply'd oblations please?  
Thousands of rams his favour buy,  
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?  
Can these wash out my guilty stain?  
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,  
Alas! they all might flow in vain.
- 4 What have I then wherein to trust?  
I nothing have, I nothing am;  
Excluded is my every boast,  
My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;  
My sole desert, is hell and wrath;  
'Twere just the sentence should take place,  
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!
- 6 I plead the merits of thy Son,  
Who died for sinners on the tree;  
I plead his righteousness alone,  
O put the spotless robe on me.

## XLVIII L. M. Leeds tune. MADAN'S COB.

*Imputed righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. Isa. xlv. 24.*

- 1 **JESUS**, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;

- Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
Even then shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath LIV'D and DY'D for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
While through thy blood absolv'd I am,  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

## PARDON.

XLIX. 112th. DAVIES.

*The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.*

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all thy ways  
Are matchless, awful, and divine;  
But the fair glories of thy grace  
More godlike and unrivall'd shine;  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare,

- This is thy grand prerogative,  
 And none shall in the honour share—  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim  
 To pity, mercy, love and grace;  
 These glories crown Jehovah's name  
 With an incomparable blaze.  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
 We take the pardon of our God,  
 Pardon, for crimes of deepest dye,  
 A Pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood.  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
 This godlike miracle of love,  
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
 And all the angelic choirs above!  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

L. C. M. STEELE.

*Pardoning love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.*

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
 Has wander'd from the Lord!  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"  
 Dear Lord, and may I come!  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
 O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive;  
 And bid my crimes remove?

And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love!

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power  
How glorious, how divine!  
That can to love and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

LI. L. M. GIBBONS.

*Divine forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.*

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound  
To malefactors doom'd to die;  
Publish the bliss the world around;  
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;  
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime;  
Unclouded shall its glories shine,  
And feel no change, by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,  
And like the mountains for their size,  
The seas of sovereign grace expand,  
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven  
What grateful honours shall we show?  
Where much transgression is forgiven  
Let love in equal ardours glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days  
With various holiness be crown'd;  
Let truth and goodness prayer and praise  
In all abide, in all abound.

LII. S. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9.*

- 1 **M**Y sorrows like a flood,  
Impatient of restraint,  
Into thy bosom, O my God,  
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine  
Could once defy the Lord,  
Could rush with violence on to sin,  
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood  
A rebel to the skies,  
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace !  
Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O shall I never feel  
The meltings of thy love?  
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel  
That mercy cannot move?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,  
Here at thy cross I lie;  
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,  
And weep, and love, and die.
- 6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise,  
Behold my wounded veins;  
"Here flows a sacred crimson flood,  
"To wash away thy stains."
- 7 See, Justice reconcil'd !  
Behold God's smiling face !  
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings  
And sound aloud his grace.

LIII. C. M. *DODDRIDGE.**Pardon spoken by Christ. Mat. ix. 2.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice  
Pronounce the words of peace !

And all my warmest powers shall join  
To celebrate thy grace.

- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,  
And speak my sins forgiv'n;  
The accents mild shall charm mine ear  
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,  
The darkest path I'll tread;  
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,  
No other fears we know;  
That hand which scatters pardons down,  
Shall crowns of life bestow.

LIV. L. M. STODDON.

*God ready to forgive ; or, despair sinful.*

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears,  
As if the Lord were loth to save,  
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,  
And sink with sorrow to the grave?
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?  
Or rules he by an iron rod?  
Loves he the deep despairing groan?  
Is he a tyrant or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought  
So much his tender bowels grieve,  
As this unkind injurious thought,  
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,  
Or glowing like the crimson morn,  
Immanuel's blood will make us white  
As snow through the pure æther borne.

- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,  
 And well may rebel worms surprise,  
 But was not thy incarnate Son  
 A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,  
 "No real penitent shall die ;"  
 Lord, we would now believe thy word,  
 And thy unbounded mercies try!

## SALVATION.

LV. C. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Complete Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION through our dying God  
 Is finish'd and complete ;  
 He paid whate'er his people ow'd,  
 And cancell'd all their debt.
- 2 Salvation now shall be my stay,  
 "A sinner sav'd," I'll cry,  
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay,  
 For better joys on high.

LVI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation.*  
*Psalm xxxv. 3.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O melodious sound  
 To wretched dying men !  
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
 And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,  
 From fiends, and fires, and chains :  
 Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,  
 Where love triumphant reigns !
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,  
 Sinful and weak as mine,  
 Presume to raise a trembling eye  
 To blessings so divine ?



- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,  
 My feeble heart o'erbears ;  
 And unbelief almost perverts  
 The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine  
 These dying hopes can raise :  
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
 And turn my prayer to praise.

## COMMUNION WITH GOD.

LVII. L. M. *BEDDOME.**Desiring Communion with God.*

- 1 **M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,  
 To perfect happiness aspires,  
 With steady steps would tread the road,  
 That leads to heav'n, that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love,  
 From the pure fountain-head above :  
 My dearest Lord, I long to be  
 Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn,  
 Art thou withdrawn? again return,  
 Nor let me be the first to say,  
 Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

LVIII. C. M. *COWPER.**Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.*

- 1 **O**FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame ;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word ?

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !  
 How sweet their memory still !  
 But now I find an aching void,  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest !  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn  
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

LIX. C. M. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*O that I knew where I might find him ; or, Sins  
 and Sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.*

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,  
 Where I might find my God !  
 I'd spread my wants before his face,  
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
 What sorrows I sustain ;  
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God ;  
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
 And heal my broken bones ;

He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.

- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

LX. BALTIMORE COLLEC.

*Fellowship with God. 1 John i. 3.*

- 1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,  
And from this earthly clod,  
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain  
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,  
In all the paths thou'st trod,  
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,  
Like fellowship with God.
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,  
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,  
Can to my soul such bliss impart,  
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health nor friendship here below  
Nor wealth, that golden load,  
Can such delight or comfort show,  
As fellowship with God.
- 5' When I am made, in love to bear  
Afflictions needful rod,  
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,  
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptations fiery blasts,  
Or dark desertion's road,  
I'm happy if I can but taste  
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 And when the icy hand of death  
Shall chill my flowing blood,

With joy I'll yield my latest breath  
In fellowship with God.

- 8 When I, at last, to heav'n ascend,  
And gain my blest abode,  
There an eternity I'll spend  
In fellowship with God.

PERSEVERANCE.

LXI. C. M. F——.

*Perseverance. Psalm cxix. 117.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?  
Conduct me in thy fear,  
And grant me such supplies of grace,  
That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own almighty arm  
Sustain a feeble worm,  
I shall escape, secure from harm,  
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,  
'Till all my toils shall cease ;  
Guard me through life, and let my end  
Be everlasting peace.

LXII. L. M. S. STENNETT.

*Perseverance desired.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God.  
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood :  
By ties both natural and divine,  
I am, and ever will be thine.
- 2 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,  
Ere I'm aware from thee depart,  
What dire reproach would fall on me,  
For such ingratitude to thee !
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,  
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate :

And yet so mighty are my foes.  
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,  
Grace in the needful hour afford :  
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine  
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,  
And gather joys from all my tears :  
So shall I to the world proclaim  
The honours of the christian name.

## INVITATIONS AND PROMISES:

LXIII. L.M. S. STENNETT.

*God reasoning with men. Isaiah i. 18.*

- 1 "COME, sinners," saith the mighty God,  
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,  
"Lo ! I descend from mine abode,  
"To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 "No clouds of darkness veil my face,  
"No vengeful lightnings flash around :  
"I come proclaiming life and peace ;  
"Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound."
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,  
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;  
O make our crimson sins like wool,  
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat  
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,  
While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,  
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

LXIV. As the 148th. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 YE dying sons of men,  
Immerg'd in sin and woe,

The gospel's voice attend,  
 While Jesus sends to you :  
 Ye perishing and guilty come,  
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room;

2 No longer now delay,  
 Nor vain excuses frame :  
 He bids you come to-day,  
 Though poor, and blind, and lame :  
 All things are ready, sinner, come,  
 For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word  
 His messengers proclaim ;  
 He is a gracious Lord,  
 And faithful is his name :  
 Backsliding souls, return and come,  
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
 Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,  
 Christ calls you from above,  
 His charming accents hear !  
 Let whosoever will, now come :  
 In mercy's breast there still is room,

LXV. C. M. STEELE.

*The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.*

1 **T**HE Saviour calls—ye mourners hear :  
 Attend the heavenly sound ;  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow,  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart  
 To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise  
 To ease your every pain,

(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

- 4 Poor sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,  
The gracious call obey;  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—  
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let mourners fly;  
And take the bliss thy love imparts  
And drink, and never die.

LXVI. L. M. *BEDDOME.*

*The first promise. Gen. iii. 15.*

- 1 **W**HEN by the tempter's wiles betray'd,  
Adam our head and parent fell;  
Unknown before, a pleasure spread  
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see  
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;  
But God proclaims his great decree,  
Pardon and mercy through his Son.
- 3 Serpent accurs'd, thy sentence read,  
"Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel:  
'The woman's seed shall break thy head,  
Thy malice faintly bruise his heel."
- 4 Thus God declares, and Christ descends,  
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;  
Whilst in his death, death's empire ends,  
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of Glory deals  
Ruin to all his numerous foes:  
His power the prince of darkness feels,  
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.



LXVII. L. M. Lebanon tune. *FAWCETT.*

*As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut.*  
xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying day?"  
He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,  
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

LXVIII. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Fear not, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli. 10.*

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near?

- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel  
For all thy humble saints?  
And in such friendly accents speak  
To sooth their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? Why flow our eyes  
While such a voice we hear?  
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,  
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favours add  
A heart to trust thy word;  
And death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the Lord.

## LXIX. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 9.*

- 1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint;  
"My grace sufficient is for thee  
"Though thou art weak and faint.
- 2 "My grace its riches shall display,  
"And make thy griefs remove;  
"Thy weakness shall the triumphs tell  
"Of boundless power and love."
- 3 What though my griefs are not remov'd,  
Yet why should I despair?  
While my kind Saviour's arms support,  
I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,  
'Tis good to trust thy name:  
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love  
Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace  
I all things can perform;  
And smiling triumph in thy name,  
Amid the raging storm.

## LXX. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*My God shall supply all your need. Phil. iv.  
19, 20.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how cheering is the sound!  
How pleasant to repeat!  
Well may that heart with pleasure bound?  
Where God hath fix'd his seat!
- 2 What want shall not our God supply  
From his redundant stores?  
What streams of mercy from on high  
An arm almighty pours!
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,  
These ample blessings flow:  
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,  
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God,  
Be endless glory given,  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

## LXXI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to  
give you the kingdom. Luke xii. 32.*

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,  
Dismiss your anxious cares;  
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,  
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,  
His staff is your defence:  
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice  
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,  
And give it with delight;

His feeblest child his love shall call  
To triumph in his sight.

## CHRIST.

## HIS INCARNATION.

LXXII. C. M. MEDLEY.

*The Incarnation of Christ. Luke. ii. 14.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love and gratitude combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining regions ran,  
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
Th' impetuous torrent ran.  
And angels flew with eager joy  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night  
Lay all the eastern world,  
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light  
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song:  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

- 7 [O for a glance of heavenly love  
Our hearts and songs to raise;  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with their lays!]
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high;  
"Good-will and peace are now complete,  
"Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!  
Redeemer, brother, friend!  
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

## HIS TRANSFIGURATION.

LXXIII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ's transfiguration. Mat. xvii. 4.*

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace  
The various glories of thy face,  
What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell  
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,  
Rather than pompous courts behold,  
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!  
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;  
I see the King of Glory shine;  
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On 'Tabor, thus his servants view'd  
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;  
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise;

That grand assembly would we join,  
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

- 6 That mounthow bright! those forms how fair!  
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:  
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,  
And bear me to that blest abode.

## HIS SUFFERINGS.

LXXIV. L. M. *WHITEFIELD'S COLLEC*

*Behold the man. John xix. 5.*

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man.  
The man of grief condemn'd for you,  
The lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,  
With nails they fasten to the wood—  
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet tranfix'd and torn,  
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move!  
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,  
And melt us with thy dying love!
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,  
Convuls'd when her Creator died;  
O may our inmost nature shake,  
And bow with Jesus crucified!
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd  
Their horrors to the upper skies;  
O that our souls might burst the shade,  
And quicken'd by thy word, arise!

- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
 And tremble and asunder part;  
 O rend with thy expiring breath,  
 The harder marble of our heart.

LXXV. L. M. STEELE.

*A dying Saviour.\**

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies,  
 Hark his expiring groans arise!  
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
 And flows from every bleeding wound;  
 The vital stream how free it flows,  
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,  
 To die for man, surprising grace!  
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—  
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?  
 And could the sun behold the deed?  
 No, he withdrew his sickening ray,  
 And darkness veil'd the morning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,  
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow;  
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
 Insensible to love or pain?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
 To warm this cold this stupid heart;  
 'Till all its powers and passions move  
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

\* See *Hymns on Redemption, and the Lord's Supper.*



## LXXVI. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.*

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see  
Th' incarnate son of God,  
Expiring on the fatal tree,  
And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run  
Down from his hands and head:  
The crimson tide puts out the sun;  
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,  
Proclaim the truth aloud;  
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,  
"This is the Son of God."
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice  
May well my hope revive:  
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.
- 5 O that these cords of love divine,  
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!  
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—  
Thine it shall ever be!

LXXVII. C. M. *Behold me! BOSTON COLLEC.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls who still decline  
To walk in his commands;  
Your Jesus chides your ling'ring faith  
And says, "behold my hands!"
- 2 "These hands were pierc'd and torn for you,  
To make your bliss complete;  
For you I trod the place of skulls,  
And now, behold my feet!"
- 3 "My temples bore the thorny crown  
While foes did me deride,

My vital current ran for you,  
And now, behold my side !”

- 4 Amaz'd, we cry, forgive, O Lord,  
Forgive our senseless frame ;  
May such almighty love as this  
Make us to love thy name.

LXXVIII. L. M. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.*

*Christ crucified.*

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,  
Bleeding to death for wretched me ;  
Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am all dissolv'd in love.
- 2 Histhorns and nails pierce through my heart,  
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
But see ! he bows his head and dies.
- 3 Come sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood !  
Behold his side, and venture near,  
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains,  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;  
Only the fountain head above,  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !  
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !  
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;  
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

## LXXIX. L. M. SWAIN.

*The Harmony of Creation and Redemption.*

- 1 **G**OD's nature and his name we read,  
When we behold the Saviour bleed;  
And, when we hear his dying groan,  
His shame and grief explain our own!
- 2 The lustre of his holy law,  
Thus honour'd, fills our minds with awe;  
And Calv'ry's scenes at once reveal  
More love and wrath than heav'n and hell.
- 3 How strict that truth that could not spare  
Thine equal, thine eternal heir!  
How great the love that freely gave  
Thy son thine enemies to save!
- 4 Thy just commands, by him obey'd,  
In all their beauties stand display'd;  
Thy righteous vengeance, falling there,  
Fills earth and heav'n with holy fear.

## HIS RESURRECTION.

LXXX. 148th. Resurrection tune.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.*

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;  
The Saviour left the dead;  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:  
In wild dismay  
The guards around  
Fall to the ground,  
And sink away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands,  
And worship at his feet:

Joyful they come,  
And wing their way  
From realms of day  
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,  
The joyful news to bear:  
Hark ! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air !  
Their anthems say,  
" Jesus who bled  
" Hath left the dead ;  
" He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by him from hell ;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell ;  
Transported cry,  
" Jesus who bled  
" Hath left the dead  
" No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with thy blood !  
Wide be thy name ador'd,  
Thou rising, reigning God !  
With thee we rise,  
With thee we reign,  
And empires gain  
Beyond the skies.

LXXXI. L. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours.*

1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey,  
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;  
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,  
And all the powers of death defy.

- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim  
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death:  
 Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name  
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath!
- 3 [Our Surety freed, declares us free,  
 For whose offences he was seiz'd:  
 In his release our own we see,  
 And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.
- 4 Jesus once number'd with the dead,  
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;  
 And ever lives their cause to plead,  
 For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;  
 See the rich diadem he wears!  
 Thou too shalt bear an harp of Gold,  
 To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
 My flesh for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

## LXXXII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Comfort to such who seek a risen Jesus. Mat.  
 xxviii. 5, 6.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
 Chase all your fears away:  
 And bow with pleasure down to see  
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low, the Lord of life was brought;  
 Such wonders love can do;  
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
 Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,  
 Let grateful sorrows rise;

And wash the bloody stains away,  
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again ;  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd head ;  
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint  
His empty tomb survey ;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord,  
To realms of endless day.

#### HIS ASCENSION.

LXXXIII. L. M. WESLEY'S COLLEC.

*Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.*

1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !  
" Ye everlasting doors give way ! "

3 " Loose all your bars of massy light,  
" And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
" He claims those mansions as his right,  
" Receive the King of Glory in. "

4 " Who is the King of Glory, who ? "  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.

- 5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay,  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!  
 "Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"  
 The Lord of boundless power possess,  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
 God over all, for ever blest!

## HIS INTERCESSION.

## LXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

*The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.*

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives,  
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)  
 And now before his father God,  
 Presents the merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears;  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face  
 Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,  
 Above our fears, above our faults  
 His powerful intercessions rise  
 And guilt removes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their power;  
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—  
 On him our humble hopes depend;  
 Our cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus pleads and must prevail.



LXXXV. C. M. *TO PLADY.**Christ's intercession prevalent. John xvii. 24.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing  
Th' ascended Saviour's love ;  
Sing how he lives to carry on  
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up  
His humble suit below ;  
But with authority he asks,  
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,  
Salvation he demands ;  
Points to their names upon his breast,  
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
Gives sanction to his claim :  
" Father, I will that all my saints  
" Be with me where I am :
- 5 " By their salvation, recompense  
" The sorrows I endur'd ;  
" Just to the merits of thy Son,  
" And faithful to thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,  
To every saint is given :  
Safety below and after death,  
The plenitude of heaven.
- 7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails,  
The Father smiles on thee ;  
And now thou in thy kingdom art,  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 8 Let the much incense of thy prayer  
In my behalf ascend ;  
And as its virtue, so my praise,  
Shall never never end.]

## LXXXVI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate. Exodus xxviii. 29.*

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great high priest above,  
And celebrate his constant care,  
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining train  
With matchless honours crown'd;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,  
Deep graven on his heart;  
Nor shall the meanest christian say  
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns  
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So gracious Saviour, on my breast,  
May thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne

## AN OBJECT OF PRAISE.

## LXXXVII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The condescending Grace of Christ.  
Mat. xx. 28.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
How sweet thy gracious name!  
With joy that errand we review,  
On which Messiah came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands  
Stood waiting on the wing,

Charm'd with the honour to obey  
Their great eternal King ;

- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,  
Thou laid'st that glory by ;  
First in our mortal flesh to serve,  
Then in that flesh to die.

- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
We doubly, Lord, are thine ;  
To thee our lives we would devote  
To thee our death resign.

LXXXVIII. L. M. STEELE.

*The exalted Saviour.*

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,  
And join the blissful choir above ;  
There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,  
O may we feel the sacred flame ;  
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
Adore the Saviour's glorious name !
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree  
In agonizing pains expir'd ;  
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he !  
How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !
- 4 Jesus, who dy'd that we might live,  
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place ;—  
O what returns can mortals give,  
For such immeasurable grace ?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,  
And art with all her boasted store ;  
Nature and art with all their powers,  
Would still confess the offering poor !
- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine !  
We ne'er can equal honours raise,

Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise !

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## CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.

LXXXIX. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ.* 1 Pct. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge at th' Almighty's call,  
In what impetuous streams it fell !  
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,  
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride  
Fled from the close-pursuing wave !  
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,  
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !  
How shrill the universal cry  
Of millions in the last despair,  
Re-echo'd from the lowering sky !
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy saint,  
Surrounded with the chosen few,  
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,  
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.
- 5 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,  
While storms of vengeance round me fall,  
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,  
Beyond this trembling earthly ball.
- 6 My soul in Christ securely waits,  
Nor can she leave that safe retreat ;  
Till the wide flood, which buries earth,  
Shall waft her to a heavenly seat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;  
There not a wave of trouble rolls ;

But the bright rainbow round the throne  
Seals endless life to ransom'd souls.

ADVOCATE.

XC. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.*

- 1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire,  
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, Lord, the breathings of desire,  
The weak petition, if sincere,  
Is not forbidden to aspire,  
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious advocate on high,  
With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He sweetens ev'ry humble groan,  
He recommends each broken pray'r;  
Recline thy hope on him alone,  
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call thee mine;  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father, God, with joy divine.

BRAZEN SERPENT.

XCI. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Brazen Serpent. Numb. xxi. 8, 9.*

- 1 **W**HEN Isra'l's grieving tribes complain'd,  
With fiery serpent's greatly pain'd,  
A serpent straight the prophet made  
Of molten brass to view display'd.

- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,  
To heav'n their mournful sighs ascend;  
They hope, they look, while from the pole  
Descends a pow'r that makes them whole.
- 3 But, O, what healing to the heart  
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!  
What life, by faith, our souls receive!  
What pleasures do his sorrows give!
- 4 Still may I view the Saviour's cross,  
And other objects count but loss;  
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,  
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!
- 5 Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!  
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;  
By thy atonement set me free,  
My life my hope is all from thee.

BREAD OF LIFE.

XCII. L. M. *FAWCETT.*

*Bread of Life. John vi. 35, 48.*

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,  
Nor love, nor seek for heav'nly bread;  
They choose the husks which swine do eat,  
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 Jesus, thou art the living bread,  
By which our needy souls are fed:  
In thee alone thy children find  
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread, I starve and die;  
No other can my need supply:  
But this will suit my wretched case,  
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,  
Who ask for bread at mercy's door,

This living food descends from heaven,  
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.

- 5 This precious food my heart revives,  
What strength, what nourishment it gives!  
O let me ever more be fed  
With this divine celestial bread!

### BRIDEGROOM.

#### XCIII. L. M. FAWCETT.

*Bridegroom and husband; or, the Marriage  
between Christ and the Soul.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heavenly lover, gave  
His life my wretched soul to save;  
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,  
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove  
'Till melted and constrain'd by love;  
With sin and self I freely part,  
The heavenly bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt my wretchedness he knows,  
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;  
My debts he pays and sets me free,  
And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,  
He clothes me as becomes his bride;  
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,  
The robe of perfect righteousness.
- 5 Lost in astonishment, I see,  
Jesus, thy boundless love to me;  
With angels I thy grace adore,  
And long to love and praise thee more.
- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,  
O keep me, Saviour, near thy side;  
I fain would give thee all my heart,  
Nor ever from my Lord depart.



MORNING STAR,

XCIV. L. M. *BEDDOME.*

*Bright and Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.*

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near  
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,  
O tell how mean your glories are,  
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.
- 2 We sing the bright and morning-star  
(Jesus, the spring of light and love ;)  
See how its rays diffus'd from far,  
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,  
Point out the puzzled christian's way ;  
Still as he goes he finds the road  
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus when the eastern Magi brought  
Their royal gifts, a star appears,  
Directs them to the babe they sought,  
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heavenly place,  
Where this bright star will brightest shine ;  
Leave far behind these scenes of night,  
And view a lustre so divine ?

CORNER STONE.

XCV. L. M. *DODDRIDGE.*

*Corner-Stone. 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou show a corner-stone  
For us to build our hopes upon,  
That the fair edifice may rise  
Sublime in light beyond the skies ?
- 2 We own the work of sov'reign love,  
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,

- Which fix'd on this foundation stand,  
Laid by thine own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried,  
And all the powers of hell defy'd;  
Floods of temptation beat in vain;  
Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,  
Whirlwind and thunder, fire, and hail,  
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,  
And here securely they abide:
- 5 While they that scorn this precious stone,  
Fond of some quicksand of their own,  
Borne down by mighty vengeance die,  
And buried deep in ruin lie.

DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

XCVI. C. M.

*Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,  
Thou lovely Prince of grace!  
Thy uncreated beauties shine  
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end  
Come bending at thy feet;  
To thee their prayers and vows ascend.  
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name as precious ointment shed,  
Delights the church around;  
Sweetly the sacred odours spread  
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thy exhaustless store;  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.

- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy:  
 They find their all in thee;  
 Thy glories will their tongues employ  
 Through all eternity.

THE DOOR.

XC VII. C. M. Stamford tune. DODDRIDGE.  
*The Door. John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and bless his name;  
 Whose mercies never fail;  
 Who opens wide a door of hope  
 In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,  
 The buildings strong and fair;  
 Within are pastures fresh and green,  
 And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
 For Jesus is the door;  
 Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
 Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,  
 And Jews and Gentiles come,  
 All trav'ling through one beauteous gate,  
 To one eternal home!

FORERUNNER.

XC VIII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope.*  
*Heb. vi. 19, 20.*

- 1 **J**ESUS the Lord, our souls adore,  
 A painful sufferer now no more;  
 High on his Father's throne he reigns  
 O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

- 2 His race for ever is complete;  
For ever undisturb'd his seat;  
Myriads of angels round him fly,  
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,  
He joys not for himself alone;  
His meanest servants share their part,  
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight,  
With sacred wonder and delight;  
Jesus thy own forerunner see  
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
And foaming waves to mountains swell,  
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

### FOUNTAIN.

XCIX. C. M. COWPER.

*Praise for the Fountain opened.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
O may I there, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
'Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

- 5 But when this lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save.

FRIEND.

C. L. M. NEWTON.

*Friend. Cant. v. 16.*

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless though I am,  
I have a rich almighty friend;  
Jesus the Saviour, is his name,  
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes controll'd;  
He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthroned with him above the skies,  
O! what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE.

*Is this thy kindness to thy friend. 2 Sam. xvi. 17.*

- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,  
And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
To think of my perverse returns;  
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,  
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,  
And often Satan's lies believe,  
Sooner than all my friend can say.

- 6 [He bids me always freely come,  
And promises whate'er I ask :  
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,  
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with  
shame;  
Loath to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name.]
- 8 Sure were not I most vile and base,  
I could not thus my friend requite!  
And were not he the God of grace,  
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

CI. C. M. SWAIN.

*Christ's unparalleled love.*

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is—your voices join  
Ye saints, to praise his name;  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand  
This friend is always near;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround his throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace  
To make it better known.
- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall  
Before his sov'reign will,

He never takes away our all;  
Himself he gives us still!

- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
And measures out our pains;  
The wildest storm his word obeys,  
His word its rage restrains.

# KINSMAN.

CII. 112th. Uffculm tune. C. WESLEY.

*Kinsman. Ruth iii. 4, 9.*

- 1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,  
Our kinsman near allied in blood,  
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,  
The Son of man, the Son of God;  
And lo, we lay us at thy feet,  
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.
- 2 Partaker of my flesh below,  
To thee O Jesus, I apply;  
Thou wilt thy poor relations know,  
Thou never canst thyself deny,  
Exclude me from thy guardian care,  
Or slight a sinful beggar's pray'r.
- 3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,  
I trust my faithful friend to prove;  
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread  
The skirt of thy redeeming love:  
Under thy wings of mercy take,  
And save me for thy merit's sake.
- 4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,  
Lord over all, to worms ally'd?  
Answer me from that bleeding cross,  
Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride;  
And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,  
Thine wholly, thine for ever be!



## GIFT.

CIII. L. M. *BEDDOME.**Gift of God. John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray;  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
That face which I have often seen;  
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,  
To sinners weary and distress;  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep.  
And lodge it deep within my heart;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart!

## HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

CIV. C. M. *DODDRIDGE.**Head of the Church. Eph. iv. 15, 16.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls a worm thy own;  
Gives me among thy saints a place  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee our vital head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive:

From thee divided, each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord :  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou, our common Lord.

4 Thou the whole body wilt present  
Before thy Father's face ;  
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
Its beauteous form disgrace.

# PRECIOUS.

CV. C. M. Liverpool tune. DODDRIDGE.

*Jesus—precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. ii. 7.*

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul ;  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last labouring breath ;  
And dying clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

## LAMB OF GOD.

CVI. L. M. *FAWCETT.**Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-aton<sup>g</sup> Lamb,  
     With wonder, gratitude, and love;  
 To take away our guilt and shame,  
     See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;  
     He meekly bore the mighty load;  
 Our ransom-price he fully paid,  
     In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save his guilty church, he dies;  
     Mourners, behold the bleeding Lamb!  
 To him lift up your longing eyes,  
     And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace thro' him abound;  
     He can the richest blessings give;  
 Salvation in his name is found,  
     He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus my Lord, I look to thee;  
     Where else can helpless sinners go?  
 Thy boundless love shall set me free  
     From all my wretchedness and woe.

LEADER.

CVII. S. M. J. C. W.

*Leader.*

- 1 **T**HOU very Pascal Lamb,  
     Whose blood for us was shed,  
 Through whom we out of Egypt came;  
     Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace!  
     Fulfil thy character,

To guard and feed the chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert-way  
Conduct us by thy light,  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

# MESSENGER.

CVIII. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Messenger of the Covenant. Matl. iii. 1.*

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,  
Descends to men below,  
And shows from whence the springs of love,  
In endless currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundless heav'n adores,  
Whom angels long to see;  
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,  
Ambassador to me!

3 To me a worm, a sinful clod,  
A rebel all forlorn;  
A foe, a traitor to my God,  
And, of a traitor born;

4 To me, who never sought his grace,  
Who mock'd his sacred word;  
Who never knew, or lov'd his face,  
And all his will abhorr'd;

5 To me who could not even praise,  
When his kind heart I knew;  
But sought a thousand devious ways,  
Rather than keep the true;

- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,  
 So vile a worm to bless ;  
 He took with gladness all my blame,  
 And gave his righteousness.
- 7 O ! that my languid heart might glow,  
 With ardour all divine ;  
 And for more love than seraphs know,  
 Like burning seraphs shine !

## MESSIAH.

CIX. L. M. *NEEDHAM.*

*Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who reigns above,  
 Who dwells in light, whose name is love ;  
 Ye saints and angels, if ye can,  
 Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O what can more his love commend  
 His dear his only Son to send !  
 That man, condemn'd to die, might live,  
 And God be just, and yet forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold  
 The days by prophets long foretold :  
 Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,  
 And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,  
 The time prophetic seals requir'd ;  
 Cut off for sins, but not his own,  
 Thy prince Messiah did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,  
 Is by the latter far out-shone :  
 It wanted not thy glittering store,  
 Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd  
 In Jesus, that most wondrous child,

His birth, his life, his death combine  
To prove his character divine.

- 7 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands  
A blessing to these favour'd lands :  
No infidel shall be our dread,  
Since thou art risen from the dead.

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

CX. C. M. STEELE.

*Pearl of great price. Mat. xiii. 46.*

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine :  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense ;—  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet !  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign ;  
With joy I would renounce them all  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possess'd ;  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine ;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

## PHYSICIAN; OR THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

CXI. L. M. STEELE.

*Physician of souls. Jer. viii. 22.*

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin hath made,  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
 In vain, alas, is nature's aid,  
 The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns,  
 With fatal strength in every part;  
 The dire contagion fills the veins,  
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?  
 And is no kind physician nigh  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great physician near,  
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
 See, in his heav'nly smiles appear  
 Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's precious blood  
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
 For here a sov'reign cure is found;  
 A cordial for the fainting heart,  
 A balm for every painful wound.

CXII. C. M. Great Milton tune.

RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Physician; or, the Miracles of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day  
 As yesterday the same;



Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of thy name.

- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I thy praise may show,  
Be all thy wonders show'd.

## LEPER.

- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat ;  
With pitying eye behold me fall,  
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,  
I sink beneath my sin ;  
But if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine can make me clean.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,  
Open, O Lord ! mine ear ;  
Bid me stretch out my withered hands,  
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)  
My voice I cannot raise ;  
But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue ;  
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

## LAME.

- 7 Lamé at the pool I still am seen,  
Waiting to find relief ;  
While many others venture in,  
And wash away their grief.
- 8 O speak my mind, my conscience sound,  
Thy grace and strength employ ;  
Light as an hart, my soul shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.

## BLIND.

- 9 If thou, my God, art passing by,  
 O! let me find thee near;  
 Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,  
 Thou, son of David, hear!
- 10 See, I am waiting in the way,  
 For thee the heav'nly light;  
 Command me to be brought, and say,  
 "Sinner, receive thy sight."

## POSSESSED.

- 11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still  
 To thy great name submit;  
 Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,  
 And place me at thy feet.
- 12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain.  
 Thou canst relieve my soul;  
 Lord, I believe, and not in vain,  
 For thou wilt make me whole.

## CXIII. L. M. WATTS.

*Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of  
 Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!  
 Behold, the dead awake and live!  
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
 And seal the mission of the Son;  
 The Father vindicates his cause,  
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;  
 He rises, and appears a God:  
 Behold the Lord ascending high,  
 No more to bleed no more to die.

- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;  
And to those hands my soul resign  
Which bear credentials so divine.

HIGH PRIEST.

CXIV. 148th. CENNICK.

*High Priest.*

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,  
Supplying Aaron's place,  
And taking up his room,  
Dispensing life and grace :  
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a priest is made,  
As sware the mighty God,  
To Israel and his seed,  
Ordain'd to offer blood :  
For sinners who his mercy seek,  
A priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptations knew,  
Of every sort and kind,  
That he might succour show,  
To ev'ry tempted mind :  
In ev'ry point the lamb was try'd  
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies, but lives again,  
And by the altar stands ;  
There shows how he was slain,  
Op'ning his pierced hands.  
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause  
Of us who have transgress'd his laws.
- 5 I other priests disclaim, &c.  
And laws and offerings too,

None but the bleeding Lamb  
 The mighty work can do ;  
 He shall have all the praise, for he  
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

CXV. L. M. S. STENNETT.

*The excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 'MONG all the priests of Jewish race,  
 Jesus the most illustrious stands :  
 The radiant beauty of his face  
 Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek  
 Could claim such high descent as he ;  
 His nature and his name bespeak  
 His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descended from the eternal God,  
 He bears the name of his own Son ;  
 And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,  
 He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, the embroider'd vest,  
 With graceful dignity he wears ;  
 And in full splendor on his breast  
 The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice,  
 An off'ring most divinely sweet ;  
 While clouds of fragrant incense rise,  
 And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The Father with approving smile  
 Accepts the off'ring of his Son :  
 New joys the wond'ring angels feel,  
 And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat,  
 Gives sacred pleasures to my breast ;

Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit  
To Christ, thy advocate and priest.

RANSOM.

CXVI. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The Ransom. Isa. lxi. 2.*

- 1 **"I COME,"** the great Redeemer cries,  
"A year of freedom to declare,  
"From debts and bondage to discharge,  
"And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.
- 2 "A day of vengeance I proclaim,  
"But not on man the storm shall fall,  
"On me its thunders shall descend,  
"My strength, my love sustains them all."
- 3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!  
Jesus has dy'd that we might live;  
Not worlds below, nor worlds above  
Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To him who lov'd his chosen race,  
And for their lives laid down his own,  
Let songs of joyful praise arise,  
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

CXVII. C. M. *DODDRIDGE.*

*Our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR divine, we know thy name,  
And in that name we trust;  
Thou art the Lord, our righteousness,  
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
And low in dust we lie  
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
To bring the guilty nigh.

- 3 The sins of one most righteous day  
 Might plunge us in despair ;  
 Yet all the crimes of num'rous years  
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,  
 Shall deck us all around ;  
 Nor by the piercing eye of God  
 One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope  
 To sinners now are given ;  
 Israel and Judah soon shall change  
 Their wilderness for heav'n.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,  
 Thy mercy scatters down ;  
 We seal our humble vows to thee,  
 And wait the promis'd crown.

## SHEPHERD.

## CXVIII. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The security of Christ's sheep. John x. 27, 29.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,  
 While Jesus silence breaks ;  
 No angel's harp such music yields,  
 As what my shepherd speaks.
- 2 " I know my sheep," he cries,  
 " My soul approves them well :  
 " Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,  
 " And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 " I freely feed them now  
 " With tokens of my love,  
 " But richer pastures I prepare,  
 " And sweeter streams above.
- 4 " Unnumber'd years of bliss  
 " I to my sheep will give ;

- “ And, while my throne unshaken stands,  
 “ Shall all my chosen live.  
 5 “ This tried almighty hand  
 “ Is rais’d for their defence :  
 “ Where is the power shall reach them there ?  
 “ Or what shall force them thence ?”  
 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,  
 Let faith triumphant cry ;  
 My heart can on this promise live,  
 Can on this promise die.

## CXIX. S. M. STEELE.

*Shepherd. Psalm xxiii. 1, 3.*

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer’s near,  
 My shepherd and my guide,  
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,  
 My wants are all supply’d.  
 2 To ever-fragrant meads  
 Where rich abundance grows,  
 His gracious hand indulgent leads  
 And guards my sweet repose.  
 3 Along the lovely scene  
 Cool waters gently roll,  
 Transparent, sweet, and all serene,  
 To cheer my fainting soul.  
 4 Here let my spirit rest ;  
 How sweet a lot is mine !  
 With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;  
 Beneficence divine !  
 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
 My wand’ring feet restore ;  
 To thy fair pastures guide my way,  
 And let me rove no more.



- 6 Unworthy as I am,  
 Of thy protecting care,  
 Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,  
 For all my hopes are there.

## THE VINE.

CXX. C. M. *TOPLADY*,

*Vine and the Branches. John xv. 1, 5.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same,  
 Thou true and living vine.  
 Around thy all-supporting stem  
 My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,  
 I flourish and bear fruit:  
 My life I from thy sap derive,  
 My vigour from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee;  
 My strength is wholly thine;  
 Wither'd and barren should I be,  
 If sever'd from the vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,  
 Refreshing dew shall drop,  
 The plant which thy right-hand hath set,  
 Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment water'd by thy care,  
 And fenc'd with power divine,  
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
 The feeblest branch of thine.

## WAY.

CXXI. L. M. *CENNICK*.

*Way to Canaan.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;

His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief, my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
Come hither, Soul, "I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
My self, my all, to thee I give,  
Wilt thou the sacrifice receive?
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

CXXII. S. M. HART.

*I am the Way, &c. John xiv. 6.*

- 1 I AM, saith Christ, *the Way*.  
Now if we credit *Him*,  
All other paths must lead astray,  
How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith Christ, *the Truth*.  
Then all that lacks this test,  
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,  
Is but a lie at best.

- 3 I am, saith Christ, *the Life*.  
 Let this be seen by faith,  
 It follows without further strife,  
 That all besides is death.
- 4 If what those words aver,  
 The Holy Ghost apply;  
 The simplest Christian shall not *err*,  
 Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

## ALL IN ALL.

CXXIII. C. M. *TO PLADY.**All in all. Col. iii. 11.*

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside  
 No comeliness I see;  
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
 Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love  
 Into my soul convey:  
 Thyself bestow; for thee alone  
 My ALL IN ALL I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice,  
 My comfort to restore:  
 More than myself I cannot crave;  
 And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again  
 With love intense I'd burn:  
 Chosen of thee 'ere time began,  
 I'd chuse thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
 O teach me to resign:  
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss  
 If thou, O God, art mine.

CROWN HIM.

CXXIV. C. M. Miles's lane tune. W—

*Crown him.*

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,  
Attend your Saviour's call;  
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;  
O crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,  
And painful is your thrall;  
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;  
O crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,  
And low before him fall;  
He understands the spirit's groan;  
O crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,  
Although your faith be small;  
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;  
O crown him Lord of all.

CXXV. C. M. Miles's lane tune. *RIPPO*

*SELEC.*

*The spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.*

ANGELS.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

MARTYRS.

- 2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Exhort them of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.]

## CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.]

## BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,  
Who feel your sin and thrall;  
Now joy with all the hosts above,  
And crown him Lord of all.]

## SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## OURSELVES.

- 7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the *everlasting* song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## THE INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

CXXVI. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The Leadings of the Spirit.* Rom. viii. 14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare;  
Lead to thy word that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

CXXVII. L. M. Denbigh Tune. *TO PLADY.**A propitious gale longed for.*

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, "SWEET SPIRIT, come!  
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
"But swell my sails and speed my way!
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
"And loose my cable from below:  
"But I can only spread my sail;  
"THOU, THOU must breathe th' auspicious  
gale!"

CXXVIII. C. M. *DODDRIDGE.**Divine drawings celebrated; or, Gratitude the  
spring of true religion. Hosea xi. 4.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine!  
How soft, and yet how strong!

While power, and truth, and love combine  
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke  
Of Satan and of sin:

Thy hand the iron bondage broke,  
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
One moment takes away;  
And grace, when first the war begins,  
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears  
In rich profusion flows,  
And glory of unnumber'd years  
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,  
'Till round thy throne we meet;  
And captives in the chains of love,  
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

CXXIX. L. M. WATTS.

*The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin;  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.



- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,  
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;  
 My glorious Sun will yet return  
 And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,  
 When hope shall in fruition die!  
 So tapers lose their feeble ray,  
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

## CXL. L. M. STEELE.

*Hope encouraged by a view of the divine per-  
 fections. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.*

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?  
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?  
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?  
 Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand:  
 That gracious hand on which we live,  
 Does life, and time, and death command,  
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,  
 On him alone my hopes recline;  
 The wondrous glories of his name, [shine  
 How wide they spread! how bright they
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power  
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!  
 Here let me trust, while I adore,  
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,  
 Then I have all my heart can crave;  
 A present help in time of need,  
 Still kind to hear and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,  
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;

Speak to my heart the healing word,  
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

CXLI. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*O that I were as in months past ! Job xxix. 2.*

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm ;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine,  
And when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,  
Of what his love had done ;  
But now my heart is almost broke,  
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,  
For Jesus hides his face ;  
I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.

- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
 And make my soul his prey,  
 Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
 O come without delay.

## CXLII. L. M. P——.

*Hope in Darkness.*

- 1 **I**N darkest hours and greatest grief,  
 A view of Christ gives joy and light;  
 Among ten thousand he's the chief,  
 He turns to day my blackest night.
- 2 When sins like mighty mountains rise,  
 And fears like raging billows swell;  
 Then Christ appears my sacrifice,  
 And sweetly whispers *All is well.*
- 3 When past offences me assail,  
 And Sinai's thunders loudly roar.  
 Then Jesus shows himself my bail,  
 And justice cries *I ask no more.*
- 4 If Satan still his spite prolong,  
 Then speaks the Father, whose I am,  
 And says I'm chosen in the Son,  
 Before the world or time began.
- 5 Thus lov'd and chosen in the Son,  
 Redeem'd and cleansed by his blood,  
 Not all the rage of hell or men  
 Can separate me from my God.

## CXLIII. L. M. P——.

*The same.*

- 1 **B**ENEATH thy frowns O Lord I lie,  
 Conceal'd thy face,—my comforts die;  
 I see my sins, I see my trust,  
 And own in all that thou art just.

- 2 For though in darkness long I sigh,  
I need not ask the reason why ;  
It is my vile ingratitude,  
That separates me from my God.
- 3 To none but thee will I complain,  
All other comforters are vain ;  
Thou hast eternal life to give,  
And wilt my soul again revive.
- 4 [What though communion with my Lord,  
Thy spirit now doth not afford ;  
Thy gracious promises I view,  
And hope because thy word is true.
- 5 By trials thou dost seek my good  
And turn me David-like to God ;—  
Show me how vile and frail I be,  
And make me trust the more in thee]
- 6 For such a season now I come,  
Relying on thy grace alone ;  
Dear Jesus, show that thou art mine  
I ask no more—that's joy divine.

CXLIV. C. M. WATTS.

*The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;

May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all.

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

CXLV. C. M. COWPER.

*Jehovah-Jirah.—The Lord will provide.*  
*Gen. xxii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HE saints should never be dismay'd,  
Nor sink in hopeless fear;  
For when they least expect his aid,  
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abraham found,—he rais'd the knife,—  
God saw, and said, "Forbear;"  
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life:  
Behold the victim there.
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;  
But hark! the foes at hand;\*  
Saul turns his arms another way,  
To save the invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,  
He thought to rise no more;†  
But God prepar'd a fish to save,  
And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,  
That meet us in his word!  
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine  
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,  
And though it tarry, wait:

\* *Sam. xxiii. 7.* † *Jonah i. 7.*

Salvation may be long delay'd,  
But cannot come too late.

CXLVI. L. M. *DODDRIDGE.*

*Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.*

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal state ;  
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends,  
All heav'n before his foot-stool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,  
And mercy all his empire guides ;  
Mercy and truth are his delight,  
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,  
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;  
No more, ye rich, survey your store,  
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,  
That God, your God, to you is known ;  
That you have own'd his sov'reign sway,  
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and pow'r we find,  
In one Jehovah all combin'd ;  
On him we fix our roving eyes,  
And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,  
May in one fatal moment fall ;  
But what their happiness can move,  
Whom God the blessed deigns to love ?

CXLVII. S. M. Salem new tune.

*DODDRIDGE.*

*Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.*

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join  
To form a sacred song ;

- Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways  
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking gins t'entrap our feet;  
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
In rich profusion spring;  
The Sun of glory gilds the path,  
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires  
In beauteous prospect rise;  
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,  
Who marks the shining way;  
To him, who leads the wanderers on  
To realms of endless day.

## CXLVIII. L. M. COWPER.

*Return of Joy.*

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears;  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O! let me then at length be taught  
(What I am still so slow to learn;)  
That *God* is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.



- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my *Lord*, one look from thee  
 Subdues the disobedient will ;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;  
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

CXLIX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*The wisdom and goodness of God.*

- 1 **G**OD shall alone the refuge be  
 And comfort of my mind ;  
 Too wise to be mistaken's he,  
 Too good to be unkind.
- 2 In all his holy sov'reign will  
 He is, I daily find,  
 Too wise to be mistaken,—still,  
 Too good to be unkind.
- 3 When sore afflictions on me lay,  
 He is, though I am blind,  
 Too wise to be mistaken,—yea,  
 Too good to be unkind.
- 4 When I the tempter's rage endure,  
 'Tis God supports my mind,—  
 Too wise to be mistaken,—sure,  
 Too good to be unkind.
- 5 What though I can't his goings see,  
 Nor all his footsteps find ;

Too wise to be mistaken's he,  
Too good to be unkind.

6 Hereafter he will make me know,  
And I shall surely find  
He was too wise to err, and O,  
Too good to be unkind.

7 Thou art, and be thy name ador'd,  
And be my soul resign'd,  
Too wise to be mistaken, Lord,  
Too good to be unkind.

### LOVE TO GOD.

CL. L. M. Lebanon tune. D. TURNER.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c..  
Deut. vi. 5.*

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God !  
Paternal goodness marks thy name ;  
Thy praises through thy high abode,  
The heav'nly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son,  
For man to suffer, bleed, and die ;  
And bidst me, as a wretch undone,  
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him thy soul-refreshing face,  
With joy unspeakable I see ;  
And feel thy pow'rful wondrous grace  
Draw and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,  
Attracted by a creature's pow'r,  
Would from this blissful centre start,  
Lord, fix it there to stray no more !

## LOVE TO CHRIST.

CLI. L. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**Love to Christ, present or absent.*

- 1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,  
     Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;  
 Love, the best blessing here below,  
     The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,  
     There's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
 Each smile upon thy beauteous face  
     Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,  
     And long, or weep in all we do,  
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain,  
     And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove ;  
     Or ask the watchmen of the night  
 For some kind tidings of our love,  
     Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come ;  
     Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;  
 'Tis best to see our Lord at home,  
     And feel the presence of his grace.

CLII. L. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**Desiring to love Christ.*

- C**OME, let me love : or is my mind  
     Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?  
 I see the blessed fair one bend  
     And stoop to embrace me from the skies !
- 2 **O** ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,  
     And make a heart of iron move,  
 That those sweet lips, that heavenly look  
     Should seek and wish a mortal love !

- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,  
 Bound to sustain eternal pains;  
 He flew on wings of strong desire,  
 Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!  
 Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!  
 Jesus the God, extends his arms,  
 Hangs on a cross of love and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,  
 Dress'd in divinity and blood?  
 Was ever rebel courted so  
 In groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives and spreads his hands,  
 Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;  
 "By these dear wounds," says he; and stands  
 And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears  
 Still deaf, nor will my passions move?  
 Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;  
 This heart shall yield to death or love.

## CLIII. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*Profession of love to Christ.*

- 1 **A**ND have I, Christ, no love to thee,  
 No passion for thy charms?  
 No wish my Saviour's face to see,  
 And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude  
 In this cold heart of mine,  
 To him whose gen'rous bosom glow'd  
 With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,  
 His acts of kindness tell;

And, while I dwell upon the theme,  
No sweet emotion feel?

- 4 Such base ingratitude as this  
What heart but must detest !  
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place  
In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,  
Had I no love to thee :  
Rather than not my Saviour love,  
O may I cease to be ?

CLIV. L. M. M. S.

*Love to Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my Saviour, thee I love,  
Not for the hope of joys above,  
Not from the fear of pain below ;  
What love from hope or fear can flow ?
- 2 Thou on the cross didst me embrace,  
While bloody sweats bedew'd thy face ;  
For me, dear Lord thou deign'st to bear,  
The shameful cross, the nails, the spear.
- 3 For me thou drank'st the cup of woe,  
For me thy precious blood did flow,  
Died'st on the ignominious tree,  
For me, poor sinner, all for me.
- 4 And could I then ungrateful prove,  
And not return thee love for love ;  
Let heav'n or hell my portion be  
Still Jesus, still I must love thee.

LOVE TO THE BRETHREN.

CLV. S. M. Vermont tune. FAWCETT.

*Love to the Brethren.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in christian love ;

- The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain,  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

CLVI. S. M. *BEDDOME.*

*Christian love. Gal. iii. 28.*

- 1 **L**ET party names no more  
The christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are ONE in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.

- 3 Let envy, child of hell !  
     Be banish'd far away ;  
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
     Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
     Resemble that above,  
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
     And ev'ry heart is love.

## CLVII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The heart purified to unfeigned love of the  
 Brethren by the Spirit. 1 Peter i. 22.*

- 1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love,  
     Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move ;  
 With ardour strong these breasts inflame  
     To all that own a Saviour's name.
- 2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure  
     Fervent and vigorous, true and pure :  
 Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand  
     Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend, and bring  
     The smiling blessings on thy wing ;  
 And make us taste those sweets below  
     Which in the blissful mansions grow.

## CLVIII. S. M. BALTIMORE COLLEC.

*Love to the Saints.*

- 1 I LOVE the sons of grace,  
     The heirs of bliss divine,  
 Who walk in paths of righteousness,  
     And fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 They will my faults reprove,  
     When heedlessly I err ;



How do I prize their faithful love !  
 Their kind and tender care.

- 3 They Jesus' image bear ;  
 How lovely is the sight :  
 They shall at length with him appear  
 In everlasting light.
- 4 They love the Father's name,  
 And gladly do his will ;  
 They humbly follow Christ the lamb,  
 In purity and zeal.
- 5 Their footsteps I'll pursue,  
 With vigour till I die ;  
 Rejoicing in the pleasing view  
 Of meeting them on high.
- 6 It is a sweet employ  
 To join in worship here ;  
 But how divine will be the joy,  
 To see each other there !

## CLIX. L. M. P—.

*Little Flock.*

- 1 **N**O mortal ties can be compar'd  
 With those that join the Saviour's fold ;  
 Those bands of love by heav'n bestow'd,  
 Not earn'd by works, nor bought with gold.
- 2 By these, the followers of the lamb,  
 " Know they have pass'd from death to life ;"  
 These bands still sweeten ev'ry song,  
 And help to banish sinful strife.
- 3 Though all the world combin'd disdain,  
 The " little flock " renew'd by grace ;  
 This flock may glory in their gain,  
 In Jesus' heart they have a place.

- 4 This "little flock," and only they,  
Enjoy the Saviour's smiles in time ;  
And they, at last, in endless day,  
Shall bright with God and Angels shine.
- 5 In heav'n, remote from sin and care,  
An endless rest shall they enjoy ;  
Their Jesus all their glory there,  
And praise their lasting sweet employ.
- 6 But O ! the doleful, dreadful end,  
Of all *their* and *their Saviour's* foes ;  
See ! clouds of vengeance now impend,  
And soon shall burst in endless woes.
- 7 Then the opposers of the cross,  
Must cease to sport, and sink to dwell  
Among th' infernal howling ghosts,  
In blackest shades of death and hell.

#### LOVE TO ENEMIES.

CLX. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Love to our Enemies from the example of Christ.*  
*Luke xxiii, 34. Mat. v, 44.*

- 1 **A** LOUD we sing the wondrous grace,  
*Christ to his murderers bare ;*  
Which made the torturing cross its throne,  
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,  
With his expiring breath,  
And drew eternal blessings down  
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 *Jesus*, this wondrous love we sing,  
And whilst we sing admire ;  
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there,  
The same celestial fire.

- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we  
 For enemies will pray ;  
 With love, their hatred, and their curse  
 With blessings will repay.

## PATIENCE.

CLXI. L. M. *BEDDOME.**Patience.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, though bitter is the cup  
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,  
 I cheerfully will drink it up,  
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 'Tis full of thine unchanging love,  
 Nor can a drop of wrath be there ;  
 The saints for ever bless'd above,  
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus thy incarnate Son,  
 I'll learn obedience to thy will ;  
 And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,  
 When its severest strokes I feel.

CLXII. C. M. *S. STENNETT.**Pleading with God under affliction. Lam. iii. 39.*

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain  
 Of deep distress within,  
 Since every sigh and every pain  
 Is but the fruit of sin?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,  
 Nor ever dare rebel ;  
 Yet sure I may here at thy feet,  
 My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,  
 And beat upon my soul :

- One trouble to another cries,  
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
My shipwreck'd soul is tost ;  
'Till I am tempted in despair  
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look  
Once more to thee, my God :  
O fix my feet upon a rock,  
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,  
Will set my heart at ease :  
One all-commanding word of Grace  
Will make the tempest cease.

## RESIGNATION.

CLXIII. C. M. Abridge tune. *BEDDOME.*

*Resignation: or, God our Portion.*

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand ;  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine ;  
Before they were possess'd by me,  
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?  
'Tis but a bitter-sweet ;  
When I attempt to pluck the rose,  
A piercing thorn I meet.

- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
The honey's mix'd with gall ;  
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
Be *thou* my all in all.

## CLXIV. C. M. COWPER.

*Submission.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command  
Whose love forbids my fears ?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee ;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,  
Thou art engag'd to grant ;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
Shall I resist them both ?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth !
- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway ;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

## CLXV. C. M. STEELE.

*Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.*

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,  
To say, "My Father, God!"  
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,  
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,  
For thou art good and wise;  
Let every anxious thought be still,  
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,  
And bid me wait serene;  
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father"—O permit my heart  
To plead her humble claim,  
And ask the bliss those words impart,  
In my Redeemer's name.

## CLXVI. C. M. Grove House tunc.

T. GREENE.

*It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good.*

1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the *Lord*—enthron'd in light,  
Whose claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the *Lord*—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will?  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the *Lord*—who gives me all  
My wealth, my friends; my ease;

And of his bounties may recall  
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
Can from afflictions raise  
Matter, eternity to fill  
With ever-growing praise.

6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name !  
Whose gracious promise seal'd with blood,  
Must ever be the same.

7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,  
Should nature's self expire ;  
And the great Judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my soul with hopes like these  
Be sullen, or repine ?  
No, gracious God, take what thou please,  
To thee I all resign.

CLXVII. C. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*The Request.*

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise ;

2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
" From every murmur free :  
" The blessings of thy grace impart,  
" And make me live to thee.



- 3 “ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
 “ My life and death attend ;  
 “ Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 “ And crown my journey’s end.”

CLXVIII. L. M. *FAWCETT.*

*Remembering all the Way the Lord has led him.*  
*Deut. viii. 2.*

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,  
 And made his truth and mercy known;  
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
 Far distant from my blissful home ;  
 Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
 And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,  
 And sins and snares my peace destroy ;  
 My earthly joys are from me torn,  
 And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss’d,  
 Her hopes o’erturn’d, her projects cross’d,  
 Sees every day new straits attend,  
 And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,  
 Which leads us to the mount of God?  
 Are these the toils thy people know,  
 While in the wilderness below?
- 6 ’Tis even so, thy faithful love  
 Doth all thy children’s graces prove :  
 ’Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
 That Jesus may be all in all.

CLXIX. S. M. *BEDDOME.**Submission under Affliction.*

- 1 **D**OST thou my profit seek,  
And chasten as a friend?  
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,  
There's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou through death's dark vale  
Conduct to heaven at last?  
The future good will make amends  
For all the evil past.
- 3 Lord, I would not repine  
At strokes in mercy sent;  
If the chastisement comes in love,  
My soul shall be content.

CLXX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**The christian's purification.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy let each afflicted saint  
This cheering truth behold,  
That when he's try'd he shall not faint,  
But shall come forth as gold.
- 2 'This privilege, dear Lord, I plead  
Nor am I here too bold,  
That from the fire as thou hast said,  
I may come forth as gold.
- 3 What though the furnace burns on high,  
Still to this truth I'll hold,  
'Tis but design'd my soul to try—  
I shall come forth as gold.
- 4 Hercin his wisdom and his love  
Will God to me unfold,  
And from the furnace I shall prove,  
He'll bring me forth as gold.
- 5 He'll kindly thus consume my dross,  
So in his word I'm told,

Nor can I suffer real loss,  
But shall come forth as gold.

- 6 Thus he'll conform me to his word,  
And cast me in that mould;  
And, through the goodness of my Lord,  
I shall come forth as gold.
- 7 Thus will I sing his praises here,  
Whose mercies are of old;  
And when in glory I appear,  
I shall appear as gold.

## SELF-DENIAL.

CLXXI. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.**Self-denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.*

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee?  
It is but right since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee  
Will more than make amends,  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear,  
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain,  
Though destitute of all things else,  
I'd glory in my gain.

CLXXII. L. M. *RIP. SELEC.**One Thing I know. John ix. 25. Isaiah liv. 13.*

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, make me wise to see  
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;

- 'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,  
 "They shall of Israel's God be taught."
- 2 Their plague of heart thy people know ;  
 They know thy name and trust thee too ;  
 They know the gospel's blissful sound,  
 The paths where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the son,  
 Theirs is eternal life begun :  
 Unto salvation they are wise,  
 Their grace shall into glory rise.
- 4 But—ignorance itself am I,  
 Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie  
 O Lord, to thee I humbly own  
 I *nothing* know as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,  
 My foes without, or plague within ;  
 Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,  
 In pardon, peace or liberty.
- 6 But help me to declare to-day,  
 If *many* things I cannot say,  
 "ONE thing I know," all praise to thee,  
 "Though *blind* I was—yet *nôw* I *see*."

CLXXIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Self-examination.*

- 1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise ?  
 What anxious fears and jealousies !  
 What crowds in doubtful light appear ?  
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear !
- 2 And what am I ?—My soul, awake,  
 And an impartial survey take ;  
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
 In practice or in heart appear ?

- 3 What image does my spirit bear?  
Is Jesus form'd and living there?  
Say, do his lineaments divine  
In thought, and word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;  
The secrets of my soul reveal;  
My fears remove; let me appear  
To God and my own conscience clear.

## CLXXIV. S. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

*The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.—Prov.  
viii. 13.*

- 1 **N**OW whilst I try my heart  
By this unerring word,  
My conscience can assert  
I truly fear the Lord;  
I cannot tread the paths of sin,  
I long for holiness within.
- 2 Yes, holiness of heart  
I would more largely share;  
I mourn with inward smart  
The evils that are there:  
I hate my thoughts because they're vain,  
I woul'd from ev'ry sin abstain.
- 3 I hate this wretched pride,  
These covetous desires;  
I'd have them crucified,  
For God my heart requires.  
Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,  
O make me more sincere and true.
- 4 I'd live alone to thee,  
I love t' obey thy word,  
Well pleas'd that thou shouldst be  
My saviour and my Lord.

To thee I now resign my heart,  
Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

CLXXV. L. M. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Humble trust ; or, Despair prevented.*

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?  
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?  
Hast thou not pardons rich and free ?  
And grace an overwhelming flood ?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul  
From thee, to regions of despair ?  
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,  
And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound,  
To limit mercy's sovereign reign :  
What other happy souls have found,  
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, my sins confess :  
Can men or devils make them more ?  
Of crimes, already numberless,  
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,  
While I remember thou hast dy'd,  
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,  
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I cast me down,  
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;  
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—  
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

CLXXVI. L. M. *BEDDOME.*

*Holy Boldness.*

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
I dare approach thy throne, O God ;

- Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears !
- 2 Th' incircling rainbow, peaceful sign !  
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine ;  
 And while my faith beholds it near,  
 I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay ;  
 With courage sing with fervour pray ;  
 And though myself a wretch undone,  
 Hope for acceptance through thy son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on the fatal tree,  
 Expir'd to set the vilest free ;  
 On this I build my only claim,  
 And all I ask is in his name.

CLXXVII. L. M. *SWAIN.**Admiration and confidence.*

- A**ND may I hope, that when no more  
 These pulses beat with life below,  
 I shall the God of life adore,  
 And all the bliss of being know ?
- 2 I, who deserve no place but hell,  
 No portion, but devouring fire ;  
 Shall I with Christ in glory dwell,  
 Possess of all I now desire ?
- 3 Will God, who never could endure  
 On sin to look without a frown,  
 With a kind smile pronounce me pure,  
 And grant me an immortal crown ?
- 4 Will Jesus own a wretch like me,  
 And tell to saints and angels round,  
 That, when he suffer'd on the tree,  
 My sins augmented ev'ry wound ?



- 5 Will he from life's eternal book,  
 To earth and heav'n proclaim my name;  
 On me, as on his children look,  
 And make my lot with theirs the same?
- 6 Will Jesus, as my surety, place  
 Before his Father's glorious throne,  
 Me, as an heir of sov'reign grace,  
 Me, as his own adopted Son?
- 7 He will!—I read it in his word,  
 And in my heart the witness feel:  
 I shall be with and like my Lerd  
 Though sin oppose, in league with hell.
- 8 I shall be with him, when he comes  
 Triumphant down the parting skies;  
 And, when his voice breaks up the tombs,  
 Among his children I shall rise.
- 9 Among his children I shall stand,  
 When quick and dead his throne surround,  
 Bless'd with a place at his right hand,  
 And with immortal glory crown'd.
- 10 When all his foes, beneath his feet,  
 In chains of endless torment lie,  
 Unworthy I shall fill a seat  
 Among the princes of the sky!

CLXXVIII. L. M. *RYLAND, Junr.*—*Altered  
 from sevens.*

*All my times are in thy head. Psalm xxxi. 15.*

- 1 **R**ESISTLESS Sov'reign of the skies,  
 Immensely great! immensely wise!  
 My times are all within thy hand,  
 And all events at thy command.
- 2 Thy great decree, who form'd the earth,  
 Hath fix'd my first and second birth:

- My parents, native place, and time,  
Werè all assign'd to me by him.
- 3 Twas God that form'd me in the womb,  
And he shall guide me to the tomb:  
My times shall all, for ever be,  
Order'd by his all-wise decree.
- 4 My times of sickness and of health,  
My times of penury and wealth,  
My times of trial and of grief,  
My times of triumph and relief:
- 5 Yea times the tempter's pow'r to prove,  
And times to taste a Saviour's love;  
Must all begin and last and end,  
As best shall please my God and friend.
- 6 Though plagues and deaths around me fly,  
'Till he commands I cannot die:  
No; not a single shaft can hit  
'Till God who guards my life sees fit.
- 7 O thou tremendous wise and just,  
In thy kind hands my life I trust:  
Yea, have I somewhat dearer still,  
It shall be thine and at thy will.
- 8 May I at all times own thy hand,  
And still to thee surrender'd stand;  
Convinc'd that thou art God alone,  
May I and mine be all thy own.
- 9 Thee, Lord, at all times will I bless,  
For, having thee, I all possess;  
Nor can I ere bereaved be,  
Since I can never part with thee.

## CLXXIX. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Zeal for Christ ; or, Peter and John following  
their Master. John xxi. 18—20.*

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing  
hands  
Submissive to their Lord's commands,  
And yield their liberty and breath,  
To him that lov'd their souls in death !
- 2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,  
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh :  
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,  
And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,  
And from the cross or flames draw back,  
Grace can its feeble courage raise,  
And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,  
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way ;"  
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move,  
With humble hope, and silent love.

## CLXXX. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Holy Zeal and Diligence.*

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,  
Earth's vanities pursue,  
How slow the advances which I make,  
With heaven itself in view !
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal ;  
Great God, my love inflame ;  
Religion, without zeal and love,  
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,  
May I with fervour strive ;

And all these powers employ for thee  
Which I from thee derive!

CLXXXI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Running the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12, 21.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve.  
And press with vigour on:  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high:  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,  
Have we our race begun;  
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet  
We lay our laurels down.

CLXXXII. L. M. Coombs's Tune.  
S. STENNETT.

*The Christian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13—17.*

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds the alarm of war,  
"Awake! the pow'rs of hell are near:  
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,  
"'Tis yours to conquer or to die."
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,  
I cast my eager eyes around;  
Make haste to gird my armour on,  
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,  
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield:  
With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,  
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conq'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust;  
His bleeding cross is all my boast:  
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on  
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

## CLXXXIII. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Waiting for the Coming of his Lord; or, the  
Active Christian. Luke xii. 35—38.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heav'nly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame:  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, he's near:  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd.
- 3 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With his own bounteous hand,

And raise that favourite servant's head  
Amidst th' angelic band.

## CLXXXIV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Warrior animated and crown'd.*  
*Rev. ii. 10.*

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice  
From his triumphant seat;  
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,  
How powerful and how sweet.
- 2 "Fight on my faithful band," he cries,  
"Nor fear the mortal blow:  
"Who first in such a warfare dies,  
"Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 "I have my days of combat known,  
"And in the dust was laid;  
"But thence I mounted to my throne,  
"And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "That throne, that glory you shall share;  
"My hands the crown shall give;  
"And you the sparkling honours wear,  
"While God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd  
With courage and with love;  
Vain the assaults of earth, and hell;  
Our hopes are fix'd above.

## CLXXXV. C. M. NEW SELEC.

*Zeal for God.*

- 1 **I**N duties and in sufferings too  
My Lord! I'd follow thee;  
As thou hast done, so would I do:  
As thou art, would I be.

- 2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight  
To do thy father's will;  
May equal zeal my soul excite  
Thy precepts to fulfil
  - 3 Meekness, humility, and love,  
Did through thy conduct shine;  
Oh, may my whole deportment prove  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
  - 4 Depending on thy sov'reign grace,  
I'll tread the heavenly road;  
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,  
And climb to thine abode.
- 

## IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

CLXXXVI. C. M. FAWCETT.

*Spiritual Mindedness; or, Inward Religion.*  
James i. 27.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know!
- 2 More needful *this*, than glittering wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows;  
Not reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
Be my Redeemer's throne:  
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
His government to own!



- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
     Be join'd with godly fear ;  
 And all my conversation prove  
     My heart to be sincere.
- 6 [Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
     Through my remaining days ;  
 In me let ev'ry virtue shine  
     To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;  
     Let warm affections rise ;  
 And may I wait, with strong desire,  
     To mount above the skies!]
- 

## THE PENITENT.

CLXXXVII. L. M. *BEDDOME.**The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.*

- 1 **L**ORD, with a griev'd and aching heart,  
     To thee I look—to thee I cry ;  
 Supply my wants, and ease my smart,  
     O help me soon, or else I die.
- 2 Here on my soul a burden lies,  
     No human power can it remove ;  
 My numerous sins like mountains rise,  
     Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.
- 3 Break off these adamantine chains,  
     From cruel bondage set me free ;  
 Rescue from everlasting pains,  
     And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

CLXXXVIII. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.**Humble pleading for Mercy.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,  
     And knock at mercy's door ;

- With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 [On us, the vast extent display  
Of thy forgiving love;  
Take all our heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink, with all this weight oppress'd,  
Sink down to death and hell;  
O, give our troubled spirits rest,  
Our numerous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,  
O may thy bowels move!  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 O, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our many sins forgive;  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
And breaking soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,  
And thy dominion own;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne.

CLXXXIX. C. M. Charmouth tune.

S. STENNETT.

*The Penitent.*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upwards to the mercy seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence:  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
 To pay the debt I owe,  
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
 To expiate my guilt;  
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,  
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
 And all my sins forgive:  
 Justice will well approve the word,  
 That bids the sinner live.

CXC. C. M. *BEDDOME.*

*Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.*

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, why weepest thou?  
 Tell me from whence arise  
 Those briny tears that often flow,  
 Those groans that pierce the skies?
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,  
 Or the chastising rod?  
 Dost thou an evil heart lament,  
 And mourn an absent God?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,  
 And after none but thee,  
 And then, I would, O that I might!  
 A constant weeper be!

CXCI. C. M. *COWPER.*

*The contrite heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
 On contrite hearts bestow;  
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
 A contrite heart or no?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
 Insensible as steel;  
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
 To love thee, if I could;  
 But often feel another mind,  
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,  
 I fain would strive for more;  
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"  
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,  
 And love thy house of prayer;  
 I sometimes go where others go,  
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;  
 Decide this doubt for me;  
 And if it be not broken, break,  
 And heal it, if it be.

## CXCII. L. M. FAWCETT.

*The Sinner awakened—What must I do to be  
 saved? Acts ix. 6.*

- 1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,  
 My guilty soul for mercy cries,  
 What shall I do, or whither flee,  
 T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 'Till now I saw no danger nigh;  
 I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;  
 Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
 "I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, Great God, thy light divine  
 Had shone on this dark soul of mine,

Then I beheld, with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.

- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth, and growing years !  
Before thy pure, discerning eye,  
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I !
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
Death and destruction are my due,  
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
Salvation free in Jesus' name ?  
To him I look and humbly cry,  
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die !"

CXCIII. S. M. NEWTON.

*Complaining—The good that I would, I do not.*

*Rom. vii. 19.*

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,  
I would, but cannot pray;  
For Satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,  
Though I endeavour oft;  
This stony heart can ne'er relent  
Till Jesus make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,  
Though woo'd by love divine;  
No arguments have pow'r to move  
A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy will:  
I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.

- 5 O could I but believe !  
 Then all would easy be ;  
 I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve ;  
 My help must come from thee !
- 6 But if indeed I *would*,  
 Though I can nothing do ;  
 Yet the desire is something good,  
 For which my praise is due.
- 7 By nature prone to ill,  
 'Till thine appointed hour,  
 I was as destitute of will,  
 As now I am of power.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length,  
 The work thou hast begun ?  
 And with a will, afford me strength,  
 In all thy ways to run.

CXCIV. C. M. E. JONES\*.

*The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the  
 King, &c. Esther iv. 16.*

- 1 **C**OME, mourning sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve,  
 Come, with your fear and guilt oppress,  
 And make this last resolve.
- 2 “ I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 “ Hath like a mountain rose ;  
 “ I know his courts, I’ll enter in,  
 “ Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ Prostrate I’ll lie before his throne,  
 “ And there my guilt confess,

Mr. Jones, was a truly worthy pastor of the Baptist Church at Exon, Devon: he departed this life on April 15, 1765, aged 43. His successor was, Mr. Thomas Lewis, who died Dec. 4, 1744, aged 44 years. This page is sacred to his memory.

- “ I’ll tell him I’m a wretch undone  
 “ Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 “ I’ll to the gracious King approach,  
 “ Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
 “ Perhaps he may command my touch,  
 “ And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “ Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 “ Perhaps will hear my pray’r ;  
 “ But if I perish I will pray,  
 “ And perish only there.
- 6 “ I can but perish if I go,  
 “ I am resolv’d to try :  
 “ For if I stay away, I know  
 “ I must for ever die.”

## CXCIV. S. M. RIPPON.

*A broken heart, and a bleeding Saviour.*

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,  
 A broken heart I bring ;  
 And wilt thou graciously accept  
 Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,  
 My faith directs its eyes ;  
 Thou may’st reject that worthless thing,  
 But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,  
 The law was satisfy’d ;  
 And now to its most rigorous claims,  
 I answer, “ Jesus died.”

## CXCVI. C. M. NEW SELEC.

*Self-Abhorrence.*

- 1 **S**O foolish, so absurd am I  
 That nothing can be more ;



- Was ever such a monster seen  
Upon the earth before ?
- 2 I dare not look upon the earth,  
The witness of my sin ;  
My conscience is a doom's-day book,  
I dare not look within.
- 3 Upward I dare not cast my eyes,  
For there my judge doth sit ;  
Nor downward whence the smoke doth rise,  
From the infernal pit.
- 4 How shall I answer at the bar  
Of him who is most pure ?  
I cannot answer for myself,  
Myself I can't endure.
- 5 My heart the seat of folly is,  
My life a life of sin ;  
Surely I am more brutal far,  
Than ever brute has been.
- 6 I am not worthy of the earth,  
Nor worthy of the air,  
Nor worthy of the wat'ry drop,  
But of the damned's fare.

CXCVII. S. M. NEW SELEC.

*Complaint of sin.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how vile am I,  
Unholy and unclean !  
How can I dare to venture nigh  
With such a load of sin ?
- 2 Is this polluted heart  
A dwelling fit for thee ?  
Swarming, alas ! in ev'ry part,  
What evils do I see !

- 3 If I attempt to pray,  
And raise my soul on high,  
My thoughts are hurry'd fast away,  
For sin is ever nigh.
- 4 If in thy word I look,  
Such darkness fills my mind,  
I only read a sealed book,  
And no relief can find.
- 5 Thy gospel oft I hear,  
But hear it still in vain ;  
Without desire, or love, or fear,  
Harden'd I still remain.
- 6 And must I then indeed  
Sink in despair and die ?  
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed  
For such a wretch as I.
- 7 That blood which thou hast spilt,  
That grace which is thine own ;  
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,  
And soften hearts of stone.
- 8 Low at thy feet I bow,  
O pity and forgive !  
Here will I lie and wait till thou  
Shalt bid me rise and live.

CXCVIII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Remember me.*

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee ;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
O Lord remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary ;

Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,  
I yield myself to thee,  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then in thy all abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,  
I pray Remember me.

CXCIX. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2.*

1 **B**EHOLD a sinner, gracious Lord,  
Whose soul encourag'd by thy word,  
At mercy's footstool would remain,  
And there would look and look again.

2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,  
Has my vile heart been turn'd aside;  
And Jonah like has fled from thee  
'Till thou hast look'd again on me.

3 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,  
And to thy footstool let me come,  
And tell thee all my grief and pain,  
And wait and look, and look again.

- 4 Take courage then, my trembling soul,  
 One look from Christ will make thee whole;  
 Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,  
 But wait and look, and look again.

CC. S. M. *NEWTON.*

*The pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—9.*

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool  
 Appointed for the poor;  
 From time to time my helpless soul  
 Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen  
 The healing waters move;  
 And others round me, stepping in,  
 Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,  
 I feel the very same;  
 As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
 As when at first I came.
- 4 How often have I thought  
 Why should I longer lie?  
 Surely the mercy I have sought  
 Is not for such as I.
- 5 But whither can I go?  
 There is no other pool  
 Where streams of sovereign virtue flow  
 To make a sinner whole.
- 6 Here then, from day to day,  
 I'll wait, and hope, and try:  
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
 Yet suffer him to die?
- 7 No: he is full of grace;  
 He never will permit  
 A soul, that fain would see his face,  
 To perish at his feet.

## CCI. C. M. NEWTON.

*The effort.*

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat  
Where Jesus answers pray'r;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest;  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Jesus dy'd."
- 5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame;  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,  
"My promis'd grace receive;"  
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

## CCII. S. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

*The law is spiritual. Rom. vii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HE law of God is just,  
A strict and holy way;  
And he that would escape the curse  
Must all the law obey.
- 2 Not one vain thought must rise,  
Not one unclean desire;

He must be holy, just, and wise,  
Who keeps the law entire.

3 If in one point he fail  
In thought, or word, or deed,  
The curses of the law prevail,  
And rest upon his head.

4 Now let me bring my heart,  
And with the law compare,  
And ask,—if I in ev'ry part  
Have paid obedience there?

5 I tremble and retreat;  
Behold, O God!—I'm vile:  
Guilty, I fall before thy feet,  
And own my nature's soil.

6 Lord, I have broke thy law:  
I now lament my sin:—  
Still I offend in all I do,  
I'm carnal and unclean.

7 And does the curse still rest  
Upon my guilty head?—  
No:—Jesus,—let his name be blest!—  
Hath borne it in my stead.

8 He hath fulfill'd the law,  
Obtain'd my peace with God;  
Here doth my soul her comforts draw,  
And leave her heavy load.

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## THE BELIEVER.

DEVOTING HIMSELF TO GOD.

CCIII. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.*

1 **A**ND will the eternal King  
So mean a gift reward?

That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,  
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

- 2 We own thy various claim,  
And to thine altar move:  
The willing victims of thy grace,  
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,  
The sacrifice inflame;  
So shall a grateful odour rise  
Through our Redeemer's name.

### WALKING WITH GOD.

CCIV. C. M. NEWTON.

*Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.*

- 1 **B**Y faith in Christ I walk with God,  
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view,  
Supported by his staff and rod,  
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,  
Where many round me blindly stray;  
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,  
And keeps me in the narrow way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
And earth and hell my course withstand;  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by his Almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,  
But God for my support prepares;  
Provides me ev'ry needful good,  
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,  
Great as he is, I dare be free;



I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,  
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;  
At once my soul revives and sings,  
And yields no more to sad complaints.

7 I pity all the worldling's talk  
Of pleasures that will quickly end;  
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk  
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend,

### LAMENTING THE ABSCENCE OF JESUS.

CCV. L. M. P——.

*Thou didst hide thy face, &c. Psalm xxx. 7.*

1 **H**OW long and tedious are the days,  
In which my Jesus does not show,  
His smiling face, his cheering rays,  
Nor give my soul his love to know.

2 In vain do all things here below,  
Without my God attempt to give  
That happiness I long to know;  
Without my God I cannot live.

3 Each day's a year, each year's an age,  
When my Redeemer is withdrawn:  
Then darkness and temptations rage,  
And happiness!—a guest unknown.

4 But while my soul thus mourning lies,  
And longs to see her Saviour's face,  
He speaks; and at his voice I rise,  
And in his strength pursue my race.

CCVI. L. M. WATTS.

*Living and dying with God present.*

1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord:  
My life expires if thou depart;

Be thou, my heart, still near my God,  
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,  
Nor can I live on things so vile :  
Yet I will stay my Father's time,  
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.
- 3 Then dearest Lord, in thine embrace,  
Let me resign my fleeting breath ;  
And, with a smile upon my face  
Pass the important hour of death.

## HIS WARFARE.

CCVII. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

*Sin and holiness. Gal. v. 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within,  
A man of grace, a man of sin !  
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,  
Borne upwards to my native skies,  
While faith assists my soaring flight  
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,  
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul ;  
I feel its sympathetic force,  
And headlong urge my downward course.
- 5 How short the joys thy visits give ;  
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve !

What clouds obscure my rising sun,  
Or intercept its rays at noon !

- 6 [Again the spirit lifts his sword,  
And power divine attends the word ;  
I feel the aid its comforts yield,  
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.
- 7 Great God assist me through the fight,  
Make me triumphant in thy might  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,  
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

CCVIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Complaining—the good that I would, I do not.*

*Rom. vii. 19.*

- 1 **W**HAT strange commotions work within,  
The latent principles of sin ;  
My nature all depriv'd will rise  
And often take me by surprise.
- 2 Like lurking poison in my heart,  
Or an envenom'd deadly dart,  
And like a strong man arm'd, it tries  
To muster all its strength and rise.
- 3 The things I would not, them I do,  
I love and hate the action too ;  
I sin, repent, resolve again,  
But all my strength I find in vain.
- 4 Whence this unequal, constant war ?  
I do the things I most abhor ;  
I feel an unabating fight  
Where'er I be, by day or night.
- 5 Ye aged saints, what must I do ?  
Were ever times so dark with you ?  
My soul is tortur'd with dismay,  
Lest I should prove a cast away ;——

- 6 This is the general lot of all,  
And was the daily grief of Paul;  
This body both of sin and death,  
Will war till we resign our breath.
- 7 Then bless the dear Redeemer's name,  
Though every Christian feels the same;  
The spirit wars against the flesh,  
And Jesus conquers by his grace.

## COMPLAINING OF INCONSTANCY.

CCIX. L. M. *BEDDOME.**Complaining of inconstancy.*

- 1 **T**HE wand'ring star, and fleeting wind,  
Both represent th' unstable mind:  
The morning cloud and early dew  
Bring our inconstancy to view
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew and star,  
Faint and imperfect emblems are;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame.  
Scarce through a single hour the same;  
We vow, and straight our vows forget,  
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return,  
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn,  
In deep distress, then raptures feel,  
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness;  
When shall these hearts more fixed be:  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

## COMPLAINING OF A WICKED HEART.

CCX. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*Indwelling Sin lamented.*

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
Here at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride, and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base  
So false as mine has been ;  
So faithless to its promises,  
So prone to every sin !
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
Are holy, just, and true ;  
Tells me whate'er my God demands  
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her councils weigh,  
And all her words approve :  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These struggles in my breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest ?
- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,  
And set the captive free :  
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

CCXI. S. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*The Evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Mat. xv. 19.*

- 1 **A**STONISH'D and distress'd  
I turn mine eyes within ;

My heart with loads of guilt oppress,  
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,  
What vile affections there !  
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,  
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,  
These tyrant lusts subdue ;  
Expel the darkness of my mind,  
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice  
Shall loud hosannas raise ;  
My soul shall glow with gratitude,  
My lips proclaim thy praise.

CCXII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*The heart is deceitful and wicked. Jer. xvii. 9.*

1 **T**HIS wretched heart will still backslide ;  
O what deceit is treasur'd here !

'Tis full of vanity and pride ;  
What fruits of unbelief appear !

2 My base ingratitude I mourn,  
My stubborn will, my earthly mind ;  
My thoughts how vain,—to rove how prone,—  
To every evil how inclin'd !

3 Who can, amongst the sons of men,  
Find out the vileness of my heart ?  
None can the depths of guilt explain,  
'Tis all corrupt through every part.

4 Could creatures look into my breast,  
How would they gaze with strange surprise !  
They'd hate me with a sore detest,  
And turn away their frightened eyes.

- 5 But what are creatures, Lord, to thee?  
 They can't forgive one single sin,  
 Were they dispos'd to pity me,  
 They could not work one grace within.
- 6 To Jesus, then, I'll make my moan,  
 O cleanse this filthy sink of sin!  
 Jesus, thou canst, and thou alone;  
 O condescend to make me clean.

## CCXIII. L. M. P—.

*The heart deceitful, &c. Jer. xvii. 9.*

- 1 ALAS! the deep deceit and sin,  
 Which in my filthy heart reside;  
 How often they've my troublers been!  
 How often turn'd my feet aside!
- 2 'Tis but just now I gladly thought,  
 That I should stray no more from God,  
 When I remember'd I was bought  
 By th' Redeemer's precious blood.
- 3 But O, this heart! this wretched heart!  
 (Amaz'd, asham'd I am to tell)  
 Consents to act a traitor's part;  
 From day to day it joins with hell.
- 4 O precious Christ! my Saviour God!  
 I would not live thus false to thee;  
 Behold the purchase of thy blood,  
 And from the tempter set me free.
- 5 Since not one moment can I stand,  
 If left to self that fallen stock;  
 Dear Jesus keep me in thy hand;  
 Be thou my strength, be thou my rock.



## LONGING FOR THE COURTS OF THE LORD.

## CCXIV. S. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

*O that I had wings like a dove ! for then would  
I fly away, and be at rest. Psalm lv. 6.*

- 1 **O**F rest I hear, of rest I talk,  
But rest I cannot see ;  
O how laborious is my work !  
Earth has no rest for me.
- 2 Hard do I toil with sins and woes,  
With unbelief and fears ;  
Satan doth all my work oppose,  
My couch is wet with tears.
- 3 Weary with watchfulness I mourn,  
And long to be away ;  
Were I like doves on pinions borne,  
I'd fly without delay.
- 4 I'd mount above this earthly ball,  
And make my way to God ;  
Fain would I rest my weary soul  
In his supreme abode.
- 5 But why, impatience, dost thou rise ?  
Depart, thou source of ill !  
Why should I fly above the skies,  
Before my Father's will ?
- 6 What if on earth I yet must dwell—  
If Jesus is but near,  
Cheerful I'll fight with sin and hell,  
And overcome my fear.
- 7 No harm can come within the bounds  
Which his own hands have set ;  
My soul shall hide beneath his wounds,  
And find a safe retreat.

## MEETING AND PARTING WITH BRETHREN.

## CCXV. L. M. NEWTON.

*A Welcome to Christian friends.—At meeting.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name;  
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When christians see each other thus;  
We only wish to speak of him.  
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

## CCXVI. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,  
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;

Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,  
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;  
When absent, happy if we share  
Thy smiles, thy counsels and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,  
And seek our comforts near thy seat;  
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,  
And guard, and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved house,  
Again to pay our thankful vows;  
Or, if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

CCXVII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Parting.*

1 **F**ROM the dear flock of Jesus' saints,  
How painful 'tis to go!  
But such must be our sad complaints,  
While travelling here below.

2 If parting now so grieves each heart,  
That's knit to Zion's head,  
Then surely Jesus ne'er will part  
With those for whom he bled,

3 True must his word for ever stand;  
Then— he'll ne'er leave his sheep;  
But in the hollow of his hand,  
Their souls securely keep.

4 He'll train them up, through grace divine,  
A kingdom to possess;  
There shall their souls for ever shine,  
In perfect love, and peace.

- 5 What a delightful company  
 Shall meet on Canaan's shore !  
 Oh ! what a meeting that will be,  
 When parting is no more !
- 6 Then round the shining throne above,  
 We'll sing in cheerful strains ;  
 Sound the redeemer's dying love,  
 O'er all the heav'nly plains.

## HIS PRAYER ANSWERED BY CROSSES.

CCXVIII. L. M. *NEWTON.**Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and every grace :  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he, who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;  
 But it has been in such a way,  
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,  
 At once he'd answer my request ;  
 And by his love's constraining power,  
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
 The hidden evils of my heart,  
 And let the angry powers of hell  
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 " Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cry'd,  
 " Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?"

“ ’Tis in this way,” the Lord reply’d,  
 “ I answer prayer for grace and faith :

- 7 “ These inward trials I employ,  
 “ From self, and pride, to set thee free ;  
 “ And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 “ That thou may’st seek thy all in me.”

# METHOD OF HIS SALVATION.

CCXIX. C. M. P——.

## *Method of Salvation.*

- 1 **T**HE Father’s free electing grace,  
 Before the world began,  
 In Jesus gave my soul a place  
 For her eternal home.
- 2 Though view’d as welt’ring in my blood  
 And trav’ling down to hell,  
 The Lord, the lamb, my surety stood,  
 And hath done all things well.
- 3 He, amply fit, sustain’d my right ;  
 For me he liv’d and died ;  
 His perfect work is God’s delight ;  
 In him I’m justify’d.
- 4 The spirit makes me feel my need  
 Of all that Christ has done ;  
 And makes me daily on him feed,  
 And hope in him alone.
- 5 How blest am I ! and to the name  
 Of God all praise be giv’n,  
 ’Till life shall end, and he proclaim  
 My sweet retreat to heav’n.

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 WORSHIP.

## SECRET WORSHIP.

CCXX. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Retirement and Meditation. Psalm iv. 4.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep recess;  
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
'Till all be search'd and purify'd.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;  
'Till every grace shall join to prove  
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

CCXXI. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Reading the Scriptures.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and  
fear,  
I take thy book, and hope to find  
Some gracious word of promise there,  
To sooth the sorrows of my mind:
- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,  
And search with care from page to page;  
Of threat'nings find an ample store,  
But nought that can my grief assuage.

- 3 And *is* there nought? forbid, dear Lord,  
So base a thought should e'er arise;  
I'll search again, and while I search,  
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and with transporting joy,  
I read the heaven-inspired lines;  
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,  
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,  
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor:  
Here's healing balm for ev'ry wound,  
A salve for ev'ry festering sore.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

CCXXII. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Going to a New Habitation.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,  
Let us an altar raise;  
And there with humble frame present  
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,  
While health and strength shall last,  
For future mercies humbly trust,  
Nor e'er forget the past.

CCXXIII. L. M. *DODDRIDGE.*

*Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace;  
From thee they spring, and, by thy hand  
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd;



Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night present its vows;  
Our servants there, and rising race  
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim  
The honours of thy glorious name;  
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove  
To join the family above.

CCXXIV. S. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Prayer for Infants; or, Children, Day by Day,  
given to God.*

1 GREAT God, now condescend,  
To bless our rising race;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace!

2 O what a vast delight,  
Their happiness to see!  
Our warmest wishes all unite,  
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour  
Upon our infant seed,  
O bring the long'd-for happy hour  
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,  
Confess the Saviour's name,  
Then follow their despised Lord,  
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race  
Surround thy sacred board,  
There to adore thy sovereign grace.  
And sing their dying Lord.

CCXXV. C. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O thee, let my first offerings rise,  
     Whose sun creates the day,  
     Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
     And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!  
     So oft vouchsaf'd before!  
     Still may it lead, protect, supply!  
     And I that hand adore!
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,  
     For which resign'd I pray;  
     Give me to feel the grateful heart!  
     And without guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,  
     As vice or folly's cure;  
     Patient, to gain that gracious end,  
     May I the means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future day  
     Still wiser than the past!  
     And when I all my life survey  
     May grace sustain at last.

CCXXVI. C. M. D. TURNER.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of light,  
     And stores of darkness lie:  
     Thou form'st the sable robe of night  
     And spread'st it round the sky.
- 2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd,  
     We close our weary eyes,  
     Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,  
     And makes us joyous rise.

- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met  
 Their long eternal doom;  
 And lost the joys of morning light  
 In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,  
 And still their woes bewail;  
 While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,  
 A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,  
 Our morning thoughts arise;  
 Propitious in thy Son, accept  
 The willing sacrifice.

## CCXXVII. S. M. S—.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun  
 Pursues his shining way;  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
 With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
 Its heavenly parent sing:  
 And to its great original  
 The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care:  
 I slept, and I awoke, and found  
 My kind preserver near!
- 4 Thus does thine arm support  
 This weak defenceless frame;  
 But whence these favours, Lord, to me,  
 All worthless as I am?
- 5 O! how shall I repay  
 The bounties of my God?

This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
I bring my sacrifice;  
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend  
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

CCXXVIII. L. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise,  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass,  
And every gentle rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And fond of trifles vainly rove:
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Jesus: his dear name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

## CCXXIX. C. M. M——.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise;  
Assist us Lord to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,  
Do a new song require:  
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts desire.
- 4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set  
New time upon our score;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more.

## CCXXX. S. M. S. STENNETT.

*Divine mercies in constant Succession.**Lam. iii. 22, 23.*

- 1 **H**OW various and how new,  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Each morning shall thy mercy shew  
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
Dawn'd on our early days,  
Ere infant-reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld  
Gave pleasure to our eyes;  
And nature all our senses held  
In bands of sweet surprise.

- 4 But pleasures more refin'd  
 Awaited that bless'd day  
 When light arose upon our mind,  
 And chas'd our fears away.
- 5 How new thy mercies then !  
 How sovereign and how free !  
 Our souls that had been dead in sin,  
 Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

- 6 Now we expect a day  
 Still brighter far than this,  
 When death shall bear our souls away  
 To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 There rapturous scenes of joy  
 Shall burst upon our sight :  
 And every pain, and tear and sigh,  
 Be drown'd in endless night.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy wing,  
 O Sun of righteousness,  
 Our happy souls shall sit and sing  
 The wonders of thy grace.
- 9 Nor shall that radiant day  
 So joyfully begun,  
 In evening shadows die away,  
 Beneath the setting sun.
- 10 How various and how new  
 Are thy compassions, Lord !  
 Eternity thy love shall shew,  
 And all thy truth record.

CCXXXI. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Evening Hymn.*

1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,

Accept the ev'ning sacrifice,  
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere:  
But show us, Lord, is ev'ry one  
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
Poor sinners on the tree?

4 Extort the cry, What must be done  
To save a wretch like me?  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery?

5 For faith may he incessant cry,  
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;  
He must be born again, or die  
To all eternity!

CCXXXII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Jesus ever the same.*

1 **O** LORD, how lovely is thy name,  
How faithful is thy heart!  
To-day and yesterday the same,  
And always kind thou art.

2 No change of mind our Jesus knows,  
A true and constant friend!  
Where once the Lord his love bestows,  
He loves unto the end.

3 Dear Saviour, let my spirit rest  
Beneath thy smile benign;  
Thy daily care to make me blest,  
To love and praise thee mine.



CCXXXIII. S. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone ;  
The evening shades appear ;  
Oh ! may we all remember well  
The night of death is near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest,  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the pinions of thy love,  
'Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
And view the unclouded sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O ! may we in thy bosom rest—  
The bosom of thy love !

CCXXXIV. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*An evening hymn.*

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord hath led me on,  
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
 Tell me a thousand frightful things;  
 My God in safety makes me dwell,  
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 4 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The loving kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rend my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.]

CCXXXV. C. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

*Saturday night.*

- 1 **B**EGONE my worldly cares away!  
 Nor dare to tempt my sight;  
 Let me begin the ensuing day  
 Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my heart and tongue;  
 Begin my soul?—Thy sabbath days  
 Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week  
 Excite a grateful frame:  
 Nor let my tongue refuse to speak  
 Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 Jesus!—how pleasing is the sound;  
 How worthy of my love!  
 Why is my heart so lifeless found?  
 Why plac'd no more above?
- 5 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,  
 And quicken all my powers;

Prepare me to attend thy word,  
T' improve the sacred hours.

- 6 On wings of expectation borne,  
My hopes to heaven ascend :  
I long to welcome in the morn,  
The day with thee to spend,

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CCXXXVI. 148th *B. FRANCIS.*

*On opening a place of Worship.*

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains  
The king of glory praise ;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days :  
He, with a nod, the world controls,  
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,  
His throne of grace divine ;  
Wide is his bounty known,  
And wide his glories shine :  
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,  
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of glory, come,  
And with thy favour crown  
This temple as thy dome,  
This people as thy own :  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here, may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries, \*  
And grateful praise ascend  
All fragrant to the skies :  
Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around.

- 5 Here, may th' attentive throng  
 Imbibe thy truth and love,  
 And converts join the song  
 Of seraphim above,  
 And willing crowds surround thy board  
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons  
 And daughters sound thy praise,  
 And shine like polish'd stones,  
 Through long succeeding days;  
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
 While temples stand and men adore.

CCXXXVII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*On opening a place of Worship.*

- 1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,  
 Which guards our synagogues in peace;  
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,  
 To fill thy worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise,  
 Long may they echo to thy praise:  
 And thou, descending, fill the place  
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
 With all the graces of his train;  
 While power divine his word attends,  
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,  
 When God the nations shall survey;  
 May it before the world appear  
 That crowds were born to glory here.

## CCXXXVIII. C. M. NEWTON.

*On opening a place for social prayer.*

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to rase;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
that we may render praise.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
'To come and fill the place.

## CCXXXIX. S. M. S. STENNETT.

*The pleasures of social Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,  
Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compar'd with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crown'd,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries  
 Each humble soul presents :  
 He listens to their broken sighs,  
 And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will  
 He graciously imparts :  
 And in return accepts with smiles  
 The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
 Within thy blest abode,  
 Among the children of thy grace,  
 The servants of my God.

CCXL. S. M. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*Forms vain without Religion.*

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !  
 How wondrous is thy name !  
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
 Through the creation's frame.

2 Nature in ev'ry dress  
 Her humble homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand ways t' express  
 Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing  
 To her Creator too,  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the worship due.

4 [But pride, that busy sin,  
 Spoils all that I perform,  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship's vain ;

This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
Until tis form'd again.

- 6 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God, my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

CCXLI. L. M. S. STENNETT.

*To be sung between Prayer and Sermon,  
Mat. xviii. 20.*

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,  
" Amid this little company :  
" To them unveil my smiling face,  
" And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word :  
O send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

CCXLII. C. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*God giveth the increase. 1 Cor. iii. 6. 7.*

- 1 **I**N vain Apollo's silver tongue,  
And Paul's with strains profound,  
Diffuse among the list'ning throng,  
The gospel's gladdening sound :
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine  
To form the heart anew,  
O let thy power and grace divine  
These stubborn souls subdue.



CCXLIII. C. M. *BEDDOME.**The Freeness of the Gospel. Rev. xxii. 17.*

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace  
Of our redeeming God,  
Extending to the Greek and Jew,  
And men of every blood !
- 2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave;  
May his rich mercy taste ;  
He bids the beggar and the prince  
Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those  
Who choose themselves t' exclude ;  
Welcome the learned and polite,  
The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,  
Of every rank and tongue ;  
What you're made willing to receive.  
Doth unto you belong.

CCXLIV. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELLE.**The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2, 4.*

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I  
Here in thy ways forgotten lie ?  
When shall the means of healing be  
The channels of thy grace to me ?
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,  
And wash away their pain and sin ;  
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,  
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant angel swift come down,  
To-day thine own appointments crown ;  
Thy power into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.

- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,  
I would, thou know'st I would be whole ;  
O let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.

CCXLV. L. M. NEWTON.

*Casting the Gospel-Net. Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6*

- 1 **N**OW while the gospel-net is cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;  
From numerous disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.
- 2 May this be a much favour'd hour,  
To souls in Satan's bondage led;  
O clothe thy word with sov'reign power  
To break the rocks, and raise the dead !
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine ;  
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,  
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 [O hear our prayer and give us hope,  
That when thy voice shall call us home.  
Thou still wilt raise a people up  
To love and praise thee in our room.]

CCXLVI. S. M. BEDDOME.

*He beheld the city and wept over it. John xix. 41.*

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see !  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept, that we might weep,  
 Each sin demands a tear;  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
 And there's no weeping there.

CCXLVII. 148th. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*  
*Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35—38.*

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,  
 And lost without thy grace,  
 Thy mercy I implore,  
 And wait to see thy face :  
 Begging I sit by the way-side,  
 And long to know the crucify'd.
- 2 Jesus, attend my cry,  
 Thou son of David hear,  
 If now thou passest by,  
 Stand still and call me near ;  
 The darkness from my heart remove,  
 And show me now thy pardoning love.

CCXLVIII. L.M. Coombs's tune. *BEDDOME.*  
*Thy Kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.*

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,  
 And spread thy glories all abroad ;  
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
 And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,  
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world  
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord;  
 Let saints and angels praise thy name.  
 Be thou through heaven and earth ador'd.

CCXLIX. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Ezekiel's Vision of the dry bones.*

*Ezek. xxxvii. 3.*

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;  
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live ?  
And can these perish'd bones revive ?  
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;  
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain  
To prophesy upon the slain ;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
'Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads through all the realms of death ;  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;  
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound  
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,  
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
And spring to life beyond the skies.

CCL. 148th. *NEWTON.*

*After sermon.*

**O**N what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;  
The power is thine alone,  
To make it spring and grow ;  
Do thou the gracious harvest raise  
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

CCLI. C. M. *TOPLADY'S COLLEC.**Now is the accepted time.*

1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away  
 To Christ, and heal your wounds;  
 This is the welcome gospel-day  
 Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son  
 To drink the cup of wrath:  
 And Jesus says he'll cast out none  
 That come to him by faith.

CCLII. L. M. *S. STENNETT.**Acceptance through Christ alone. Mic. iv. 6, 7.*

1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,  
 Great God, before thine awful bar?  
 How may the guilty hope to find  
 Acceptance with th' eternal mind?

2 Not vows nor groans, nor broken cries,  
 Not the most costly sacrifice,  
 Not infant blood profusely spilt,  
 Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,  
 Hath sov'reign virtue to atone:  
 Here we will rest our only plea  
 When we approach, great God, to thee.

CCLIII. L. M. *NEWTON.**Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.*

**I**S Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd  
 To meet with what I thought most hard;  
 Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,  
 And comforts melt away like snow:  
 No blasted trees, or failing crops,  
 Can hinder my eternal hopes;

Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same ;  
Then let me triumph in his name.

CCLIV. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.*

1. **S**EE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,  
See his resplendent bride  
Attend to hear a pris'ner preach  
The Saviour crucify'd.
- 2 He well describes who Jesus was,  
His glories and his love,  
How he obey'd and bled below,  
And reigns and pleads above.
- 3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,  
"Go for this time away ;  
"I'll hear thee on these points again  
"On some convenient day."
- 4 Attention to the words of life  
Let Felix thus adjourn ;  
Lord, let us make these solemn truths,  
Our first and last concern.

CCLV. L. M. *HART.*

*At Dismission.*

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word,  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

CCLVI. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Means ineffectual.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,  
With unavailing pain;  
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 I rested in the outward law,  
Nor knew its deep design;  
'The length and breadth I never saw,  
Nor height, of love divine.
- 3 To please thee thus, at length, I see,  
Vainly I hop'd and strove:  
For what are outward things to thee,  
Unless they spring from love?
- 4 But I of means have made my boast,  
Of means an idol made:  
The spirit in the letter lost,  
The substance in the shade.
- 5 Where am I now, or what my hope?  
What can my weakness do?  
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:  
'Tis thou must make it new.

CCLVII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*'Tis good to be afflicted. Psalm cxix. 67, 71.*

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, have ever found  
'Tis good to bear thy rod;  
Afflictions make us learn thy will,  
And live upon our God.
- 2 This is the comfort we enjoy,  
When new distress begins:  
We read thy word, we run thy way,  
And hate our former sins.



- 3 Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,  
Though they may seem severe,  
The sharpest sufferings we endure,  
Flow from thy faithful care.
- 4 Before we knew thy chastening rod,  
Our feet were apt to stray ;  
But now we learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

CCLVIII. C. M. WATTS.

*The World a maze.*

- 1 **L**ORD ! what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply ;  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
No streams of living joy ?
- 2 But piercing thorns, through all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow ;  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,  
Lies through this horrid land ;  
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,  
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still ;  
Forget the troubles of the way,  
And reach at Sion's hill.
- 5 See the kind angels, at the gates,  
Inviting us to come !  
There Jesus the Forerunner waits  
To welcome travellers home !

CCLIX. S. M. *WATTS.**Imputed Righteousness.*

- 1 **O** BLESSED souls are they,  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
Their hearts are kept with care;  
Their lips and lives without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound;  
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let mourners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne:  
For help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

CCLX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**The backslider returning.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a cruel wretch am I,  
To leave my Jesus so!  
And now without his smiles I lie,  
And know not where to go.
- 2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face:—  
Who could have thought—so soon  
I should go mourning in distress!  
My comforts all be gone!
- 3 Not all the glories of this earth  
Can do me any good;  
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,  
And groans to find my God.

- 4 O should I see his face again,  
I'd tell him all my wo,  
Confess how guilty I have been  
To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then I would clasp him in my arms,  
And he should have my heart;  
And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,  
For ever should depart.

CCLXI. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Two natures in one Believer. Gal. v. 17.*

- 1 **A**LAS! it is a thorny road  
That I am call'd to tread;  
And many are the snares and traps  
That for my feet are laid.
- 2 The world, the flesh, and Satan are  
Against my soul combin'd;  
And, worse than all, this evil heart  
Is with the tempter join'd!
- 3 An awful truth! I daily feel  
Old nature is the same,  
It ever was, and ne'er will die  
While I in flesh remain.
- 4 What but the pow'r of mighty **grace**  
Could such a wretch restrain,  
From running into ev'ry vice,  
Among the world again.
- 5 That grace I know can never fail,  
Sufficient it will be;  
The Lord hath said, it shall sustain  
So weak a worm as me.
- 6 Forget not, O my soul, thy **God**  
Is an unchanging friend;

And in his strength thou shalt o'ercome;  
And triumph in the end.

CCLXII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Living, Moving, and Acting, all from God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man! that child of pride,  
That boasts his high degree?  
If left one moment to himself?  
He sinks, and where is he?
- 2 In thee I live, and move, and am,  
Thou deal'st me out my days;  
Lord, as thou dost renew my life,  
Let me renew thy praise.
- 3 To thee I come, from thee I am,  
And for thee I must be;  
'Tis better for me not to live,  
Than not to live to thee;
- 4 This noble and immortal soul  
Thou breathedst into me,  
And this my soul shall still breathe forth  
Immortal praise to thee.

CCLXIII. 148th. *NEW SELEC.*

*Hoping against Hope.* Rom. iv. 18—21.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee I'll make  
My griefs and sorrows known;  
And with an humble hope  
Approach thine awful throne:  
Though by my sins deserving hell,  
I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?
- 2 To thee, who by a word,  
My drooping soul canst cheer,  
And by thy Spirit form  
Thy glorious image there—

My foes subdue, my fears dispel—  
I'll daily seek:—for who can tell?

3 Endanger'd or distress,  
To thee alone I'll fly,  
Implore thy powerful help,  
And at thy footstool lie;  
My case bemoan, my wants reveal.  
And patient wait:—for, who can tell?

4 My heart misgives me oft,  
And conscience storms within;  
One gracious look from thee  
Will make it all serene:  
Satan suggests that I must dwell  
In endless flames?—but who can tell?

5 Vile unbelief, begone;  
Ye doubts, fly swift away;  
God hath an ear to hear,  
While I've an heart to pray:  
If he be mine, all will be well—  
For ever so;—and, who can tell?

CCLXIV. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*All things working for good.*

1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials, doubts and fears,  
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,  
Will, through the grace of God, our friend,  
In everlasting triumphs end!

2 To those that him sincerely love,  
All trials do but blessings prove,  
Whom God hath call'd and made his own,  
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress  
Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise;  
'Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,  
We still are safe if thou art ours,

CCLXV. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**Glorying in the cross of Christ.*

- 1 **L**ET others wrapt in self-conceit,  
Boast in their wisdom and their wit;  
Let them extol their gold and dross,  
I'll glory in my Saviour's cross.
- 2 While the self-righteous blind and rude,  
Cry up their native rectitude,  
I'll seek revenge on all my pride,  
And boast in Jesus crucified.
- 3 While they, with curses on their heads,  
Talk of their justice and their deeds,  
I choose to sit at Jesus' feet,  
And self-abasement is my seat.
- 4 Hither I'm brought by sov'reign grace;  
I bless the means and love the place:  
I bid all earthly joys begone,  
And glory in my Lord alone.
- 5 Here I could tarry night and day,  
Here could my soul for ever stay:  
O may I never, never rove,  
Nor glory, but in Christ my love.

CCLXVI. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**Circumspection.*

- 1 **Y**E highly favour'd, who profess  
To love and practise holiness,  
You stand expos'd to earth and hell,  
And seriousness becomes you well.
- 2 Be circumspect in all your ways;  
And spread your great Redeemer's praise;  
Let his commands be your delight,  
This is well pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Labour to prove your faith sincere,  
In purity and holy fear;

Let all your conduct still express  
The truth and power of godliness.

- 4 Look up to him whose blood was spilt  
To ransom you from all your guilt ;  
His grace can all your sins subdue,  
And help you both to will and do.
- 5 O love and rev'rence his dear name,  
And let his glory be your aim :  
So shall your souls escape distress,  
And glory in his righteousness.

CCLXVII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Let us run our race with patience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, can a helpless worm like me  
Attempt to make her way to thee ?  
Yes ; let me raise thy praises high,  
In weakness thou canst strength supply.
- 2 Through grace alone I have begun,  
Resolv'd the heavenly race to run :  
'Tis grace corrects me when I stray,  
'Tis grace upholds me in the way.
- 3 Run on, my soul, and still adore,  
Receiving still, still asking more ;  
In Christ thy strength and wisdom lies,  
O look to him with stedfast eyes.
- 4 Look to that blood thy Saviour shed ;  
Thy Daysman dying in thy stead ;  
Behold him on the bloody tree !  
Great was the love he bore to thee.
- 5 He having lov'd me unto death  
Will love me to my latest breath ;  
Keep sight of him, my soul, and run,  
He'll crown thee when thy race is done.



CCLXVIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**The law ineffectual to salvation.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people dy'd,  
The holy law was satisfied :  
Its awful penalties he bore ;  
It can command and curse no more.
- 2 He having suffer'd in their stead,  
The law in cov'nant form is dead,  
Love rules them with a gentle sway  
And they with sweet delight, obey.
- 3 Amazing love !—how rich, how free !  
That Christ should die for such as we !  
From hence, the holiest duties flow  
Of saints above and saints below.

CCLXIX. S. M. *NEWTON.**The vanity of Balaam's wish. Num. xxiii. 10.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous are,  
When they resign their breath !  
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share  
In such a happy death.
- 2 "Oh ! let me die," said he,  
"The death the righteous do ;  
When life is ended, let me be  
Found with the faithful few."
- 3 The force of truth how great !  
When enemies confess,  
None but the righteous whom they hate,  
A solid hope possess.
- 4 But Balaam's wish was vain,  
His heart was insincere :  
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,  
And sought a portion here.

5 He seem'd the Lord to know,  
And to offend him loath;  
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,  
For none can serve them both.

6 May we, O Lord, most high,  
Warning from hence receive.  
If like the righteous we would die,  
To choose the life they live.

CCLXX. C. M. *WARTS.*

*The witnessing and sealing Spirit.*

1 **W**HY should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days:  
Great Comforter! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heav'n;  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

CCLXXI. S. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*The song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.*

1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For all whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues,  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way;  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
Ye blessed children, come;  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.

CCLXXII. 148th. *NEW SELEC.*

*Rejoice evermore. 1 Thess. v. 16.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is king,  
Your Lord and king adore:  
Ye saints, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph ever more.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above.  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 He all our foes shall quell,  
And Satan's works destroy;  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy.  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 4 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n,  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet.  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his pilgrims up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

CCLXXIII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Tribulation. John xvi. 33.*

- 1 **Y**E that would after Jesus press,  
Must fix this firm and sure;  
That tribulation, more or less,  
You must and shall endure,
- 2 From this there can be none exempt;  
'Tis God's own wise decree.  
Satan the weakest saint will tempt:  
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,  
And unbelief within:  
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;  
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up;  
And then how proud we grow!  
'Till sad desertion makes us droop;  
And down we sink as low.

- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,  
 To catch the wand'ring heart;  
 And seldom do we see the snares,  
 Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,  
 Pursue the narrow path;  
 Look to the Lord with stedfast eye,  
 And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong:  
 His promises are true.  
 We shall be conq'rors all ere long;  
 And more than conq'rors too.

CCLXXIV. S. M. *HART.*

*Pride.*

- 1 **I**NNUMERABLE foes  
 Attack the child of God,  
 He feels within the weight of sin,  
 A grievous galling load.
- 2 But though the host of hell  
 Be neither weak nor small;  
 One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,  
 And hurts beyond them all.
- 3 'Tis pride, accursed pride,  
 That spir't by God abhorr'd:  
 Do what we will it haunts us still,  
 And keeps us from the Lord.
- 4 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd:  
 When not perceiv'd 'tis worse;  
 Unseen or seen it dwells within,  
 And works by fraud or force.
- 5 Against its influence pray,  
 It mingles with the pray'r;

Against it preach, it prompts the speech ;  
Be silent, still 'tis there.

6 This moment while I sing,  
I feel its power within ;  
My heart it draws to seek applause,  
And mixes all with sin.

7 Thou meek and lovely Lamb,  
This haughty tyrant kill,  
That wounded thee, though thou wast free,  
And wounds thy members still.

CCLXXV. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Humility.*

1 **W**HATEVER prompts the soul to pride,  
Or gives us room to boast,  
(Except in Jesus crucify'd)  
Is not the Holy Ghost.

2 That blessed Spir't omits to speak  
Of what himself has done ;  
And bids th' enlighten'd sinner seek  
Salvation in the Son.

3 He never mov'd a man to say,  
"Thank God, I am so good ;"  
But turns his eye another way,  
To Jesus and his blood.

4 Great are the favours he confers,  
But all in Jesus' name :  
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,  
"Salvation to the Lamb."

CCLXXVI. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Godly sorrow for sin.*

1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word ;

But own my heart, with shame and grief,  
A sink of sin and unbelief.

- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room:  
And vent'ring hard behold I come !  
But can there, tell me, can there be,  
Among thy children room for me.
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine ;  
But ah ! my soul wants more than sign :  
I faint unless I feed on thee,  
And drink thy blood as shed for me.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;  
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed !  
Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;  
Oh ! magnify that grace in me.

CCLXXVII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Good works. James ii. 18.*

- 1 **I**N vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death,  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say, in all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word ;  
Commits his works to God alone,  
And seeks his will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,  
Brings no great glory to its root :  
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, " A goodly tree ! "
- 4 Never did men by faith divine  
To selfishness or sloth incline ;  
The christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can work no more.



CCLXXVIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Calvary.*

- 1 **P**OOR trembling sinner, tell me why  
Such floods of grief proceed from thee!  
"My sins distress me," you reply;—  
Then look to Christ on Calvary.
- 2 Behold his sacred hands stretch'd wide,  
Fast nail'd upon the fatal tree,  
The cruel spear thrust in his side;  
O look by faith to Calvary.
- 3 See! streams of blood flow from his veins;—  
How great must his distresses be!  
Think on his agonizing pains,  
When you remember Calvary.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer cry'd,  
And paid th' amazing price for thee;  
Then bow'd his sacred head and dy'd,  
O sinner look to Calvary!
- 5 Come fall with love at Jesus feet,  
He suffer'd all these woes for thee;  
Salvation-work he made complete,  
And still remembers Calvary.
- 6 He reigns a Prince exalted high,  
An ever glorious Priest to be;  
And will not trembling souls deny,  
That bliss which flows from Calvary.

CCLXXIX. S. M. *NEWTON.*

*Are there few that shall be saved? Luke xiii. 23.*

- 1 **D**ESTRUCTION's dang'rous road  
What multitudes pursue!  
While that which leads the soul to God,  
Is known or sought by few.

- 2 Believers enter in  
 By Christ the narrow gate;  
 But those who yet are dead in sin,  
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be deny'd,  
 And sin forsaken quite;  
 They rather choose the way that's wide,  
 And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,  
 On numbers they depend;  
 So many surely can't be wrong,  
 And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark  
 That men will right be found;  
 A few were sav'd in Noah's ark  
 For many millions drown'd.
- 6 Lord, open sinners eyes,  
 Their awful state to see;  
 And make them, ere the storm arise,  
 To thee for safety flee.

CCLXXX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Christ is ours.*

- 1 **S**WEET are the gifts, that gracious heav'n  
 On true believers pours;  
 But, the best gift, is grace to know  
 That Jesus Christ is ours.
- 2 Differ, we may, in age and state,  
 Learning and mental powers;  
 But all the saints may join and shout,  
 Dear Jesus, thou art ours.
- 3 Let those, who know our Jesus not,  
 Delight in earth's gay flowers;

We, glorying in our better lot,  
Rejoice that he is ours.

4 Time, which this world, with all its joys,  
With eager haste devours,  
May take inferior things away,  
But Jesus still is ours.

5 Haste then, dull time, and terminate  
Thy slow revolving hours ;  
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,  
In heaven, to call him ours.

CCLXXXI. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*Sampson's Lion. Judges xiv. 8.*

1 **T**HE lion that on Sampson roar'd,  
And thirsted for his blood ;  
With honey afterwards was stor'd,  
And furnish'd him with food.

2 Believers, as they pass along,  
With many lions meet,  
But gather sweetness from the strong,  
And from the eater, meat.

3 The lions rage and roar in vain,  
For Jesus is their shield ;  
Their losses prove a certain gain,  
Their troubles comfort yield :

4 The world and Satan join their strength,  
To fill their heart with fears ;  
But crops of joy they reap at length,  
From what they sow in tears.

5 Afflictions make them love the word,  
Stir up their hearts to pray'r ;  
And many precious proofs afford,  
Of their Redeemer's care.

- 6 The lions roar, but cannot kill ;  
 Then fear them not my friends :  
 They bring us, though against their will,  
 The honey Jesus sends.

CCLXXXII. L. M. *NEWTON.*

*Plenty in the time of dearth. Gen. xli. 56.*

- 1 **M**Y soul once had its plenteous years,  
 And throve with peace and comfort fill'd,  
 Like the fat kine and ripen'd ears,  
 Which Pharoah in his dream beheld.
- 2 With pleasing frames and grace receiv'd,  
 With means and ordinances fed,  
 How happy for a while I liv'd,  
 And little fear'd the want of bread.
- 3 But famine came and left no sign  
 Of all the plenty I had seen;  
 Like the dry ears and half-starv'd kine,  
 I then look'd wither'd, faint and lean.
- 4 To Joseph the Egyptians went;  
 To Jesus I made known my case;  
 He, when my little stock was spent,  
 Open'd *his* magazine of grace.
- 5 For he the time of dearth foresaw,  
 And made provision long before ;  
 That famish'd souls like me might draw  
 Supplies from his unbounded store.
- 6 Now on his bounty I depend,  
 And live from fear of dearth secure;  
 Maintain'd by such a mighty friend,  
 I cannot want till he is poor.
- 7 O mourners, hear his gracious call!  
 His mercy's door stands open wide ;

He has enough to feed you all,  
And none who come shall be deny'd.

CCLXXXIII. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*Satan returning. Mat. xii. 43, 45.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus claims the sinner's heart,  
Where Satan rul'd before,  
The evil spirit must depart,  
And dares return no more.
- 2 But when he goes without constraint,  
And wanders from his home ;  
Although withdrawn, 'tis but a feint,  
He means again to come.
- 3 Some outward change perhaps is seen  
If Satan quit the place ;  
But tho' the house seems swept and clean,  
'Tis destitute of grace.
- 4 Except the Saviour dwell and reign  
Within the sinner's mind ;  
Satan, when he returns again,  
Will easy entrance find.
- 5 With rage and malice seven fold,  
He then resumes his sway ;  
No more by checks to be controll'd,  
No more to go away.
- 6 The sinner's former state was bad,  
But worse the latter far ;  
He lives possessed, blind and mad,  
And dies in dark despair.
- 7 Lord save me from this dreadful end !  
And from this heart of mine,  
O drive and keep away the fiend  
Who fears no voice but thine.

CCLXXXIV. L. M. *NEWTON.**Martha and Mary. Luke x. 38—42.*

- 1 **M**ARTHA her love and joy express'd,  
By care to entertain her guest;  
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,  
And could not bear to lose a word.
- 2 The principle in both the same,  
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim :  
The one to feast the Lord was led,  
The other waited to be fed.
- 3 But Mary chose the better part,  
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart ;  
While busy Martha angry grew,  
And lost her time and temper too.
- 4 With warmth she to her sister spoke,  
But brought upon herself rebuke :  
"One thing is needful, chiefly one,  
"Why do thy thoughts on many run?"
- 5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd,  
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd?  
While trifles so engross our thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 6 Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,  
Which they who gain can never lose ;  
Sufficient in itself alone,  
And needful, were the world our own.
- 7 Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,  
Thy love is all that I require !  
Gladly I may the rest resign,  
If the one needful thing be mine !

CCLXXXV. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Choosing the better part. Luke x. 42.*

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand;  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart  
To fix on Mary's better part;  
To scorn the trifles of a day  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

CCLXXXVI. L. M. NEWTON.

*Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2.*

- 1 **B**Y various maxims, forms, and rules,  
That pass for wisdom in the schools,  
I strove my passions to restrain;  
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known,  
My rules are all reduc'd to one;  
To keep my Lord by faith in view;  
This strength supplies and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,  
Patient amidst reproach and strife;  
And from this pattern courage take  
To bear, and suffer for his sake.



- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,  
And by the sight from guilt am freed;  
This sight destroys the life of sin,  
And quickens heav'nly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose,  
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;  
Satan I shame and overcome,  
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,  
I see him make my cause his own;  
Then all my anxious cares subside,  
For Jesus lives and will provide.

CCLXXXVII. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*The heart taken. Luke xi. 21, 22.*

- 1 **T**HE castle of the human heart  
Strong in its native sin;  
Is guarded well in every part,  
By him who dwells within.
- 2 For Satan there in arms resides,  
And calls the place his own;  
With care against assaults provides,  
And rules as on a throne.
- 3 Each traitor thought on him as chief,  
In blind obedience waits;  
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,  
Are posted at the gates.
- 4 Thus Satan for a season reigns,  
And keeps his goods in peace;  
The soul is pleas'd to wear his chains,  
Nor wishes a release.
- 5 But Jesus stronger far than he,  
In his appointed hour,

Appears to set his people free  
From the usurper's pow'r.

- 6 "This soul I bought with blood," he says,  
"And now it shall be mine;"  
His voice the strong one arm'd dismays,  
He knows he must resign.
- 7 In spite of unbelief and pride,  
And self and Satan's art;  
The gates of brass fly open wide,  
And Jesus wins the heart.

CCLXXXVIII. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*The worldling. Luke xii. 16—21.*

- 1 "MY barns are full, my stores increase,  
And now for many years,  
"Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,  
"Secure from wants and fears."
- 2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,  
As many now presume;  
He heard the Lord himself pronounce,  
His sudden awful doom.
- 3 "This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass  
"Into a world unknown;  
"And who shall then the stores possess,  
"Which thou hast call'd thine own!"
- 4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below;  
Till death disturbs the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to woe.
- 5 Ah who can speak the vast dismay  
That fills the sinner's mind,  
When torn by death's strong hand away,  
He leaves his all behind.

6 Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,  
But are not rich to God;  
Their dying hour is full of stings,  
And hell their dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour make us timely wise,  
Thy gospel to attend;  
That we may live above the skies,  
When this poor life shall end.

CCLXXXIX. C. M. NEWTON.

*How shall I put thee among the children?*  
*Jer. iii. 19.*

1 **A**LAS! by nature how deprav'd,  
How prone to ev'ry ill!  
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,  
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,  
Such rebels reconcil'd?  
Can grace itself the means afford  
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means  
Which shall effectual prove?  
To cleanse us from our countless sins,  
And teach our hearts to love.

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,  
And dy'd that we may live;  
His blood a full atonement makes,  
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

5 Yet one thing more must grace provide  
To bring us home to God;  
Or we shall slight the Lord, who dy'd,  
And trample on his blood.

6 The holy spirit must reveal  
The Saviour's work and worth:

Then the hard heart begins to feel  
A new and heav'nly birth.

- 7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,  
Redeem'd and sav'd, by grace ;  
Rebels, in God's own house obtain  
A son's and daughter's place.

CCXC. L. M. NEWTON.

*Hoping for a revival.*

- 1 **M**Y harp untun'd, and laid aside,  
(To cheerful hours the harp belongs)  
My cruel foes, insulting cry'd,  
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 2 Alas ! when sinners blindly bold,  
At Zion scoff, and Zion's King ;  
When zeal declines and love grows cold  
Is it a day for me to sing ?
- 3 Time was, whene'er the saints I met,  
With joy and praise my bosom glow'd ;  
But now, like Eli, sad I sit,  
And tremble for the ark of God.
- 4 While thus to grief my soul gave way,  
To see the work of God decline,  
Methought I heard the Saviour say,  
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 5 "Though for a time I hide my face,  
Rely upon my love and pow'r :  
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,  
And wait for a reviving hour,
- 6 "Take down thy long neglected harp,  
I've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r,  
The winter season has been sharp,  
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

- 7 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,  
 Come join with me, ye saints, and sing;  
 Our foes in vain against us strive,  
 For God will help and healing bring.

CCXCI. C. M. NEWTON.

*There the weary are at rest. Job iii. 17.*

- 1 **C**OURAGE, my soul! behold the prize,  
 The Saviour's love provides;  
 Eternal life beyond the skies,  
 For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,  
 The weary are at rest;  
 Sorrow and sin, and pain and care,  
 No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world and wicked heart.  
 With Satan now are join'd;  
 Each acts a too successful part  
 In harassing my mind.
- 4 In conflict with this threefold troop,  
 How weary, Lord, am I!  
 Did not thy promise bear me up,  
 My soul must faint and die.
- 5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,  
 Though mighty are my foes,  
 I shall a conq'ror be at length,  
 O'er all that can oppose.
- 6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?  
 The crown of glory see!  
 The more I toil and suffer here,  
 The sweeter rest will be.

CCXCII. L. M. *NEWTON.**Man by Nature, Grace, and Glory.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man? Extremes how wide  
In this mysterious nature join!  
The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd,  
The soul, immortal and divine!
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame  
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;  
Till stain'd by sin, it soon became  
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, Oh! amazing grace!  
Assum'd our nature as his own,  
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,  
Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals  
The virtue of a Saviour's blood;  
Again a life divine he feels,  
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,  
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?  
With honour, holiness, and love,  
No seraph so adorn'd as he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,  
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;  
While wond'ring angels round him throng,  
And swell the chorus of his praise.

CCXCIII. L. M. *NEWTON.**Before Sermon.*

- 1 **C**ONFIRM the hope thy word allows,  
Behold us waiting to be fed;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And satisfy thy poor with bread:
- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,  
Thirsty and hungry we are come,

Now from the fullness of thy word,  
Feast us and send us thankful home.

CCXCIV. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*Before Sermon.*

1 **T**HY promise, Lord, and thy command,  
Have brought us here to-day;  
And now we humbly waiting stand  
To hear what thou wilt say.\*

2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,  
And fill our hearts with love;  
From all our follies may we cease;  
More faithful may we prove.

CCXCV. S. M. *NEWTON.*

*Before Sermon.*

1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,  
Behold us, Lord, again  
Assembled at thy mercy's door,  
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh  
Or we must starve indeed;  
For we no money have to buy,  
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want  
Thy hand alone can give;  
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant  
That we may eat, and live.

CCXCVI. L. M. *NEWTON.*

*Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.*

1 **W**ITH Israel's God who can compare?  
Or who, like Isra'l happy are!  
O people saved by the Lord,  
He is thy shield and great reward!

\* *Psalm lxxxv. 8.*



- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,  
 'Thou art secur'd from foes and harms ;  
 In vain their plots, and false their boasts,  
 Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

CCXCVII. C. M. NEWTON.

*Before or after Sermon.*

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,  
 In everlasting day ;  
 Through floods and flames the passage lies,  
 But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame,  
 Hear and obey his word ;  
 Then let us triumph in his name,  
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

CCXCVIII. C. M. EBEN-EZER COLLEGE.

*Help laid on Christ. Ps. lxxxix. 19.*

- 1 **F**ROM Sinai's Mount to Zion's Hill,  
 Insolvents haste away ;  
 The laws demand ye can't fulfil,  
 For ye have nought to pay.
- 2 Then to the cross of Jesus now,  
 Ye guilty souls repair ;  
 There justice wears a smiling brow,  
 And mercy triumphs there.
- 3 His work was great, 'twas to redeem,  
 And bring to glory all  
 The chosen seed, beloved in him,  
 Selected ere the fall.
- 4 And who but the Redeemer, say,  
 Was able to endure  
 The weight of sin that on him lay,  
 And make salvation sure ?

5 Vindictive wrath, to sinners due,  
 His sacred bosom tore ;  
 And pains that mortals never knew,  
 Brought blood from every pore.

6 Yet he was able to fulfil  
 Salvation's glorious plan,  
 The counsels of Jehovah's will,  
 Before the world began.

CCXCIX. L. M. *EBEN-EZER COLLEC.*

*The Christian's Conflict. Rom. vii. 24, 25.*

- 1 **W**HY should a son redeem'd with blood,  
 Born not of man, but born of God,  
 Feel an eternal war within,  
 'Twixt reigning grace and striving sin?
- 2 'Tis but to make him, ev'ry day,  
 From self to Jesus turn away ;  
 His very falls, they make him wise,  
 And teach him where his victory lies.
- 3 Who but the soul that feels his wo,  
 Will to the blood of sprinkling go,  
 And seek salvation only there,  
 From all that he shall feel or fear?
- 4 What though he finds himself deprav'd,  
 Yet he's in Christ a sinner sav'd ;  
 And 'tis a sign of life within,  
 To groan beneath the pow'r of sin.
- 5 Boasting's excluded by the cross,  
 The creature's deeds are all but dross ;  
 Salvation's free, 'tis found alone  
 In Christ, the precious corner-stone.

## CCC. L. M. EBEN-EZER.

*Union with Jesus. Rom. viii. 35.*

- 1 **T**WIXT Jesus and the chosen race,  
Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,  
That hell, with its infernal train,  
Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.
- 2 This sacred bond shall never break,  
Though earth should to her centre shake  
Rest, doubting saint, assured of this,  
For God has pledged his holiness.
- 3 He swore but once, the deed was done,  
'Twas settled by the great Three-One;  
Christ was appointed to redeem  
All that the Father lov'd in him.
- 4 Hail sacred union, firm and strong!  
How great the grace, how sweet the song!  
That worms of earth should ever be  
One with incarnate Deity.
- 5 One in the tomb, one when he rose,  
One when he triumphed o'er his foes,  
One when in heaven he took his seat,  
While seraph's sung all hell's defeat.
- 6 This sacred tie forbids their fears,  
For all he is, or has, is theirs;  
With him their head, they stand or fall,  
Their life, their surety, and their all.

## LORD'S DAY.

## CCCI. L. M. J. STENNETT.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's day is begun;

- Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies ;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
In various scenes both old and new ;  
With praise, we think on mercies past,  
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away ;  
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

CCCII. S. M. WATTS.

*The Lord's day.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day :  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day amidst the place  
 Where my dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss.

CCCIH. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**The Lord's day morning.*

- 1 **A**WAKE my heart! my soul arise!  
 This is the day believers prize;  
 Improve this sabbath then with care;  
 Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought!—Lord give me power  
 Wisely to fill up every hour;  
 O for the wings of faith and love  
 To bear my heart and soul above!
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
 To worship thee within the vale;  
 To glorify thy matchless grace,  
 To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,  
 And tune my heart to praise and pray;  
 Command thy word to fall, like dew,  
 Refreshing, quickening all anew
- 5 Call forth my thoughts and let them rove  
 O'er the green pastures of thy love;  
 O let not sin prevent my rest,  
 Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.
- 6 Give to thy church a large increase,  
 Send her prosperity and peace;

May all the saints in Zion say,  
O happy, happy, happy day !

CCCIV. L. M. *BALTIMORE COLLEC.*

*To be sung before going to public worship.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour meets his flock to-day,  
Shall I, in sloth, abide at home ?  
Shall I behind the people stay,  
When Jesus calls, there still is room ?  
I'll go, it is a place of prayer,  
Who knows but God may meet me there ?
- 4 Remove temptation, O my Lord,  
And Let my enemies be slain,  
Who would withdraw me from thy word,  
And plunge me in the world again ;  
And when the bridegroom shall appear,  
O may my soul be found in pray'r.

CCCV. C. M. *CENNIC.*

*Lord's day evening.*

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene ?  
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,  
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,  
Amidst a world of cares ;  
Incline my heart to pray with love,  
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 [Release my soul from every chain,  
No more hell's captive led ;  
And pardon a repenting child,  
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul,  
That gives itself to thee ;

Take all that I possess below,  
And give thyself to me.]

- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
To be my guide and friend,  
To light my ways to ceaseless joys,  
To sabbaths without end.

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## SOCIETY MEETINGS.

OCCVI. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The loving-kindness of the Lord. Isa. lxiii. 7.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me :  
His loving-kindness O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all :  
He sav'd me from my lost estate :  
His loving-kindness O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along :  
His loving-kindness O how strong !
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving kindness O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;



O! may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death!

- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

CCCVII. L. M. COWPER.

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 **WHAT** various hind'rances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles, when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when through weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent;  
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CCCVIII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Encouragement.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm:  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die!  
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defence;  
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you;  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

CCCIX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal  
And make thy glory known;  
Now let us all thy presence feel  
Oh soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
And plead a Saviour's name:  
For all that we can call our own,  
Is vanity and shame.

- 3 Send down thy spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more ;  
That sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never lov'd before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.

CCCX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Happy the Christian.*

- 1 **H**OW happy is the christian's state !  
His sins are all forgiv'n ;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace  
And lifts his hope to heav'n.
- 2 Though in the rugged path of life,  
He heaves the pensive sigh ;  
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds  
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,  
He feels the chast'ning rod ;  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes,  
To call his soul away ;  
His soul in raptures shall ascend  
To everlasting day.

CCCXI. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**The pilgrim's safety.*

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great deliv'rer sing ;  
Pilgrims, for Sion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd ;  
How holy, and how plain ;  
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,  
Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,  
No lurking serpent wound :  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road ;  
Till to the sacred Mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 March then in your Redeemer's strength,  
Pursue his footsteps still ;  
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,  
While trav'ling up the hill.

CCCXII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**God thinking on his saints.*

- 1 **B**OTH poor and needy, Lord, am I,  
Therefore to thee my soul doth cry ;  
Dear Saviour, canst thou think upon  
A helpless, weak, unworthy worm.
- 2 My wants are many ; great indeed,  
And sore and pressing is my need :  
Oh ! think on me, and bear me up,  
Jesus, the sinner's only prop.
- 3 Ah, Lord ! I feel my poverty,  
My wretchedness and misery :  
Blest evidence, by this I'm taught  
The Lord in truth on me hath thought.
- 4 Dear Father, condescend to hear  
My heart's request and fervent pray'r ;

- As thou hast thought on worthless me,  
 Help my poor soul to think on thee.
- 5 When unbelief would me distress,  
 Sin, guilt, and hell, destroy my peace;  
 These gracious words shall set me free,  
 The Lord my God doth think on me.
- 6 My soul shall rest upon her God,  
 And trust on his unerring word;  
 Believing this great mystery,  
 Though poor, the Lord doth think on me.

CCCXIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Hardness of heart lamented.*

- 1 **L**ORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day  
 To melt this stubborn stone away;  
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
 This heart—this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake;  
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 What but an adamant would melt!  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
 To move this stupid heart of mine.
- 4 But one can yet perform the deed;  
 That one in all his grace I need;  
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
 And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 Oh Breath of Life, breathe on my soul:  
 On me let streams of mercy roll:  
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

CCCXIV. C. M. *WARRS.**The same.*

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy ! hear my call,  
My load of guilt remove;  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,  
For sin could e'er atone :  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,  
My God will ne'er despise .  
A humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our best sacrifice.

CCCXV. S. M. *NEW SELEC.**The christian soldier.*

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, be bold,  
In Zion's ways stand fast,  
Cleave to the Lord and you shall find  
All will be well at last.
- 2 Numbers will you oppose,  
And many snares be laid;  
But Christ will be your strong defence;  
Then never be dismay'd.
- 3 Upon the throne of grace;  
Jehovah doth appear;  
Fight the good fight ye ransom'd throng,  
And never, never fear.

- 4 Fear not your num'rous foes,  
O'er all you shall prevail ;  
And live, and sing redeeming love,  
When they'il lament and wail.
- 5 Hark, hark, ye ransom'd race,  
Your captain cries, " fight on,"  
Soon ye shall mount the lofty skies,  
And stand around the throne.
- 6 Great God, send down thy pow'r,  
And make thy saints arise,  
Boldly to fight and conquer all,  
And then receive the prize.

CCCXVI. S. M. *NEW SELEC.**The same.*

- 1 **C**OME, all who love to pray,  
On Jesus cast your care ;  
And ev'ry praying soul shall find  
He loves to answer pray'r.
- 2 See how he looks, and smiles,  
From yonder shining throne ;  
Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry pray'r,  
And sends rich blessings down !
- 3 Ye hung'ring, thirsting souls,  
O pray, and never faint ;  
Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays  
To ev'ry praying saint.
- 4 And whither should we fly,  
But to a throne of grace ?  
For there we prove celestial joys,  
And find substantial peace.
- 5 Lord from thy throne behold  
Thy saints assembled here,



Whose hearts ascend with warm desire  
To feel thy presence near.

CCCXVII. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*A gracious God.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, arise in joyful lays,  
Renounce this earthly clod,  
Tune all thy pow'rs in sweetest praise,  
And sing, thy gracious God.
- 2 When in my heart his heav'nly love  
He sweetly sheds abroad,  
How joyfully he makes me prove  
He is my gracious God.
- 3 In all my trials here below,  
I'll humbly kiss the rod,  
For this through grace I surely know,  
He's still my gracious God.
- 4 In all the ways through which I've pass'd,  
And all the paths I've trod,  
It ever has appear'd at last  
That he's my gracious God.
- 5 When in my last departing hour  
I pass through death's cold flood,  
Upheld by sov'reign love and pow'r,  
I'll sing, my gracious God.
- 6 But when he shall my spirit bring  
To heav'n, my bless'd abode,  
There to eternity I'll sing,  
Thou art my gracious God.

CCCXVIII. L. M. *BOSTON COLLEC.*

*Come, see a man. John iv. 29.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, dear Lord, we bless his name,  
And joyful sing his glorious fame;

He wrought salvation's wondrous plan :  
Come, sinners, *come, and see the man.*

2 He kindly calls the sin-sick soul,  
Heals all his wounds, and makes him whole ;  
He saves and none beside him can ;  
Come, sinners, *come, and see the man.*

3 He tells them all things they have done,  
Shows them what dreadful lengths they've run,  
Has he in you this work began ?  
Dear souls, then *come, and see the man.*

4 Bow to the sceptre of the Lord,  
Trust in his name, receive his word ;  
Though in your sins you long have ran,  
There yet is hope ! *come, see the man.*

5 Thus Jesus, when at Jacob's well,  
Did to the woman all things tell ;  
Smit with his love, at once she ran,  
And others call'd, *come, see the man.*

6 Gladly she told to all around  
What a dear Jesus she had found,  
And straight to preach his love began ;  
Sure this is Christ, *come, see the man.*

CCCXIX. C. M. *BROADDUS'S COLLEC.*

*Bosom friend.*

1 **O** THAT I had a bosom friend,  
To tell my secrets to !  
On whose advice I might depend  
In every thing I do.

2 How do I wander up and down,  
And no one pities me  
I seem a stranger quite unknown  
A child of misery.

- 3 None lends an ear to my complaint,  
Nor minds my cries or tears :  
None comes to cheer me, though I faint,  
Nor my vast burden bears.
- 4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease,  
And feell no want or wo,  
Through this waste howling wilderness  
I full of sorrows go.—
- 5 O faithless soul ! to reason thus,  
And murmer without end ;  
Did Christ expire upon the cross,  
And is not he thy friend ?
- 6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,  
And think their state so blest ?  
How great salvation hast thou seen,  
And Jesus is thy rest !
- 7 What can this lower world afford  
Compar'd with gospel-grace ?  
Thy happiness is in the Lord,  
And thou shalt see his face !
- 8 Can present grief be counted great  
Compar'd with future woes ?  
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet  
Compar'd with endless joys ?
- 9 How soon will God withdraw the scene,  
And burn the world he made !  
Then wo to carnal, sinful men !  
My soul lift up thy head !
- 10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,  
Constant and true and good ;  
He will be with thee to the end,  
And bring thee safe to God,
- 11 Then why, my soul, art thou so sad ?  
When will thy sighs be o'er ?

Rejoice in Jesus and be glad,  
Rejoice for ever more.

CCCXX. L. M. SWAIN.

*Christ the only refuge for poor Sinners.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, away from Sinai fly !  
To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair,  
Behold the Prince of glory die,  
And read your peace and pardon there !
- 2 Search into every open'd wound ;  
Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the spear,  
And full salvation will be found  
In crimson letters written there.
- 3 No works of man, to raise the sum,  
Or pay the ransom, must be brought ;  
Helpless and poor to Jesus come,  
Nor hope to bring a perfect thought.
- 4 Your faith, your hope, and righteousness,  
Are treasur'd up in him alone ;  
Your rich supplies of grace and peace,  
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

CCCXXI. L. M. SWAIN.

*Union to Christ.*

- 1 **W**HY should the saints be fill'd with dread,  
Or yield their joys to slavish fear ?  
Heav'n can't be full, which holds the head,  
'Till ev'ry member's present there !
- 2 In heav'n the head—the members here—  
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one !  
So far asunder, yet so near !  
Some yet unborn—some round the throne,
- 3 How bright eternal wisdom shines !  
When it displays eternal love ;

Instructing by these dazzling lines  
The earth beneath and heav'n above !

CCCXXII. L. M. P——.

*Experience.*

- 1 **A** SINNER from my birth I've been;  
In rising years 'twas plainly seen;  
For sixteen years I stray'd from God,  
Without concern, the downward road.
- 2 In sickness then I felt a shock,  
'Twas sore, but ah ! 'twas soon forgot ;  
Alas ! I turn'd to sin again,  
And carnal pleasures sooth'd my pain.
- 3 Thus thrice with fear I was alarm'd ;  
Thrice back again to sin was charm'd ;  
I fear'd the dire rewards of sin,  
But lov'd not holiness within.
- 4 Then the eternal spirit spoke,  
And blasted all my legal hope,  
Convinc'd me of my dreadful state.  
And then I cry'd, " It is too late."
- 5 But O, the incarnate Son of God !  
When I was sinking—took my load ;  
'The father show'd my sins forgiv'n,  
And said, my name was wrote in heav'n.
- 6 Come saints below, and saints above,  
Who long have known redeeming love ;  
Assist an *Infant* in the road,  
To praise the holy Triune God.

CCCXXIII. C. M. *EVAN. MAGAZINE.*

*It is I. Matt. xiv. 27. Mark vi. 50. John vi. 20.*

- 1 **W**HEN storm and tempest loudly howl,  
And clouds obscure the sky ;

- When lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Be not afraid, 'tis I !
- 2 If doubts about a future state,  
Extort the serious cry,  
What shall I do ? my sins are great :  
Be not afraid—tis I.
- 3 While Satan aims a fiery dart,  
Temptations make thee sigh ;  
Believe in me ; I'll keep thy heart ;  
And fear not, it is I.
- 4 Should health, and wealth, and friends forsake,  
And death itself draw nigh ;  
Tho' heart should break, and nature shake ;  
Be not afraid, tis I.
- 5 'Tis I who liv'd—'tis I who dy'd,  
That thou might'st reign on high ;  
Behold my hands, my feet, my side,  
And be convinc'd 'tis I.

CCCXXIV. C. M. P——.

*Eternity.*

- 1 **E**TERNITY ! unequall'd thought !  
What infinite concerns  
Await the millions yet untaught  
To think of death's alarms !
- 2 Eternity ! O boundless word !  
To each believer sweet ;  
*There* saints for ever with the Lord  
Shall dwell in bliss complete.
- 3 Eternity ! O dreadful sound,  
To souls afraid of death ;  
To sinners not in Jesus found,  
When God demands their breath.

- 4 The wretch his sinful race has run !  
 His body's rack'd with pain;  
 His pleasures and his God are gone  
 And all his hopes are vain.
- 5 But O the never-dying soul,  
 Laden with guilt and fear !  
 Though boundless horrors through it roll  
*Must* at the bar appear ;—
- 6 *Must* see that God whose word and ways  
 And saints it once contemn'd ;  
 Be sunk beneath the flaming waves  
 And dwell amongst the damn'd.

CCCXXV. C. M. NEWTON.

*A sight of the Cross.*

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,  
 Unaw'd by shame or fear ;  
 'Till a new object struck my sight  
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood ;  
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
 As near the cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath  
 Can I forget that look ;  
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
 And plung'd me in despair ;  
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
 But now my tears were vain ;



Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
For I the Lord have slain!

- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive,  
"This blood is for thy ransom paid  
"I die that thou may'st live."

- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

### CCCXXVI. L. M. MS.

#### *The stony heart.*

- 1 **O**H! for a glance of heav'nly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away,  
To thaw with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord! an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, unaw'd I hear,  
Amazing things! which devils fear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed;  
For that dear something Lord I plead,—  
Thy spirit can the stone refine.  
Can break and melt this heart of mine.

## CCCXXVII. BALTIMORE COLLEC.

*Praying for Relations.*

- 1 **K**IND souls, who for the miseries moan,  
Of those who seldom mind their own;  
But treat your zeal with cold disdain,  
Resolv'd to make your labours vain.
- 2 You, whose sincere affection tends,  
To help your dear ungrateful friends,  
Who think you foes, or mad, or fools,  
Because you love their ruin'd souls.
- 3 Though dead to ev'ry warning given,  
They scorn to walk with you to heav'n;  
But often think, and sometimes say,  
They'll never go, if that's the way.
- 4 Though they the word of truth resist,  
Or ridicule your faith in Christ;  
Though they blaspheme, oppose, contemn,  
And hate you for your love to them;
- 5 One secret way is left you still,  
To do them good against their will?  
Here they can no obstruction give,  
You may do this without their leave.
- 6 Fly to the throne of grace by prayer,  
And pour out all your wishes there;  
Effectual fervent prayer prevails,  
When every other method fails.

## CCCXXVIII. L. M. BALTIMORE COLLEC.

*"Be not afraid, it is I." Matt. xiv. 27. Mark  
vi. 50. John vi. 20.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, renounce your fears  
Lo Jesus for your help appears,  
And loudly speaks as he draws nigh,  
"Be not afraid, for it is I."

- 2 When in the awful tempest tost,  
You feel your strength and courage lost,  
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,  
Your Lord is near, be not afraid.
- 3 When mournful tidings from afar,  
Or nations raise tumultuous war,  
And wide their devastation spread,  
Yet he is near, be not afraid.
- 4 The famine, pestilence and sword,  
Are all obedient to his word;  
He, riding on the stormy sky,  
Says, "fear not ye, for it is I."
- 5 When earthly joys are from you torn,  
Or when with heart-felt grief you mourn,  
To see your dear relations dead,  
Yet Jesus lives, be not afraid.
- 6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,  
Your Saviour's love is still the same;  
In death's dark shade you need not fear,  
For Jesus will be with you there.
- 7 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,  
And flames consume the guilty world,  
Ev'n then your Judge will smiling cry,  
"Be not afraid, for it is I."

CCCXYIX. C. M. BALTIMORE COLLEC.

*"In me ye shall have peace." John xvi. 33.*

- 1 YE saints attend the Saviour's voice,  
Spoke in his word of grace;  
He says, and in it O rejoice!  
In me ye shall have peace.
- 2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,  
And foes and fears increase;

He says, and what could he say more,  
In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound,  
Your troubles still increase,  
He says, and O, how sweet's the sound !  
In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,  
And sighs and tears increase ;  
He says, and it is true indeed !  
In me ye shall have peace.

5 Tho' you shall pass thro' death's cold flood,  
To gain your wish'd release,  
He says, and sure he'll make it good,  
In me ye shall have peace.

6 When you his face in glory view,  
Where joy can ne'er decrease ;  
Eternity shall prove it true,  
In him ye shall have peace.

CCCXXX. C.M. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.*

*The complaint of an awakened Sinner.*

1 **O** WHAT a state my soul is in !  
Nor can I e'er be blest,  
Without release from guilt and sin,  
Or find a moment's rest.

2 I hear that Christ is passing by,  
Poor sinners to relieve ;  
But ah ! I must in darkness lie,  
Until I can believe.

3 My stupid mind and stubborn will,  
Chain down my soul to death,  
And here I groan in darkness still,  
Without one spark of faith.

- 4 O God, for my poor soul appear,  
And make my foes submit ;  
Unlock, unlock this prison door,  
And bring me from the pit.
- 5 Pull down the pride within my heart ;  
From blindness set me free ;  
May I with every idol part,  
And give myself to thee.
- 6 O let me feel thy love divine,  
And hear thy healing voice ;  
Until I know that thou art mine,  
I never can rejoice.
- 

## THE CHURCH.

A BUILDING; AND WELL DEFENDED.

CCCXXXI. L. M. WATTS.

*God the glory and defence of Sion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;  
Thy holy courts are his abode :  
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits :  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
Against his throne in vain they rage ;  
Like rising waves with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let us still in Zion dwell ;  
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell ;

His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.

## A GARDEN.

CCCXXXII. C. M. SWAIN.

*The garden of grace.*

- 1 **A** GARDEN fenc'd from common earth,  
By special sov'reign grace,  
Enrich'd with plants of heav'nly birth,  
The Church of Jesus is.
- 2 His gospel is the open sky,  
His love the shining sun;  
Rivers of peace, which never dry,  
Through all this garden run.
- 3 His spirit is the heav'nly wind  
That o'er this garden blows;  
And op'ning each renewed mind,  
The Saviour's image shows.
- 4 Faith, like an ivy, to the rock  
(That stands for ever,) cleaves;  
And, through the tempest's loudest shock,  
Eternal calm perceives.
- 5 Assurance, like a cedar, rears  
It's stately branches high,  
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,  
And blossoms in the sky.

## ASKING THE WAY TO ZION.

CCCXXXIII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Asking the way to Sion. Jer. l. 5.*

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,  
That leads to Sion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around  
Your pious march to join;  
And spread the sentiments you feel  
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favour there;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent prayer!
- 4 O come, and join your souls to God  
In everlasting bands,  
Accept the blessings he bestows,  
With thankful hearts and hands.

## CHURCH MEETINGS.

CCCXXXIV. S. M. S. STENNETT.

*Praise for conversion. Psalm lxiv. 16.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen while I tell,  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense  
Assail'd my foolish heart,  
While Satan, with malicious skill,  
Guided the poisonous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,  
But fell to rise again;



My anguish rous'd me into life,  
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4 Darkness and shame and grief  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.

5 At length, to God I cry'd;  
He heard my plaintive sigh,  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd,  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,  
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile  
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God;  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.

CCCXXXV. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The Conversion of Sinners a matter for Prayer  
and Praise.*

1 **T**HERE's joy in heaven, and joy on earth,  
When prodigals return,  
To see desponding souls rejoice,  
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 "Come saints, and hear what God hath done,"  
Is a reviving sound:  
O may it spread from sea to sea,  
E'en all the globe around.

3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew  
The wonders of this day;

That Jesus here may see his seed,  
And Satan lose his prey.

- 4 Great God the work is all thine own,  
Thine be the praises too,  
Let every heart and every tongue  
Give thee the glory due.

CCCXXXVI. C. M. NEWTON.

*Apostacy—Will ye also go away?*

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast;  
I feel I must I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me:  
To whom, or whither, could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd  
Thou art the Christ of God;  
Who hast eternal life secur'd  
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,  
Could never reach my case;  
Nor can I hope relief to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart;  
No love but thine can make me bless'd,  
And satisfy my heart.

- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
 If I will also go?  
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer, No!

CCCXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

*To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and  
 Safety in Christ alone. John vi. 67—69.*

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,  
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend—  
 And can my soul from thee depart,  
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?  
 Can this dark world of sin and woe,  
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,  
 On these my fainting spirit lives,  
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart  
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,  
 While thou art near, in vain they call;  
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,  
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care:  
 Depart from thee—'tis death,—'tis more  
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 6 Lo at thy feet my soul would lie,  
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;  
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
 For life, eternal life is thine.

CCCXXXVIII. L. M. *RIIPPON'S SELEC.**Deliverances. Num. xxiii. 23.*

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought ! might Isra'l  
say,  
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,  
And gave a passage to their bands,  
Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 *What hath God wrought !* might well be said,  
When Jesus, rising from the dead,  
Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,  
And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 *What hath God wrought !* O blissful theme!  
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?  
Shall we be led the desert through?—  
And safe arrive at glory too!—
- 4 The news shall every harp employ,  
Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy;  
When shall we join the heavenly throng,  
To swell the triumph and the song!

CCCXXXIX. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**For church meeting.*

- 1 **N**OW we are met in holy fear,  
To hear the happy saints declare,  
The rich compassions of a God,  
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.
- 2 Jesus, assist them now, to tell  
What they have felt and *now* they feel;  
O Saviour, help them to express  
The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own  
What for their souls the Lord hath done,  
We'd join to praise eternal love,  
And heighten all the joys above.

CCCXL. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**At receiving persons into the church.*

- 1 **O** WITH what pleasure we behold  
Sinners to Canaan move,  
Leaving the fleeting things of earth,  
For greater things above.
- 2 These having openly confess'd  
The great Immanuel's name ;  
With sacred pleasure we receive,  
As lovers of the Lamb.
- 3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,  
And grow in heavenly love ;  
Still may they fight the fight of faith,  
Till crown'd with thee above.

CCCXLI. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**The same.*

- 1 **R**ENEW'D by grace, we love the word,  
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord ;  
Then to the Church ourselves we give  
In holy fellowship to live.
- 2 Lord may we feel that we are thine,  
And sweetly on thy breast recline,  
Thy name revere, thy word obey,  
And never cease to watch and pray.
- 3 May we continue in thy ways,  
Delight to pray—delight to praise ;  
Among thy saints abide in love,  
Till call'd to shine in realms above.

CCCXLII. C. M. *P——.**Prayer for a revival.*

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel's host,  
Behold us faint and few ;

Diffuse on us the Holy Ghost,  
Revive thy work anew.

- 2 Immanuel God, thy power display,  
Thy ransom'd people claim;  
Make Satan's fetters all give way,  
Before thy gracious reign.
- 3 "Say to the North give up heaven's heirs,  
"Nor let the South keep back;  
"O bring thy ransom'd sons from far,  
"Nor let thy daughters lack!"
- 4 Eternal Spirit! deign to come,  
Thy quick'ning influence give  
Come enter souls in nature's gloom  
And they shall quickly live.
- 5 Then soon a Bethel we shall raise,  
A dwelling for our God;  
A num'rous throng to sing his praise  
Who wash'd us in his blood.

### CHURCH OFFICERS.

#### MINISTERS.\*

CCCXLIII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The institution of Gospel Ministry from Christ.*  
*Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
Smile on our homage and our vows;  
While with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.

\* Under this head may be found suitable hymns and associations.

- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles, honour'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:  
While, guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While unborn churches by their care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow:  
Pastors and people shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

## CCCXLIV. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Seeking direction in the choice of a pastor.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,  
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;  
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,  
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:  
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,  
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,  
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;  
May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,  
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!



## CCCXLV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Watching for Souls., An Ordination Hymn.*  
 Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Sion's Watchmen all awake,  
 And take the alarm they give ;  
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,  
 Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,  
 The pastor's care demands ;  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
 For souls, which must for ever live,  
 In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
 Th' account to render there ;  
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
 Lord, where should we appear !
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see,  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

## CCCXLVI. L. M. WALKER'S COLLEC.

*After Ordination.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, in truth and pow'r divine,  
 Send forth this messenger of thine ;  
 His hands confirm, his heart inspire,  
 And touch his lips with holy fire.
- 2 Be thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord,  
 Thou, by the hammer of thy word,  
 The rocky heart in pieces break,—  
 To such may he in thunder speak !

- 3 To those who would the Lord embrace,  
Give him to preach thy word of grace;  
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,  
And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess,  
Thy welcome messenger of peace;  
Thy pow'r in his report be found,  
And let thy feet behind him sound.

## CCCXLVII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving  
Pastors after his own heart. Jer. iii. 15.*

*At the Settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep  
With constant care, thy humble sheep;  
By thee inferior pastors rise  
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;  
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,  
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,  
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;  
And, by their fair example led,  
The way to Zion's pasture tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;  
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd and the flock;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of our praise.

## CCCXLVIII. C. M. NEWTON.

*At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's farewell Charge. Acts xx. 26, 27.*

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends;  
It was a weeping day;  
But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy  
(Secure no more to part)  
Where praises every tongue employ,  
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace  
Their children soon shall meet;  
Together see their Saviour's face,  
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,  
Though oft and plainly warn'd;  
Will tremble when they meet again  
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall  
If any perish here;  
The preachers who have told you all  
Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,  
Is not their utmost view;  
O! hear their prayer, thy message own,  
And save their hearers too.

## CCCXLIX. L. M.

*The People's Prayer for their Minister.*

- 1 **W**ITH sovereign power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend;  
His person bless, his soul secure,  
And make him to the end endure.

- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;  
O guide him, save him to the end;  
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart,  
In him thy mighty power exert:  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CCCL. L. M. GIBBONS.

*The Pastor's Wish for his People.\* Phil. iv. 1.*

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,  
Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
My present joy, my future crown,  
The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock,  
Of the Redeemer's righteousness,  
Adorn the gospel with your lives,  
And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour,  
When he, descending from the skies,  
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,  
In his all-glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,  
To him inviolably cleave;  
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,  
Nor let him less than all receive.

\* Given out at Dr. Gibbons's Meeting-house, July 21,  
when the place was to be shut up for repair.

- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
 Whose soul desires not your's, but you,  
 O may he at the Lord's right hand,  
 Himself and all his people view !

CCCLI. L. M. B. FRANCIS.

*Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.*

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,  
 Thy ministers their tribute bring,  
 Their tribute of united praise  
 For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,  
 And publish loud thy healing word :  
 While angels sound thy glorious name,  
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem  
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme ;  
 And, while we feel thy heavenly love,  
 We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise  
 With us, an equal song of praise :  
 They are the noblest work of God,  
 But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound ;  
 Still prune the vine, or plough the ground :  
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,  
 And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,  
 Our care below, and crown above :  
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,  
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

## CCCLII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Lovest thou me? Feed my Lambs. John xxi. 15.*

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out,  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love;  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 [Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie  
With angels round the throne,  
To execute thy sacred will,  
And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,  
But, O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

## CCCLIII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches*  
*Rev. ii. 1.*

- 1 WE bless the eternal Source of light,  
 Who makes the stars to shine ;  
 And through this dark beclouded world,  
 Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,  
 Whose golden lamps we are ;  
 Fix'd in the temples of his love  
 To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd ;  
 Still fed with oil the flame ;  
 And in deep characters inscrib'd ;  
 Our heavenly Master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,  
 And all our state surveys,  
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck  
 The people of his praise.

## CCCLIV. 148th. NEWTON.

*Travailing in Birth for Souls. Gal. iv. 19.*

- 1 WHAT contradictions meet  
 In ministers' employ !  
 It is a bitter sweet,  
 A sorrow full of joy :  
 No other post affords a place  
 For equal honour or disgrace !
- 2 Who can describe the pain  
 Which faithful preachers feel ;  
 Constrain'd to speak in vain,  
 To hearts as hard as steel !  
 Or who can tell the pleasures felt,  
 When stubborn hearts begin to melt.



- 3 The Saviour's dying love,  
 The soul's amazing worth;  
 Their utmost efforts move,  
 And draw their bowels forth:  
 They pray and strive, their rest departs,  
 Till Christ be form'd in sinner's hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,  
 They still are not content,  
 But, with a jealous fear,  
 They watch for the event:  
 Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,  
 Then how their inmost souls are griev'd?
- 5 But when their pains succeed,  
 And from the tender blade,  
 The rip'ning ears proceed,  
 Their toils are overpaid:  
 No harvest joy can equal theirs,  
 To find the fruit of all their cares.
- 6 On what has now been sown,  
 Thy blessings, Lord, bestow;  
 The pow'r is thine alone,  
 To make it spring and grow:  
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
 And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

## DEACONS.

CCCLV. L. M. *RIP. SELEC. Altered,*  
*At a Choice of Deacons. 1 Tim. iii. 8, 13.*

- 1 **F**AIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,  
 And hail the grace thy church enjoys;  
 Her officers are all thy own,  
 With all the gifts thy hand employs.

- 2 Up to thy throne, we lift our eyes,  
For blessings to attend our choice,\*  
Of Deacons, generous, prudent, wise,  
That we together may rejoice
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,  
May they his sacred table spread,  
The table of their pastor fill,  
And fill the hungry poor with bread !
- 4 [When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,  
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd !  
While patience, sympathy, and joy  
Adorn, and through their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,  
O may they win a good degree  
Of boldness in the christian faith,  
And meet the smile of thine and thee !
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—  
The work of love is fully done,  
Call them from serving tables here.  
To sit around thy glorious throne.

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### SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

CCCLVI. L. M. *RIPPONS SELEC.*

*The Spread of the Gospel. Matt. vi. 10.*

- 1 **T**O distant lands thy gospel send,  
And thus thy empire wide extend :  
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,  
Thou King of grace ! salvation show.

\* If this hymn be sung before the choice, then the second line of the second verse may stand thus,

“For wisdom to direct our choice.”

- 2 Where'er thy sun, or light arise,  
 Thy name, O God! immortalize:  
 May nations yet unborn confess,  
 Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

CCCLVII. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The increase of the Church promised and  
 pleaded. Psalm ii. 8.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd  
 To thine exalted Son,  
 That through the nations of the earth  
 Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands  
 "For thine inheritance,  
 "And to the world's remotest shores  
 "Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews  
 Shall their Redeemer own;  
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,  
 And bow before his throne?
- 4 [When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,  
 A dark bewilder'd race,  
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
 And learn and feel his grace.]
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,  
 Under th' expanse of heaven,  
 To the dominion of thy Son,  
 Without exemption given?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,  
 Then be his name ador'd!  
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout  
 Hosannas to thy Lord!

- 7 Asia and Africa, resound  
From shore to shore his fame:  
And thou, America, in songs  
Redeeming love proclaim!

CCCLVIII. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Prayer for Missonaries.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine;  
And in thy works by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
'Till every Land and every Tribe  
Shall hear the joyful sound:
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons  
Enjoy the heavenly word,  
And vassals long-enslav'd become  
The free-men of the Lord?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribe,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
And learn and see his grace?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform  
Their cruelty to love;  
Softens the tyger to a lamb,  
The vulture to a dove!
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays,

And build on sin's demolish'd throne  
The temples of thy praise!

CCCLIX. L. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Longing for the latter day Glory.*

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driven  
Far off from happiness and heaven?  
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore  
Thy wandering church, to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past  
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;  
And ever since, his fallen race,  
From age to age are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim  
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
When shall the captive troops be free,  
And keep th' eternal jubilee!
- 4 Hasten it, Lord; in every land,  
Send thou thine angels and command;  
"Go sound deliverance; loudly blow  
"Salvation to the saints below!"
- 5 We want to have the day appear!  
The promis'd great sabbatic year,  
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,  
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 6 'Till then, we will not let thee rest;  
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;  
And this our daily prayer shall be,  
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

CCCLX. 112th. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Gentiles Praying for Jews. Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's, seed;

- Justly they claim the softest prayer  
 From us adopted in their stead:  
 Who mercy through their fall obtain,  
 And Christ by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide  
 Through every nation under heaven,  
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,  
 Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:  
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,  
 Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,  
 For ever cast thy own away?  
 Wilt thou not bid the murderers look  
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?  
 Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past:  
 "All Israel shall be sav'd at last."
- 4 Come then, thou great deliverer, come;  
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove,  
 Receive thy ancient people home,  
 That, quicken'd by thy dying love,  
 The world may their reception view,  
 And shout to God, the glory due.

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## THE WORLD.

### ITS VANITY &c.

CCCLXI. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*Vanity of the World. Psalm iv. 6.*

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,  
 Forgetful of my God,  
 "Who will supply our vast desires,  
 "Or show us any good?"

- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth  
 Their eager wishes rove,  
 In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,  
 The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude  
 Their most intense pursuit :  
 Or if they seize the fancied good,  
 There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,  
 Set my affections right :  
 Bid me aspire to joys above,  
 And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face  
 Upon my bosom shine :  
 Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,  
 My joys will be divine.

## CCCLXII. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*The rich Fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22.*

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls ! who think to find  
 A solid bliss below :  
 Bliss ! the fair flower of paradise,  
 On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,  
 T' increase his worldly store ;  
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,  
 And covets room for more.
- 3 “ What shall I do ? ” distress he cries,  
 “ This scheme will I pursue :  
 “ My scanty barns shall now come down,  
 “ I'll build them large and new.
- 4 “ Here will I lay my fruits and bid  
 “ My soul to take its ease :



"Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store  
 "Shall give what joys I please."

5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! from heaven  
 Th' Almighty made reply :

"For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?  
 "This night thyself shall die."

6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys  
 Are but an empty dream :

And may I seek my bliss alone,  
 In thee the good supreme !

CCCLXIII. L. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.*

*The Farewell.*

1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,  
 To mortal joys and mortal cares ;  
 To sensual bliss that charms us so,  
 Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste  
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :  
 Their paradise shall never waste  
 One thought of mine but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are over-weigh'd  
 With mountains of vexatious care ;  
 And where's the sweet that is not laid  
 A bait to some destructive snare ?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things !  
 Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !  
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,  
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven and fill my vast desires,  
 My soul pursues the sovereign good :  
 She was all made of heavenly fires,  
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

CCCLXIV. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Affections on things above.*

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please;  
No more content afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone  
And wholly live to thee;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes—though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will,  
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had despised thee still.

CCCLXV. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**Hopes of Heaven drown cares on earth.**Heb. xiii. 14.*

- 1 **“W**E'VE no abiding city here:”—  
This may distress the wordling's mind;

But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 “We’ve no abiding city here;”—  
Sad truth, were this to be our home:  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
“We seek a city yet to come.”

3 “We’ve no abiding city here;”—  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.

4 “We’ve no abiding city here;”—  
We seek a city out of sight:  
Zion it’s name,—we’ll soon be there  
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion!—Jehovah is her strength!  
Secure she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length,  
Within her sacred walls repose.

6 O sweet abode of peace and love!  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil are blest;  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I’d fly to thee and be at rest.

7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine:  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here to do his will be mine;  
And his to fix my time of rest.

CCCLXVI. C. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*My portion is above.*

1 **F**AREWELL, vain world, to earth adieu,  
Your glories I despise;  
Your friendship I no more pursue,  
Your flatt’ries are but lies.

- 2 You promise happiness in vain,  
Nor can you satisfy;  
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,  
And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies, East and West,  
And riches of the sea,  
Without my God I could not rest,  
For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above,  
By faith I'll take my wing  
To the eternal realms of love,  
Where saints and angels sing.
- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste,  
There's treasures that endure;  
There's pleasures that will always last,  
When time shall be no more.

## CCCLXVII. L. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

*Longing for Glory.*

- 1 **H**ASTE that delightful, awful day,  
When this my soul shall leave her clay,  
Mount up and make her last remove,  
And join the church of Christ above.
- 2 Vain world! what are your toys to me?  
'Tis Jesus that I want to see:  
I'd leave my friends, my life, my all,  
And thus address this earthly ball,
- 3 'Farewell—no more I tread your ground,  
'No more I need the gospel sound;  
'My feet have reach'd the heavenly shore,  
'I know no imperfection more.
- 4 'Let friends no more my sufferings mourn,  
'Nor view my relics with concern;

- ‘ O cease to drop the pitying tear,  
 ‘ I’ve got beyond the reach of fear.’—
- 5 Through tribulation sharp and long  
 I’m brought to join the sinless throng;  
 Glory to God for every wo,  
 For every pain I felt below.
- 6 All glory to the Lamb of God:  
 My robes are spotless through his blood;  
 ‘Tis through his free and sov’ reign grace  
 I now behold his blissful face.
- 7 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain  
 In glory infinite to reign:  
 To him unceasing praise be given,  
 By all on earth and all in Heaven.

## CCCLXVIII. C. M. WATTS.

*Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,  
 And bids the world farewell;  
 Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
 And mischievous as hell.
- 2 Nor longer will I ask your love,  
 Nor seek your friendship more;  
 The happiness that I approve  
 Is not within your pow’r.
- 3 There’s nothing round the spacious earth  
 That suits my large desire;  
 To boundless joys and solid mirth  
 My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I’d climb the heav’nly road;  
 There sits my Saviour dress’d in love,  
 And there my smiling God.

## CCCLXIX. L. M. WARTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away ;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
 Down to the gulph of black despair;  
 And whilst I listen'd to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss;  
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
 And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes :  
 O for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the bosom of my God  
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
 There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

## CCCLXX. C. M. WARTS.

*Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !  
 How false, and yet how fair !  
 Each pleasure hath its poison too ;  
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
 Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
 We should suspect some danger nigh  
 Where we possess delight,

- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense?  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

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### GIVING TO THE POOR.

CCCLXXI. C. M. DODDRIDGE

*Relieving Christ in his Members. Matt. xxv. 40*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine;  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace;  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd;  
And in their accents of distress,  
My Saviour's voice is heard.



- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
 We in thy poor would see ;  
 O let us rather beg our bread  
 Than keep it back from thee.

CCCLXXII. L. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Of thine own we have given thee.*

1 *Chron.* xxix 14.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,  
 For me a well-spread board prepares ;  
 My grateful thanks to him shall rise,  
 He knows my wants, those wants supplies.
- 2 And shall I grudge to give *his* poor  
 A *mite* from all my generous store ?  
 No, Lord ! the friends of thine and thee,  
 Shall *always* find a friend in me.

CCCLXXIII. L. M. *GIBBONS.*

*The Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation.*

*Acts* x. 38.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
 What were his works from day to day ;  
 But miracles of power and grace,  
 That spread salvation through our race ?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;  
 Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,  
 Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,  
 Who much receives but nothing gives,  
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank ;  
 Creation's blot, creation's blank ;
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day,  
 In generous acts his radiant way,

Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

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BAPTISM.

CCCLXXIV. L. M. J. STENNETT.

*A Baptismal Hymn.*

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore  
Who came the lost to seek and save;  
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,  
To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
"All righteousness," he meekly said;  
Why should we then to do his will,  
Or be asham'd, or be afraid?
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,  
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;  
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,  
To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,  
To let us see the light again;  
So on the resurrection day,  
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus when thou, shalt again appear,  
The gates of death shall open wide,  
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
And rise and triumph at thy side.

CCCLXXV. C. M. Charmouth Tune.

*RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*The believer constrained by the love of Christ  
to follow him.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and has thy pardoning love  
Embrac'd a wretch so vile!

- Then kindly bid each cloud remove,  
And bless me with thy smile!
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,  
And all its shame despis'd?  
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,  
With thee to be baptiz'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,  
In Jordan's swelling flood?  
And shall my pride disdain the deed  
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love  
Reproves my cold delays:  
And now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways.

CCCLXXVI. C. M. Devizes Tune.

*RRLAND, Junior.*

*Difficulties, in the way of duty, surmounted—  
hinder me not. Gen. xxiv. 56.\**

- 1 [WHEN Abram's servant to procure  
A wife for Isaac went  
He met Rebekah—told his wish,—  
Her parents gave consent.
- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man  
His journey to delay;  
“*Hinder me not,*” he quick reply'd  
“Since God hath crown'd my way,”
- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd when Christ the Lord,  
My soul to him did wed;  
“*Hinder me not,* nor friends nor foes,  
“Since God my way hath sped,”
- 4 “Stay,” says the world, “and taste awhile  
“My every pleasant sweet;”

\* This Hymn may begin at the sixth verse.

- “ *Hinder me not,*” my soul replies,  
 “ Because the way is great.”
- 5 “ Stay,” Satan my old master cries,  
 “ Or force shall thee detain ;”  
 “ *Hinder me not,* I will be gone,  
 “ My God has broke thy chain.”]
- 6 In all my Lord’s appointed ways,  
 My journey I’ll pursue ;  
*Hinder me not,* ye much lov’d saints,  
 For I must go with you.
- 7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
 I’ll follow where he goes ;  
*Hinder me not,* shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Through duty, and through trials too  
 I’ll go at his command ;  
*Hinder me not,* for I am bound,  
 To my Immanuel’s land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
*Hinder me not,* come welcome death,  
 I’ll gladly go with thee.

CCCLXXVII. C. M. J. STENNETT.

*Immersion.*

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung’d,  
 In Jordan’s swelling flood ?  
 To show he must be soon baptiz’d,  
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid  
 Beneath the yielding wave,  
 Thus was his sacred body rais’d  
 Out of the liquid grave.

- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,  
 In thy own footsteps tread;  
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
 Our ever-living head.

CCCLXXVIII. L. M. GREGG. *Altered by*  
*B. FRANCIS.*

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be!  
 A mortal man asham'd of thee!  
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine,  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon;  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
 Bright morning-star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not asham'd of me!
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,  
 Take up my cross—the shame despise;

Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.]

CCCLXXIX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**After Baptism.*

- 1 **G**AZE on spectators, and behold  
This blest command of God;  
And wonder how you can forbear,  
To tread this path of love.
- 2 Come, see the place where Jesus lay;  
An angel said of old;  
We say the same, his grave you may,  
In water here behold.
- 3 Buried in Jordan was our Lord,  
As well as in the tomb,  
And in obedience to his word:  
We imitate the Lamb.
- 4 This ordinance is plainly given,  
'Tis left upon record;  
Though not to save, or take to heaven,  
But show we love the Lord.

CCCLXXX. C. M. *NEW SELEC.**Another.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, now smile on those,  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have publicly declar'd  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance  
And run the Christian race?  
And, through the troubles of the way,  
Find all sufficient grace.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

CCCLXXXI. L. M. *WARRS's Lyric Poems.*

Yarmouth Tune.

*Christ dying, rising, and reigning.*

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come! saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
 Jesus the dead revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
 Up to his Father's court he flies;  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great deliverer reigns,  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster, death, in chains!
- 4 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"  
 "And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

CCCLXXXII. L. M. *J. STENNETT.**At the Lord's Table.*

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day,  
 On which our dearest Lord was slain;



Thus we our pious homage pay,  
Till he appears on earth again.

- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide  
The curtains of the parting sky :  
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,  
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,  
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts ;  
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,  
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,  
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;  
Subdue the rebels by thy word,  
And claim the nations for thy own.

CCCLXXXIII. C. M. Wantage Tune:

*J. STENNETT.*

*At the Lord's Table.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place :—
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,  
A rebel to my God ;  
I that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 " Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,  
" The feast was made for you :  
" For you I groan'd, and bled, and died  
" And rose, and triumph'd too."

- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,  
 Lord, we accept thy love :  
 'Tis a rich banquet we have had,  
 What will it be above?
- 6 [Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
 Join all your praising powers :  
 No theme is like redeeming love,  
 No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord.  
 I'd give them all to thee :  
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
 Should join the harmony.]
- 

## THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

CCCLXXXIV. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*On the Spring.*

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth  
 Are now dissolv'd and gone :  
 Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring  
 Puts his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reign'd  
 Blest plenty rears her head ;  
 Exulting with a smile to see  
 Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 My soul, in every scene admire  
 The wisdom and the power :  
 Behold thy God in every plant,  
 In every opening flower.
- 4 Yet in his word, the God of grace  
 Has wrote his fairer name :  
 The wonders of redeeming love  
 My noblest songs shall claim.

- 5 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,  
 hine on this heart of mine ;  
 Turn thou my winter into spring,  
 And be the glory thine.

CCCLXXXV. C. M. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Spring.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long wish'd-for spring is come,  
 How alter'd is the scene !  
 The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
 The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers  
 Beauteous around us spring :  
 The birds with joint harmonious powers,  
 Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But ah ! in vain I strive to join  
 Opprest with sin and doubt ;  
 I feel 'tis winter still within,  
 Though all is spring without.
- 4 O ! would my Saviour from on high,  
 Break through these clouds and shine,  
 No creature then more blest than I,  
 No song more loud than mine.
- 5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,  
 And overcome my foes :  
 O make my languid graces thrive  
 And blossom like the rose.

CCCLXXXVI. C. M. *GIBBONS.*

*On a year of threatening Drought.*

- 1 **T**HE spring, great God, at thy command  
 Leads forth the smiling year ;  
 Gay verdure, foliage, bloom and flower  
 'T adorn her reign appear.

- 2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath  
Blast all the promis'd joy,  
And elements await thy nod  
To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,  
That from the naked ground  
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,  
And spreads their beauties round ;
- 4 At the dread order of his God  
Now darts destructive fires ;  
Hills, plains and vales are parch'd with  
drought,  
And blooming life expires.
- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around  
In angry terror burns,  
While the earth lies a joyless waste,  
And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,  
Nor with our land contend ;  
Bid the avenging skies relent,  
And showers of mercy send.

CCCLXXXVII. C. M. *RIP. SELEC.**On a year of threatening Rain.*

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, Lord, from year to year,  
Our land with plenty crown'd !  
And generous fruit, and golden grain  
Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd  
To more abounding crimes ;  
What heights, what daring heights in sin,  
Mark and disgrace our times !
- 3 Equal, though awful is the doom,  
That fierce descending rain

- Should into inundations swell,  
And crush the rising grain !
- 4 How just that in the autumn's reign,  
When we had hop'd to reap,  
Our fields of sorrow and despair  
Should lie an hideous heap !
- 5 But, Lord, have mercy on our land,  
These floods of vengeance stay ;  
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun  
Shine in unclouded day.
- 6 To thee alone we look for help ;  
None else of dew or rain  
Can give the world the smallest drop,  
Or smallest drop restrain.

CCCLXXXVIII. L. M. *Watts's Lyric Poems.*

*The God of Thunder.*

- 1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing height,  
The boundless grandeur of our God,  
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,  
And sways the nations with his nod !
- 2 He speaks ; and lo, all nature shakes,  
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow,  
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,  
And shoots his fiery arrows through.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly  
At the blue lightnings horrid glare,  
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,  
When flame and noise torment the air.
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
And drown the spacious realms below,  
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,  
And send our loud hosannas through.

- 5 Celestial King, thy blazing power  
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,  
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
 And echo to our Father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
 And lightnings round his chariot play,  
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,  
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

CCCLXXXIX. C. M. *BALT. COL.*

*Thunder.*

- 1 **W**HEN a black o'erspreading cloud  
 Has darken'd all the air ;  
 And peals of thunder roaring loud,  
 Proclaim the tempest near.
- 2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,  
 The sinner oft pursue ;  
 A louder storm is heard within,  
 And conscience thunders too.
- 3 The law a fiery language speaks,  
 His danger he perceives ;  
 Like Satan who his ruin seeks,  
 He trembles and believes.
- 4 But when the sky serene appears,  
 And thunders roll no more ;  
 He soon forgets his vows and fears,  
 Just as he did before.
- 5 But whither shall the sinner flee  
 When nature's mighty frame,  
 The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,  
 Shall all dissolve in flame.
- 6 Amazing day ! it comes apace,  
 The judge is hast'ning down !

Will sinners bear to see his face,  
Or stand before his frown.

7 Lord, let thy mercy find a way  
To touch each stubborn heart;  
That they may never hear thee say,  
“Ye cursed ones depart.”

8 Believers you may well rejoice,  
The thunder’s loudest strains,  
Should be to you a welcome voice,  
That tells you, “Jesus reigns !”

CCCXC. C. M. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Summer—an Harvest Hymn.*

1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers :  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps ;  
My tongue his goodness sing ;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas’d the husbandmen behold  
The waving yellow crop :  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness :  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop :  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sow’d in hope.



## CCCXCI. C. M. STEELE.

*Winter.*

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round :  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
Thy soul reviving ray ;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns ;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore,  
And guide me to the realms of day,  
Where winter frowns no more.

## CCCXCII. L. M. NEWTON.

*Winter.*

- 1 **S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand  
Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the  
ground,

But spring shall soon his rage withstand  
And spread new beauties all around.

- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,  
Barren and fruitless I remain ;  
When will the gentle spring return,  
And cause me to revive again ?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise !  
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;  
O ! hush these storms, and clear my skies,  
And let me feel thy vital love !
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,  
I faint and droop till thou appear ;  
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?  
Must it be winter all the year ?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,  
With humble prayer and patient faith ;  
'Till he reveal his gracious power,  
Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all commanding word,  
Seasons their changing course maintain,  
In every change a pledge affords,  
That none shall seek his face in vain.

CCCXCIII. L. M. *RIP. SELEC.*

*The Seasons crowned with Goodness.*

*Psalm lxxv. 11.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
  - 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
  - 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
  - 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,  
'Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.
- 

## NEW YEAR.

CCCXCIV. L. M. *NEW SELEC.**Another Year.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! God of love !  
Whose kind compassion still we prove,  
Our praise accept, and bless us here,  
Thus brought to see—another year.
- 2 What shall we render to thy name,  
Or how thy glorious praise proclaim !  
Whose constant, kind, indulgent care,  
Has brought us to—another year.
- 3 Thy bounty, pity, patience too,  
With thankful hearts, Lord, we review ;  
And own we've had a plenteous share  
To bring us to—another year.

- 4 Our souls, our all, we here resign;  
Make us, and keep us ever thine :  
And grant that in thy love and fear  
We may begin—another year.
- 5 Be this our sweet experience still,  
To know and do thine holy will ;  
Then shall our souls with joy sincere  
Bless thee for this—another year.
- 6 Help us to walk, as in thy sight,  
With growing pleasure and delight ;  
Then, whether life or death appear,  
We'll bless thee for—another year.
- 7 Still, Lord, through life thy love display,  
And then in death's approaching day  
We'll joyful part with all that's here,  
Nor wish on earth—another year.

CCCXCV. L. M. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.*

*New Year's Day,*

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand :  
The opening year thy mercy shows :  
Let mercy crown us till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;

- Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 Our Helper-God, in whom we trust,  
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.
- 

## ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE YOUNG IN SEEKING CHRIST.

CCCXCVI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The Encouragement young Persons have to  
seek Christ. Prov. viii. 17.*

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
 In smiling crowds draw near,  
 And turn from every mortal charm,  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 His people had in view ;  
 And laid his radiant glories by,  
 For sinners such as you.
- 3 "In souls that long to feel my grace,  
 My grace saith Christ shall reign :  
 And those that early seek my face,  
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move  
 If once compar'd with thee ?  
 What beauty should command my love ?  
 To Jesus let me flee.
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
 Vain tempters of the mind !  
 Here would I fix my lasting choice,  
 For here true bliss I find.

CCCXCVII. C. M. *DODDRIDGE.**Seek first the Kingdom of God. Matt. vi. 33.*

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,  
And ardour fire our breasts,  
To reign in worlds above the skies,  
In heavenly glories drest.
  - 2 Behold ! Jehovah's royal hand  
A radiant crown display,  
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,  
While stars and suns decay.
  - 3 Away each grovelling anxious care,  
Beneath a christian's aim ;  
We spring to seize immortal joys,  
In the Redeemer's name.
  - 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
The glorious prize pursue ;  
Nor fear the want of earthly good,  
While heaven is kept in view.
- 

## PUBLIC FASTS AND THANKSGIVING.

CCCXCVIII. C. M. C. Ustick's edition of  
*RIP. SELEC.**For a Public Fast.*

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend !  
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

- 3 Great God, and is *Columbia* spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are !  
O make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, " Forbear."
- 4 What land so favour'd of the skies,  
As these apostate states !  
Our numerous crimes increasing rise,  
Yet, still thy vengeance waits !
- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the christian name !
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasures they require ;  
And sink with gay indifference down  
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then, should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God, be near.

CCCXCIX. C. M. *RIP. SELEC.* C. Ustick's  
edition.

*A Hymn for a Fast Day. Gen. xviii. 23, 33.*

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,  
Before Jehovah stood,  
And, with a humble fervent prayer,  
For guilty Sodom sued ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,  
Was his petition crown'd !



The Lord would spare if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul  
So rich a boon obtain ?

Great God, and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain ?

4 *Columbia*, guilty as she is,  
Her numerous saints can boast,  
And now their fervent prayers ascend,  
And can those prayers be lost ?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,  
Now as in ancient times ?  
Or does this sinful land exceed  
Gomorrah in its crimes ?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,  
Here yet is thine abode ;  
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,  
Forsake us not, O God.

CCCC. L. M. Paul's tune. DAVIES.

*National Judgments deprecated, and National  
Mercies pleaded. Amos iii. 1, 6.*

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,  
We view the terrors of thy sword ;  
Oh ! whither shall the helpless fly ;  
To whom but thee direct their cry ?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears  
Are grown familiar to thine ears ;  
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,  
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,  
Before thy throne of grace we fall ;  
And is there no deliverance there ?  
And must we perish in despair ?

- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,  
To our forsaken God we turn ;  
O spare our guilty country,—spare  
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God ;  
We plead thy Son's atoning blood ;  
We plead thy gracious promises,  
And are they unavailing pleas ?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
On guilty lands in helpless wo ;  
Let them prevail to save us too.

CCCCI. L. M. *BALT. COLLEC.*

*Confession and Prayer.*

- 1 **O**H may the power that melts the rock  
Be felt by all assembled here,  
Or else our service will but mock  
The God whom we profess to fear.
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,  
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee !  
We own thy just uplifted hand,  
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care  
On this indulg'd ungrateful spot:  
While other nations far and near,  
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.
- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,  
The glorious gospel brightly shone ;  
And oft our enemies have felt,  
That God has made our cause his own.
- 5 But ah ! both heaven and earth have heard  
Our vile requital of his love !

- We, whom like children he has rear'd,  
 Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd,  
 And legions of the blackest crimes;  
 Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,  
 Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord, displeas'd, has rais'd his rod,  
 Ah, where are now the faithful few  
 Who tremble for the ark of God,  
 And know what Israel ought to do.
- 8 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,  
 Who meet to mourn, confess and pray,  
 The nation and thy churches spare,  
 And let thy wrath be turn'd away.
- 

A PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT,  
 CONGRESS, MAGISTRATES, &c.

CCCCII. L. M. *RIP. SELEC.* C. Ustick's  
 edition—altered.

- 1 **G**REAT God of all! thy matchless power  
 Should every nation still adore;  
 Thee, our Sovereign, we would own,  
 And bow before thy gracious throne.
- 2 May peace her balmy wing extend,  
 From age to age upon this land;  
 Grant freedom and the gospel's sound;  
 Make every blessing here abound.
- 3 Our *President* with wisdom crown,  
 His soul with thy rich grace adorn;  
 Resolve his heart, 'midst all his foes,  
 "To launch the stream which duty shows."

- 4 Over our *Capitol* diffuse,  
From hills divine, thy welcome dew ;  
While *Congress*, in one patriot band,  
Prove the firm fortress of our land.
- 5 Our *Magistrates*, O Lord, sustain,  
Nor let them bear the sword in vain ;  
Long as they fill their awful seat,  
Be *vice* seen dying at their feet.
- 6 For ever from the western sky,  
Bid the destroying angel fly ;  
With grateful songs our hearts inspire,  
And round us blaze "*a wall of fire.*"

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## TIME AND ETERNITY.

CCCCIII. L. M. STEELE.

*he shortness of Time and frailty of Man.*

*Ps. xxxix.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measures of my days !  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,  
A little point my life appears ;  
How frail at best is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears.
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !  
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo ;  
And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine ;  
My God, I bow before thy throne,  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

CCCCIV. L. M. *RIP. SELEC.*

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?  
 Why in such dreadful haste to die;  
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
 Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,  
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,  
 Behold the God of love unfold  
 The glories of his dying pains,  
 For ever telling, yet untold.

## DEATH.

CCCCV. C. M. Canterbury tune. *WATTS'S*  
*LYRIC POEMS.**Death and Eternity.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
 Go, search the world beneath,  
 Where nature all in ruin lies,  
 And owns her sovereign, death.
- 2 The tyrant how he triumphs here,\*  
 His trophies spread around!  
 And heaps of dust and bones appear  
 Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!  
 How loathsome to the eyes!  
 These are the heads we lately knew  
 So beauteous and so wise.

\* Bunhill Fields.

- 4 But where the souls, those deathless things,  
That left their dying clay?  
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,  
And trace eternity!
- 5 O that unfathomable sea!  
Those deeps without a shore!  
Where living waters gently play,  
Or fiery billows roar.
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,  
Or sink in flaming waves,  
While the pale carcass breathless lies  
Among the silent graves.
- 7 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,  
"Then come the joyful day,  
"Come, death, and some celestial band,  
"To bear our souls away."

CCCCVI. C. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.*

*The welcome Messenger.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine  
Lie gasping out his breath,  
With longing eyes and looks divine,  
Smiling and pleas'd in death;
- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay  
Our limbs upon that bed!  
We ask thine envoy to convey  
Our spirits in his stead.
- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing,  
To venture in his place;  
For when grim death has lost his sting,  
He has an angel's face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,  
'Tis guilt creates my fears;  
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,  
And all the arms he bears.

- 5 O ! if my threatening sins were gone,  
 And death had lost his sting,  
 I could invite the angel on,  
 And chide his lazy wing.
- 6 Away these interposing days,  
 And let the lovers meet ;  
 The angel has a cold embrace,  
 But kind, and soft, and sweet.
- 7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,  
 I'd rush into his arms,  
 And lose my breath, and all my cares,  
 Amid those heavenly charms.
- 8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,  
 And leave this lifeless clay,  
 Without a sigh, without a groan,  
 And stretch and soar away.

CCCCVII. C. M. Canterbury Tune.

STEELE.

*At the Funeral of a young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth, imprint  
 With awful power,—I too must die,—  
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;  
 Behold the gaping tomb !  
 It bids us seize the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
 May every heart obey ;



Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O may we fly, to Jesus fly!  
Whose powerful arm can save :  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing healing power ;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

CCCCVIII. S. M. *TOPLADY'S COL.*

*Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 44.*

1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God,  
To stand before thy face ;  
Thy Spirit must the work perform ;  
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,  
And wash me in his blood :  
So shall I lift my head with joy,  
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,  
Thy sovereign love make known ;  
The spirit of my mind renew,  
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,  
Let me thy goodness prove,  
'Till my full soul can hold no more  
Of everlasting love.

## CCCCIX. C. M. DODDRIGDE.

*Death and Judgment appointed to all.*  
*Heb. ix. 27.*

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,  
 That Adam's race must die :  
 One general ruin sweeps them down,  
 And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men the tomb survey,  
 Where you must quickly dwell ;  
 Hark how the awful summons sounds  
 In every funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all  
 The solemn purport weigh ;  
 For know, that heaven or hell attend  
 On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,  
 Must wake, the Judge to see,  
 And every word and every thought  
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold  
 My Saviour and my friend,  
 And, far beyond the reach of death,  
 With all his saints ascend.

## CCCCX. L. M. SWAIN.

*Encouragement against the Fear of Death.*

- 1 **W**HEN swelling Jordan o'er us rolls  
 Should Christ his lovely presence hide,  
 Will it not overwhelm our souls,  
 Before we reach the Canaan side ?
- 2 Who knows how deep the flood may be,  
 When we our awful summons hear ;

- Or what dark prospects we may see,  
When his black banners death shall rear?
- 3 Well, should the tyrant death display  
His fiercest form when we pass o'er,  
Our skilful guide knows all the way,  
From Jordan's brink to Canaan's shore.
- 4 Yes, the Redeemer once was dead!  
And, when he pass'd the gloomy grave,  
Death's blackest waves roll'd o'er his head,  
That we might know his power to save.
- 5 Jesus has conquer'd death for us,  
When his dark mansions he pass'd thro';  
He to a blessing turn'd the curse,  
And we shall triumph o'er him too.

CCCCXI. L. M. BALF. COL.

*The Tolling Bell.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "am I  
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
'To God's tribunal I must go;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I hear to hear him say,  
"Depart, accursed, far away!  
With Satan, in the lowest hell,  
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

- 5 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 6 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
Secure from wrath, I need not fear;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 7 Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
And long and wish to hear thy voice:  
Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of heav'n if thou art mine.

CCCCXII. L. M. *WATTS.*

*Christ's presence makes death easy.*

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are;  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

CCCCXIII. C. M. *Watts.**Moses dying in the embraces of God.*

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
We may walk through its darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid ;  
And run, if I were call'd to go,  
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promis'd land,  
My flesh itself would long to drop,  
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.

## RESURRECTION.

CCCCXIV. C. M. *RIPPON'S SELEC.**The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised  
by the Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY should our murmuring thoughts  
delight  
To grovel in the dust ?  
Or why should streams of tears unite  
Around th' expiring just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,  
And triumph o'er the grave ?  
Did not our Lord ascend on high,  
And prove his power to save ?

- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,  
And dwell in all the saints ?  
And should the temples of his grace  
Resound with long complaints ?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun  
Burst through each sable cloud ;  
And thou, my voice, tho' broke with sighs,  
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,  
When he had bled for me ;  
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise  
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,  
Your hymns of victory sing ;  
And let his dying servants trust  
Their ever living King.

CCCCXV. C. M. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just ;  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
Lies mingled in the dust ?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,  
The dawn of heaven appears ;  
The sweet immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,  
And flaming guards around ;  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, " *Ye dead arise !*"  
And to the graves obey :

And waking saints with joyful eyes  
Salute th' expected day.

- 3 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the midway-air,  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand  
Among them cloth'd in white!  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,  
On love's triumphant wing!

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### DAY OF JUDGMENT.

CCCCXVI. L. M. *Angels Hymn Tune.*  
DAVIES.

*Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.*  
*Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.*

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God  
Who shakes creation with his nod?  
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame  
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the general wreck?  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
There on the flaming billows tost,  
Eor ever—O! for ever lost.



- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,  
 Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;  
 Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,  
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,  
 To thee my all I dare commend;  
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

CCCCXVII. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The final sentence and misery of the wicked.*  
*Matt. xxv. 41.*

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
 And must the dead arise?  
 And not a single soul escape  
 His all-descerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips  
 Shall this dread sentence sound;  
 And through the numerous guilty throng,  
 Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,  
 "To everlasting flame,  
 "For rebel angels first prepar'd,  
 "Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure  
 The terrors of that day:  
 When earth and heaven, before his face,  
 Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead;  
 Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,  
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners seek his grace,  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;

Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And seek salvation there.

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## HELL AND HEAVEN.

CCCCXVIII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The rich man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25.*

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears,  
God's dearest children bath'd in tears;  
While they, who heaven itself deride,  
Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,  
And, ere I censure, view the end;  
That end, how different, who can tell?  
The wide extremes of heaven and hell.
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,  
Who did in gold and purple shine!  
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain  
T' allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,  
Full rivers of salvation flow;  
On Abram's breast he leans his head,  
And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share  
The meanest of thy servants' fare;  
May I at last approach to taste  
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

HELL THE IMPENITENT SINNERS OWN  
PLACE.

CCCCXIX. C. M. RRLAND, Junior.

*Hell, the Sinner's own place. Acts i. 25.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom,  
To "his own place consign'd,"

What holy fear, and humble hope  
Alternate fill my mind !

- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,  
But sav'd by matchless grace,  
Or else the lowest, hottest hell  
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,  
And thitherward rush'd on ;  
And there in my eternal doom  
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo ! (what wondrous matchless love !)  
I call a place my own  
On earth within the gospel sound,  
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,  
A place at Jesus' feet,  
And I expect in heaven a place  
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace  
To all around I'd tell,  
Which made a place in glory mine,  
Whose just desert was hell.

#### HEAVEN, THE JOY OF WORSHIP THERE

CCCCXX. L. M. STEELE.

*The worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24.*

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,  
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall ;  
And with delightful worship own  
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

- 8 Immortal glories crown his head,  
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,  
To boundless rapture while they gaze!  
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favourites of the Lamb  
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;  
O may the joy-inspiring theme  
Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal  
Our interest in that blissful place;  
'Till death remove this mortal veil,  
And we behold thy lovely face.

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### DOXOLOGIES

FOR BOTH PARTS OF THE BOOK.\*

#### CCCCXXI. L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

#### CCCCXXII. C. M.

**L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be ador'd,  
Where there are works to make him known;  
Or saints that love the Lord.

#### CCCCXXIII. S. M.

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,

\* For several Metres in the second part there are no  
Doxologies.

Worship the Father, praise the Son.  
And bless the Spirit too.

## CCCCXXIV. 7s.

**G**LORY to the Father's name,  
Jesus' excellence proclaim,  
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise,  
Angels swell the notes we raise.

## CCCCXXV. 112th.

**P**RAISE Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Ye suff'ring and triumphant host;  
One God, in persons three adore,  
The same in majesty and pow'r:  
Shout to the great Jehovah's praise  
Ye sons of glory and of grace.

## CCCCXXVI. 8. 7. 4.

**G**LORY be to God the Father,  
Glory to the eternal Son;  
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises,  
Join the elders round the throne:  
Hallelujah,  
Hail the glorious Three in One!

## CCCCXXVII. 148th.

**G**IVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son;  
And to the Holy Ghost,  
Be equal honour done:  
Our mercies thee their author claim,  
All honour to th' eternal name.

## CCCCXXVIII.

**T**O God the great Father be praise,  
All glory to Jesus the Son;  
And to the blest Spirit of peace,  
Let honours co-equal be done.

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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## SONGS

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY  
TO THE UNREGENERATE.

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I. P. M. *NEWTON.*

*Warning.*

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go;  
Will you sport upon the brink,  
Of everlasting wo?  
See! hell beneath you gaping wide!  
Vengeance waits the dread command;  
Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
And sink you with the damn'd.  
Then be entreated now to stop,  
For unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware you'll drop  
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his word oppose?  
Fear you not that iron rod,  
With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that great day,  
When he judgment shall proclaim;  
And the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame?  
Then be entreated, &c.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come  
And drag you to the bar;  
Then, to hear your awful doom  
Will fill you with despair;  
All your sins will round you crowd;  
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
O what can you reply!  
Then be entreated &c.

4 Though your heart be made of steel,  
Your forehead lin'd with brass;  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass;  
Sinners then in vain shall call,  
(Though they now despise his grace,)  
Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face!  
Then be entreated, &c.

5 But as yet there is a hope,  
You may his mercy know;  
Though his arm be lifted up  
He still forbears the blow:  
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd—  
Sinners he invites to come;  
None that come shall be deny'd—  
He says there yet is room.  
Then be entreated, &c.



II. L. M. *MS. Altered and several verses added.*

*Parting address.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dearest friends, farewell;  
 Before we part I must you tell;  
 If, during life, my Lord you slight,  
 He'll plunge you in eternal night.
- 2 Could you a better friend embrace,  
 Or one who loves with equal grace?  
 His glory once he laid aside,  
 And wept and groan'd and bled and died!
- 3 Enough to break a heart of stone;  
 This, sinners, may you feel and own!  
 Nor longer court the wrath of God,  
 But cry for life, through Jesus' blood.
- 4 You slight the Saviour, now enthron'd,  
 Who once with piercing thorns was crown'd;  
 But soon he'll rend the skies in twain,  
 And burn the mountains and the main.
- 5 World upon world in flames shall fall!  
 The whole creation hear his call;  
 His friends in heaven shall be combin'd,  
 His foes to hell shall be consign'd.
- 6 Methinks I hear th' awaken'd say,  
 O dreadful thought! O dreadful day!  
 Must old and young to judgment go!  
 Then what,—great God! what shall we do?
- 7 Fly to the Gospel-hiding-place,—  
 Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness;  
 He now receives halt, blind and lame—  
 But soon will come, reveal'd in flame.
- 8 Then, O the dreadful fate of those,  
 Who know not God, and truth oppose!

He shall take vengeance on them all,  
In endless burnings they must fall.

- 9 Grey headed sinner, think on this ;  
May Jesus fit your soul for bliss !  
He can ; though at th' eleventh hour,  
You're not beyond his grace and power.
- 10 Young men, amidst your youthful prime,  
Jehovah claims your precious time ;  
And while you carelessly rebel,  
Beneath you gapes a burning hell !
- 11 Young women too, your case now hear,  
You're bound to death :—do you not fear  
The gloomy grave—the judgment bar—  
The sound “ Depart ”—Hell and despair !
- 12 O could my prayers now reach the skies !  
Avail my tears and sympathies ;  
I'd weep a deluge for this race,  
Alas ! in vain ; 'tis all of grace.
- 13 Farewell ;—I must in duty be—  
You're not dispos'd to go with me ;  
I leave you bound the downward road  
Resolv'd to bear the wrath of God !
- 14 The thought, how painful none can tell ;—  
May Jesus save you all from hell ;  
O sovereign grace thine arm display,  
Prepare these souls for endless day.
- 15 Thy lawful captives Lord redeem,  
And grace shall reign a sovereign queen ;  
Then I'll rejoice with them above,  
And sing thy free eternal love.

III. 13s. *MS. Altered**The Dream.*

- 1 **O**NE night, as I lay sleeping and slumb'ring  
on my bed,  
A vision there appeared, a dream came in  
my head;  
The awful day of judgment I thought was  
surely come;  
The Judge himself was there for to summon  
old and young
- 2 I heard myself call'd forth by the trumpet  
loud and shrill;  
Arise ye sons of men, let your deeds be good  
or ill:—  
I trembled as I listen'd, with sorrow grief  
and wo;  
But could not be exempted—to judgment I  
must go.
- 3 I had not long been there, before Satan came,  
I thought;  
He came as my accuser, and all my sins he  
brought,  
He laid them down before the Judge and  
claim'd me for his own,  
I felt my crimes were great, and exclaim'd,  
“I am undone.”  
The Judge then gravely said, I will quickly  
end the strife,  
I'll see if the sinner's name is not in the  
book of life:—  
The book of life was brought, and the judge  
did it unfold;  
The sinner's name was there, and in letters  
wrote with gold.

- 5 The judge then sweetly said, O Satan, Satan  
 stay ;  
 The sinner's name is here, and his sins are  
 wash'd away :  
 Then Satan trembling roared, and in a dread-  
 ful fright,  
 He said unto the Judge, those inditings are  
 not right.
- 6 The Judge reply'd most sternly, O Satan do  
 not lie  
 Thou knowest very well that for sinners I  
 did die ;  
 I died to save my chosen—their sins were  
 laid on me ;  
 In vain dost thou accuse them, they are  
 secure in me.

## IV. 8s. MS.

*Tares and Wheat.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the field, the world below,  
 In which the sowers came to sow ;  
 Jesus the Wheat, Satan the Tares,  
 For so the word of Truth declares !  
 And soon the reaping time will come,  
 And Angels shout the Harvest home.
- 2 Most awful Truth ! and is it so ?  
 Must all mankind the Harvest know ;  
 Is ev'ry man the Wheat or Tare ;  
 Me for the Harvest Lord prepare !  
 For soon the reaping time will come ;  
 And Angels shout the Harvest home.
- 3 To love my sins, a saint t' appear ;  
 To grow with Wheat, and be a Tare ;

May serve me whilst on earth below,  
Where Tares and Wheat together grow;  
But soon the reaping time will come  
And Angels shout the Harvest home.

- 4 Then all who truly righteous be,  
Shall soon their Father's kingdom see;  
But Tares in bundles shall be bound,  
And cast to hell,—O dreadful sound!  
And soon the reaping time will come,  
And Angels shout the Harvest home.

V. L. M. *MS. Altered.*

*MISS HARAWAR'S Experience.*

- 1 **Y**OUNG people, all I pray draw near,  
Listen a while and you shall hear,  
How sin and Satan both have aim'd  
To land my soul among the damn'd.
- 2 I, like the rest of human kind,  
Was born in sin, both dead and blind;  
And as my days advanc'd I grew  
The more debas'd and form'd for wo.
- 3 The crimes I mostly did commit,  
Were what you do, and plead for yet;  
Those heinous sins call'd civil mirth,  
God threatens with his dreadful wrath.
- 4 I many times to church would go,  
My person and fine clothes to show;  
But of my soul I took no thought,  
Though Jesus had it dearly bought.
- 5 Full eighteen years around did roll,  
Before I thought on my poor soul;  
And, O! I shudder, when I think,  
How near I stood upon the brink!

- 6 At length I heard a Baptist preach,  
These words my guilty heart did reach,  
“ You must, he said, be born again  
“ If ever heaven you do obtain.
- 7 To keep the law then I was bent,  
But found I fail’d in every point ;  
The law appear’d so pure and true  
No one good duty could I do.
- 8 In silent watches of the night,  
I’d go in secret, where I might  
Upon my knees pour out my grief,  
And pray to God for some relief.
- 9 My Uncle \* said “ dont be so dull ;  
Come go with me to yonder ball ;  
I’ll dress you up both gay and fine,  
And make you heir of all that’s mine.
- 10 Dear uncle that will never do,  
It only will augment my wo ;  
Can I expect in bliss to reign  
By adding sin to sin again ?
- 11 Well, if you are resolv’d to turn  
And after silly babblers run,  
None of my portion you shall have,  
I will it to some others leave.
- 12 Be it so ; I’ll seek the Lord,  
Encourag’d by his holy word ;  
He can all my wants supply,  
In him I’ll trust, to him I’ll cry.
- 13 And in my great extremity,  
When sad and helpless I did lie,

\* Miss H. lived with an uncle from whom she had large expectations.

- I thought I heard a small still voice,  
Which made my mourning soul rejoice.
- 14 Then to my view did one appear,  
All mangled with both whip and spear;  
He said rise up, and follow me,  
I dy'd to set lost sinners free.
- 15 Immediately my soul did rise  
On wings of faith toward the skies;  
All earthly things I counted dross,  
And glory'd in my Saviour's cross.
- 16 Now brought to see that Christ himself,  
Has sav'd my soul from sin and death;  
I'll follow him, though much despis'd;  
At his command I'll be baptiz'd.
- 17 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,  
According to his sacred word;  
I value no one's scoff nor frown,  
I hope to wear a starry crown.
- 18 Come, you that know his works and ways,  
Let's join to sing his sacred praise;  
But I must try to praise him best,  
I've run so deep in debt to grace.

VI. 8. 6. 8. 6. *MS. Altered.*

- 1 **D**EAR people all, attention give,  
And hear what I now say;  
I long that you with Christ may live  
In everlasting day:  
Remember you are hast'ning on  
To death's dark gloomy shade,  
Your joys on earth will soon be gone—  
Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 2 Death's iron gate you must pass through,  
Ere long, dear aged friends:



Where do you then expect to go!

Are you not in your sins !

Pray, meditate ;—'tis not too late

While in a Gospel land ;

Inviting mourners, at the gate

Doth Jesus ever stand.

3 Young men, how can you turn your face  
From such a glorious friend ?

Will you pursue the dang'rous race :

O don't you fear the end ?

Will you pursue the dang'rous road

That leads to death and hell ;

Will you rush on, bold foes to God,

With devils for to dwell !

4 Young women too, what will you do  
If out of Christ you die ?

From all God's people you must go,

To weep, lament, and cry ;

Where none the least relief can bring,

To mitigate your pain ;

Where you'll no more with Christians sing

Nor ever with them reign.

5 Ye mourners, old and young, now view  
The fountain open'd wide ;

The spring of life open for you

Which flows from Jesus side

Believe, and drink in endless joy :—

Press on, and reign above

Where praise shall all the sav'd employ

And all their souls below.

VII. L. M. *BALT. COL. Altered.*

*Longing for the conversion of sinners.*

1 **I** LONG to see the seasons come,  
When sinners shall be flocking home,

- To taste the freeness of God's love ;  
 Prepar'd to sing his praise above.
- 2 A few more days and all must go,  
 To realms of joy, or endless wo ;  
 In worlds above with Christ to dwell,  
 Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 3 Then, sinners all, now warning take,  
 And all your sinful ways forsake ;  
 This world give o'er, leave sin behind ;  
 Perhaps\* salvation you may find.
- 4 Take your companions by the hand,  
 Take all your children in a band ;  
 Before the throne of mercy fall ;—  
 Who knows but God may save you all.
- 5 Ye mourners ! hear the gospel sound,  
 Inviting such, wherever found ;  
 Behold ! the loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads to you his bleeding hands.
- 6 When the great day of Christ shall come,  
 And he collects his jewels home ;  
 On Sion's mount the saints shall stand,  
 And join the bright angelic band.
- 7 O what a glorious company !  
 May we be there, that sight to see,  
 And join in praise of Jesus' name,  
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

VIII. 7s. *BALT. COLLEC.**Christ, the ark of safety.*

- 1 **S**EE the gloomy gath'ring cloud,  
 Hanging o'er a sinful land !

Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,  
Times of trouble are at hand;  
Happy they that love his name!  
They shall always find him near;  
Though the earth were wrapt in flame,  
They have no just cause to fear.

- 2 Hark! his voice in accents mild,  
(Oh how comforting and sweet)  
Speaks to ev'ry humble child,  
Pointing out a sure retreat!  
"Come, and in my chambers hide,  
To my saints of old well known,  
There you safely may abide,  
Till the storm be overblown.

- 3 "You have only to repose  
On my wisdom, love and care;  
When my wrath consumes my foes,  
Mercy shall my children spare;  
While they perish in the flood,  
You that bear my holy mark,  
Sprinkled with atoning blood,  
Shall be safe within the ark."

- 4 Sinners, see the ark prepar'd!  
Haste to enter while there's room;  
Though the Lord his arm hath rais'd,  
Mercy still retards your doom.  
Seek—who knows—he may be found;  
Soon the day of life will end;  
Then if not in Jesus found  
You must sink among the damn'd.

IX. 11s. *BALT. COLLEC.**The Gospel Slighted.*

- 1 **M**Y friends and my neighbours that live in  
this place,  
Come listen awhile and I'll tell you your  
case :  
You've slighted the gospel, despised God's  
word,  
And scoff'd at the preachers 'twere sent by  
the Lord.
- 2 How many the sermons you've heard in this  
place !  
To warn you of sinning, and teach you free  
grace :  
But now may the preachers complain to the  
Lord,  
And mourn that the people rejected his word.
- 3 Some under the preaching have seemed to  
mourn,  
Others in sharp sickness have promis'd to  
turn ;  
But when these are over they turn to their  
sin,—  
To drinking, and swearing, and dancing  
again.
- 4 O sinners ! you're left in a dangerous case,  
You laugh at God's people, and that to their  
face ;  
You make yourselves merry ; but friends  
you don't know,  
God's vengeance pursues you wherever you  
go.

- 5 The wicked, we read, shall be turn'd into  
hell,  
And all that forget God with devils must  
dwell;  
Then pray be entreated to wait on the Lord,  
While Christ is proclaimed, attend on his  
word,
- 6 And now, my dear friends, I must bid you  
farewell,  
The love I bear for you no mortal can tell;  
I would above all things that God might pre-  
pare  
You t' meet Christ in glory and reign with  
him there.

X. L. M. *TIEBOUT'S COL.**To Day.*

- 1 **T**O-DAY,\* if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice:  
Say will you to Mount Zion go,  
Say will you have this Christ or no?
- 2 Say will you be for ever blest,  
And with this glorious Jesus rest;  
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain,  
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,  
For now he's waiting for the poor;  
Say now, poor souls, what will you do,  
Say will you have this Christ or no?
- 4 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,  
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,

\* The Gospel Dispensation—see 2 Cor. vi. 2, and  
Isa. xlv. 8.

Come go with us, and seek to prove  
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Your sports and all your glittering toys,  
Compared with our celestial joys,  
Like momentary dreams appear;  
Come go with us,—your souls are dear.

6 Or must we leave you bound to hell!  
Resolv'd with devils for to dwell!  
Still we will weep, lament, and cry,  
That God may change you ere you die.

7 Young women, now we look to you:  
Are you resolv'd to perish too;  
To rush in carnal pleasures on,  
And sink in flaming ruin down?

8 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell;  
We're bound to heaven, but you to hell;  
Still God may hear us while we pray,  
And change you ere the burning day.

9 Once more I ask you in his name,  
I know his love remains the same;  
Say will you to Mount Zion go,  
Say will you have this Christ or no?

10 Come, you that love th' incarnate God,  
And feel redemption in his blood,  
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,  
Till Jesus comes to call us home.

11 A few more days and we shall go  
From all our cares and foes below.  
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,  
And dwell with Christ eternally.

# ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE AWAK- ENED.

XI. C. M. *BURKITT'S COLLEC.*

*The Sinner's Reflection.*

- 1 **A**H Lord ! ah Lord, what have I done !  
     What will become of me !  
     What shall I say, what shall I do ?  
     Or whither shall I flee ?
- 2 By wand'ring I have lost myself,  
     And here I make my moan ;  
     O ! whither, whither have I stray'd ?  
     Ah ! Lord, what have I done ?
- 3 Thy spirit searches all my heart,  
     And now I plainly see,  
     The num'rous sins of earth and hell,  
     Are all summ'd up in me.
- 4 The seeds of all the ills that grow,  
     Are in my nature sown,  
     And multitudes of them have sprung ;  
     Ah ! Lord, what have I done ?
- 5 I have been Satan's willing slave,  
     And his most easy prey ;  
     He was not readier to command,  
     Than I was to obey.
- 6 Or, if at times he left my soul,  
     Yet still his work went on :  
     I was a tempter to myself ;  
     Ah ! Lord, what have I done ?
- 7 I scoff'd at all the threats of heaven,  
     And slighted all its charms ;  
     Nor Satan's fetters would I leave,  
     For Christ's inviting arms.



- 8 I had a soul, but priz'd it not ;  
 And now my soul is gone ;  
 My hopeless cries address the skies,  
 Ah ! Lord, what have I done ?

## XII. 10, 11. MS.

*Mourners invited to Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, mourners, attend, and make no delay,  
 Good news from a friend, I bring you to-day,  
 'Tis news of Salvation, come now and receive,  
 There's no condemnation to them that believe.
- 2 *I am that I am*, hath sent me to you,  
 Glad news to proclaim : doubt not, it is true ;  
 To you, O distressed, afflicted, forlorn,  
 Whose sins are increased and cannot be born.
- 3 But still if you cry, O what is his name,  
 This is his reply, *I am that I am* ;  
 This name, though mysterious, will fully supply  
 Their wants, though so various, who unto him fly.
- 4 Exhaustless and full for ever his store :  
 Then look no more dull, though ever so poor ;  
 Though blind, lame and feeble, and helpless you be,  
 He's able and willing your wants to supply.
- 5 Then only believe and trust in his name ;  
 He will not deceive nor put you to shame ;  
 But fully supply you from his gracious store,  
 Nor ever deny you because you are poor.

## XIII. 10, 11. MS.

*The Convicted Sinner coming to Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, here comes, and knocks at  
thy door,  
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor;  
Blind, lame, and forsaken; all rolled in blood;  
At length overtaken, while running from  
God.
- 2 To ask children's bread, I dare not presume,  
But, Lord, to be fed with fragments I come;  
Some crumbs from thy table, O let me ob-  
tain,  
For sure thou art able my soul to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve no favour to see,  
I hated thy cause, and wander'd from thee,  
'Till brought by thy spirit my follies to  
mourn,  
Now stripp'd of all merit to thee I do come.
- 4 Great God, my desert is nothing but death;  
From thee to depart for ever in wrath;  
Yet, Lord, to the city of refuge I flee,  
O let thine eye pity a sinner like me!
- 5 For since thou hast said, thou wilt cast out  
none,  
Who flee to thine aid, as sinners undone,  
I come, precious Jesus, condemned to die,  
And on thy sweet promise would humbly  
rely.
- 6 Nor can I depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,  
Till feels my poor heart, thy promise ful-  
fil'd;  
That I may for ever a monument be,  
To praise thee, dear Saviour of sinners like  
me.

XIV. 8, 7, 4. *Altered by TOPLAND.**Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore!  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity join'd with power:  
 He is able,  
 He is willing: doubt no more!
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome  
 God's free bounty glorify:  
 True belief, and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh—  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him:  
 This he gives you:  
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall!  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden;  
 On the ground your Maker lies!  
 On the bloody tree behold him;  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 "It is *Finish'd*:"  
 Sinner, will not this suffice?

- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood:  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude ;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his name.  
 Hallelujah !  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

XV. 8, 8, 6. *W*——.

*Whosoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.*

- 1 **Y**E scarlet-colour'd sinners, come ;  
 Jesus, the Lord, invites you home ;  
 O whither can you go ?  
 What ! are your crimes of crimson hue ?  
 His promise is for ever true,  
 He'll wash you white as snow.
- 2 Backsliding souls, fill'd with your ways,  
 Whose weeping nights, and wretched days,  
 In bitterness are spent !  
 Return to Jesus, he'll reveal  
 His lovely face, and sweetly heal  
 What you so much lament.
- 3 Tried souls ! look up—he says, 'tis I—  
 He loves you still, but means to try  
 If faith will bear the test :  
 The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,  
 He shed for you his precious blood ;  
 O trust him for the rest !

- 4 Ye tender souls, draw hither too,  
 Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,  
 Who feel the debt you owe ;—  
 Press on, the Lord hath more to give ;  
 By faith upon him daily live,  
 And you shall find it so.

XVI. 7s. Stoel Tune. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Longing for evidence of an Interest in the Redeemer ; or, venturing on the mercy of God in Christ.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,  
 My requests vouchsafe to hear ;  
 Hear my never-ceasing cry,  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,  
 Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;  
 These can never satisfy,  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
 Only ease me from my guilt ;  
 Suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,  
 I am nothing else but sin ;  
 On thy mercy I rely,  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,  
 In thy grace alone I trust :  
 With my earnest suit comply,  
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive  
 All who in thy Son believe ;

Lord, I know thou canst not lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die,

- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?  
Let me shelter in thy Son;  
Jesus, to thine arms I fly,  
Come and save me, or I die.

XVII. 8, 8, 6. *NEW SELEC.*

*The Awakened Sinner.*

- 1 **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
And knew not where to go;  
O'erwhelm'd in sin—with anguish slain;  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink in endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood!—but could not tell  
Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
For death and hell drew near;  
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;  
The sinner must be born again,  
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head;  
I no relief could find—  
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul;  
A vast unwieldy load:  
Alas! I read and saw it plain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or drink the wrath of God.

- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,  
 And broke the fowler's snare ;  
 Yet when I found this truth remain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay.  
 Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way,  
 And felt his pity move ;  
 The sinner by his justice slain,  
 Now by his grace is born again,  
 And sings redeeming love !
- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,  
 The angels tun'd their harps anew ;  
 And loftier notes did raise ;  
 All hail the Lamb that once was slain !  
 Unnumber'd millions born again,  
 Shall sing thine endless praise.

XVIII. 7s. *NEW SELEC.**Come and welcome to Jesus.*

- 1 **C**OME poor sinnner, come and see,  
 All thy strength is found in me,  
 I am waiting to be kind,  
 To relieve thy troubled mind.
- 2 Dost thou feel thy sins a pain ?  
 Look to me and ease obtain ;  
 All my fulness thou may'st share,  
 And be always welcome here.
- 3 Boldly come, why dost thou fear ?  
 I possess a gracious ear,  
 I will never tell thee nay,  
 While thou hast a heart to pray.
- 4 Try the freeness of my grace,  
 Sure, 'twill suit thy trying case ;



Mourning souls shall ne'er complain,  
Having sought my face in vain.

- 5 Knock, and cast all doubt behind,  
Seek, and thou shalt surely find,  
Ask, and I will give thee peace,  
And thy confidence increase.
- 6 Will not this encourage thee,  
Vile and poor, to come to me?  
Sure, thou canst not doubt my will?  
Come and welcome, sinner, still.

XIX. 7s. NEW SELEC.

*If I perish, I perish.*

- 1 **I**F I perish, I will go  
Trembling to the Saviour's feet,  
Perhaps his favour he'll bestow,  
Perhaps I may forgiveness meet.
- 2 If I perish, I will go;  
He perhaps may pity me;  
Unbelief still answers—no  
He will not a wretch like thee.
- 3 If I perish, I will go,  
Though I'm lost, I can but try—  
If mercy he should never show—  
Begging I will live and die.
- 4 If I perish, I must own,  
God is just to banish me;  
But I'll venture near his throne,  
For his pardons all are free.
- 5 If I perish, stay my fears—  
Can I perish at his feet?  
Who to pay my great arrears,  
Died, and lives my advocate.

- 6 Dearest Saviour, let me live,  
Stretch thy sceptre out to me ;  
All my sins, though great, forgive ;  
Speak the word and set me free.
- 7 Shall I perish, Satan ?—no ;  
There's a new and living way ;  
Fly then, tempting, subtle foe,  
Jesus will not tell me nay.

## XX. 7s. NEWTON.

*Woman of Canaan. Matt. xv. 22, 28.*

- 1 **P** RAYER an answer will obtain,  
Though the Lord a while delay ;  
None shall seek his face in vain,  
None be empty sent away.
- 2 When the woman came from Tyre,  
And for help to Jesus sought ;  
Though he granted her desire,  
Yet at first he answer'd not.
- 3 From his word she draws a plea ;  
'Though unworthy children's bread,  
'Tis enough for one like me,  
If with crumbs I may be fed.'
- 4 Jesus then his heart reveal'd,  
'Woman canst thou thus believe ?  
I to thy petition yield,  
All that thou canst wish, receive ?'
- 5 'Tis a pattern set for us,  
How we ought to wait and pray.  
None who plead and wrestle thus  
Shall be empty sent away.

XXI. L. M. *WESLER'S COLLEC. Altered.**Sin a Burden.*

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !  
     O that I could at last submit,  
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 When shall my eyes behold the Lamb ?  
 The God of my salvation see !  
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,  
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art ;  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove :  
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,  
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;  
 Bring near, bring near the happy hour,  
 And fill my soul with heavenly peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let my Jesus long delay ;  
 Appear, in my poor heart appear,  
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

XXII. L. M. *BROADBUSH'S COLLEC.**Desiring Repentance.*

- 1 **O** H ! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn ;  
     My sins which have thy body torn !  
 Give me, with broken heart, to see  
 Thy last tremendous agony !

- 2 Oh! could I gain the mountaïn's height,  
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!  
Oh! that with Salem's daughters, I  
Could stand and see my Saviour die!
- 3 I'd smite my breast, and weep, and mourn,  
And never from the cross return;  
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,  
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang around his feet and cry,  
"Lord save a soul condemn'd to die!"  
O let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son!
- 5 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,  
And give me shelter in thy Son!  
And with my broken heart comply:  
O! give me Jesus, or I die!
- 6 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
Only relieve my soul from guilt:  
Good Lord, in mercy hear my cry,  
And give me Jesus, or I die!
- 7 O save my soul from gaping hell,  
Or else with devils I must dwell:  
O! might I enter, now I'm come!  
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone!

XXIII. P. M. *BALT. COLLEC. altered.*

*Salvation to our King.*

- 1 **C**OME all ye mourning sinners now,  
Lo! joyful news I tell;  
The Lord hath sent salvation down  
For souls deserving hell:  
The angels brought the tidings down,  
To shepherds in the field,  
That God, a Saviour had proclaim'd,  
His Son he had reveal'd,

## CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour, to the Lord,  
Salvation to our King,  
Let all those wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
His glorious praises sing.

- 2 Come all ye poor despised souls,  
Unto his fold repair ;  
Where God his boundless love unfolds,  
He says he'll meet you there.  
His glorious presence fills our souls,  
With songs of loudest praise,  
Let all that want a Saviour dear,  
Their hearts and voices raise.  
Sing glory, honour, &c.

- 3 A sacred joy now fills my soul,  
It came from heav'n above,  
Which makes me praise my God so bold,  
And his dear children love.  
I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,  
I love his ways so well,  
Amazing thought ! his blood was spilt  
To save my soul from hell.  
Sing glory, honour, &c.

- 4 When weeping Mary came to seek  
Her Lord with a perfume,  
She found the napkin and the sheet  
Together in the tomb.  
The angels said he is not here,  
He's risen from the dead ;  
And streams of grace to sinners flow,  
As free as did his blood.

## CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour, to the Lord,  
He's now upon his throne,

And, bringing foreign sinners home,  
He claims them for his own.

XXIV. 148th. *NEWTON.*

*The Beggar. Matt. vii. 7, 8.*

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word.  
Of promise to the poor,  
Behold, a beggar, Lord,  
Waits at thy mercy's door !  
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,  
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea.  
Relief from men to gain,  
If offer'd unto thee,  
I know thou would'st disdain ;  
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,  
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say  
That, though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more :  
Thou know'st that from my very birth,  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess  
As beggars often do,  
Though great is my distress,  
My wants have been but few :  
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,  
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend  
I never begg'd before ?  
Or if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee before :  
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,  
And often I must come again.

- 6 Though crumbs are much too good  
For such a dog as I;  
No less than children's food  
My soul can satisfy;  
O! do not frown and bid me go,  
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be  
Thy bounty to conceal  
From others who, like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel:  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise!  
Our thoughts and ways transcend,  
Far as the arched skies  
Above the earth extend:\*
- Such pleas as mine men would not bear,  
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

XXV. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.**Calvary.*

- 1 **H**EARTS of stone relent, relent;  
Break, by Jesus cross subdu'd;  
See his body mangled rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood:  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!  
Murder'd God's eternal Son!
- 2 Yes, your sins have done the deed;  
Drove the nails, and fix'd him there;  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear;  
Made his soul a sacrifice;  
For lost sinners Jesus dies.

\* Isaiah lv. 8, 9.



3 Can his off'ring be in vain?

No; a cov'nant-keeping God,  
Says that "he shall see his seed"—

All the purchase of his blood:  
Lord with sin and self we part;  
Saviour take each broken heart.

## EXERCISES OF BELIEVERS.

XXVI. P. M. *WESLER'S COLLEC. the last  
verse original.*

### *Rapture.*

1 **H**OW happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And whose treasures are laid up above;  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine,  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart it believ'd,  
What a joy I receiv'd,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more,  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song,  
Oh! that more his salvation might see;

He hath lov'd me I cry'd,  
He hath suffer'd and dy'd  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above,  
All sin and temptation and pain ;  
I could not believe,  
That I ever should grieve.  
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
Freely justify'd I,  
Nor envy'd Elijah his seat ;  
My soul mounted higher,  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O th' rapturous height,  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
Of the Saviour possess'd,  
I was perfectly bless'd,  
Overwhelm'd in the goodness of God !

PAUSE.

8 Now my remnant of days,  
Would I spend in his praise,  
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem ;  
Whether many or few,  
All my years are his due :  
May they all be devoted to him.

9 What a mercy is this !  
What a heaven of bliss !  
How unspeakably happy am I !  
Gather'd into the fold,  
With believers enroll'd,  
With believers to live and to die.

- 10 Lo! the day's drawing nigh,  
When, my soul, thou shalt fly  
To the place thy salvation began:  
Where the Three and the One,  
Father, Spirit, and Son,  
Laid the scheme of redemption for man.

## XXVII. 7s. J. LELAND.

*How do you do?*

- 1 **B**RETHREN, I am come again,  
Let us join to pray and sing;  
Joseph lives and Jesus reigns,  
Praise him in the highest strains.
- 2 Many days and years have past,  
Since we met together last;  
Yet our lives do still remain,  
Here on earth we meet again.
- 3 Many of our friends are gone,  
To their long eternal home;  
We are waiting here below,  
Soon we after them shall go.
- 4 Brethren! tell me how you do;  
Does your love continue true,  
Are you waiting for your King,  
When he shall return again?
- 5 If you want to know of me,  
How I am, or what I be;  
Here I am, behold who will,  
Sure I am a sinner still.
- 6 Weak and wounded, sick and lame,  
All unholy, all unclean;  
Worse than ever I do see,  
Yet the Lord remember me.

## XXVIII. 8, 7, 4. P—.

*Hope of a revival.*

- 1 **C**OME, dear brethren in the Saviour,  
 Though we're few, let's not despair;  
 Jesus able is to favour;  
 Fly to him with ev'ry care:  
 He is able, he is able  
 Sion's drooping head to rear.
- 2 If but two or three remaining,  
 Meet for pray'r, he's in the midst;  
 Let us then, without complaining,  
 Wait 'till he shall us increase:  
 He is able, &c.  
 Soon he'll make our sorrows cease.
- 3 By him stars and spheres were framed;  
 Light and darkness Jesus made;  
 From their graves the dead he raised;  
 Shall not his redeem'd be sav'd?  
 He is able, &c.  
 To bestow what we have crav'd.
- 4 Well, my friends, as Christ is able,  
 Of his will we cannot doubt,  
 Since for all the Father gave him  
 Full salvation he wrought out;  
 Sure he never, sure he never  
 Spilt his precious blood for nought.
- 5 Let us love, adore, and praise him,  
 As the Lord, our righteousness;  
 Own him in our whole behaviour,  
 Singing, "We are sav'd by grace:  
 Till in heaven, &c.  
 He shall give us all a place.

- 6 Now let's sweetly join in concert,  
 To adore the sacred Three ;  
 God who made us, Christ who sav'd us,  
 And the Spirit praised be :  
 By the ransom'd, &c.  
 Through a blest eternity.

XXIX. 8, 6, 4, 4, 6. *MS. Altered.*

*Slow Traveller.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY souls, how fast you go,  
 And leave me here behind :  
 Don't stop for me,  
 For now I see  
 The Lord is just and kind.
- 2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,  
 And I'll come after you :  
 Though I'm behind,  
 Yet I can find,  
 And sing hosannas too.
- 3 May you have strength, that you may run,  
 And keep your footsteps right ;  
 Though fast you go,  
 And I so slow,  
 You are not out of sight.
- 4 When you arrive in worlds above,  
 And all their glories see ;  
 When you get home  
 Your journey's done ;  
 Then look ye out for me.
- 5 For I will run fast as I can,  
 Along the way I'll steer,  
 Through Christ my strength,  
 I shall at length  
 Be one among you there.

- 6 There altogether we shall meet,  
 Together we shall sing;  
 A countless throng,  
 To swell the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

XXX. 8, 8, 11, 8. MS. *Altered.*

*Hope in Trouble.*

- 1 **W**HEN sorrows encompass me round,  
 And many distresses I see,  
 Astonish'd, I cry, can a mortal be found,  
 Surrounded with troubles like me?
- 2 Few seasons of peace I enjoy,  
 And they are succeeded by pain;  
 If e'er a few moments in praise I employ,  
 I have hours and days to complain.
- 3 O when will my sorrows subside;  
 O when will my sufferings cease;  
 O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,  
 In the mansions of glory and bliss.
- 4 May I be prepar'd for that day  
 When Jesus shall bid me remove;  
 That I may in raptures go shouting away  
 To the arms of my heavenly love.
- 5 My spirit to glory convey'd,  
 My body laid low in the ground;  
 I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed:  
 Let all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrow be vented that day,  
 When Jesus hath called me home;  
 With singing and shouting let brethren say,  
 "He's gone from the evil to come."
- 7 If souls disembodied can know,  
 Or visit their brethren beneath,

- My spirit shall join you, as shouting you go,  
And leave all my cares in the grave.
- 8 Immers'd in the ocean of love,  
My soul like an angel shall sing,  
'Till Christ shall descend with a shout from  
above,  
And make all creation to ring.
- 9 Our bodies, in dust, shall obey,  
And swifter than thought shall arise;  
Then, chang'd in a moment, go shouting  
away  
To mansions of love in the skies.

XXXI. 11, 8. *MS. Altered.*

*The Impartial Song. Gal. iii. 28.*

- 1 **T**HE great God of love, now hath shin'd  
from above,  
And hath taught us the *impartial song*;  
The Spirit is come, and the work is begun,  
And we all are united in one.
- 2 Salvation we see for all nations is free,  
The members of Christ are all one;  
We'll march uniform and undaunted face  
the storm,  
Ever singing the *impartial song*.
- 3 Thus joined in one, the good race we will  
run,  
Pressing onward in faith, without fear;  
Such objects pursue as the world never  
knew,  
Never will till the gospel they hear.
- 4 The Spirit of God now hath taught us the  
road,  
And the Comforter leads us along;



- The book is unseal'd, Judah's lion takes the field,  
And inspires with the *impartial song*.
- 5 We'll mount on the wing, and with ardour we'll sing  
Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb;  
With rapture we'll sound o'er Immanuel's ground,  
What a precious Redeemer hath done.
- 6 That sovereign grace, which first gave us a place  
In the Saviour, ere time had begun,  
Will hold us all fast, and present us at last  
Without blemish to God and the Lamb.
- 7 O glorious days ! when in raptures of praise,  
Join'd with seraphs in mansions above,  
Free grace we shall sound, through eternity's round,  
And our union still heighten in love.
- 8 Then let us be true, and our journey pursue  
Toward heaven, our glorious home ;  
Still rul'd by the word, Christ hath left on record,  
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

XXXII. 8, 8, 6. *MS.*

*The converted Youth.*

- 1 **W**HILE I am bless'd with youthful prime  
I will adore the sacred Lamb,  
That bled and dy'd for me :  
Since God inspires my heart with grace,  
And lets me see his smiling face,  
A pilgrim I will be.

- 2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,  
Pursue those far superior joys,  
That do in Jesus dwell :  
As Jesus is my God and king,  
Immortal triumph I will sing,  
O'er all the powers of Hell.
- 3 A frowning world I will defy  
And all their flattering charms deny,  
Since Jesus is my friend :  
Not long have I the storm to stand  
In this ensnaring barren land ;—  
My conflict soon will end.
- 4 Jesus, my friend, my cause will plead,  
Conduct my steps, supply my need,  
And never let me fall :  
Jesus will all my foes destroy,  
Will be my life, my strength, my joy,  
Jesus is all in all.
- 5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,  
Sounding abroad his worthy praise,  
I'll tell the world his love :  
And when I quit this mortal stage  
I shall in sacred strains engage  
Among the saints above :
- 6 Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,  
In joys beyond what tongue can tell  
On that immortal shore :  
Jesus my love shall be my joy,  
His praise shall be my sweet employ  
In Heaven for ever more.

## XXXIII. 11s. S——.

*The mercy of God. Psalm lxxxix. 1.*

- 1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my  
                     song,  
 The joy of my heart and the boast of my  
                     tongue ;  
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
 Hath won my affections, and bound my soul  
                     fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here.  
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;  
 But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness  
                     depart ;  
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day  
 To th' poor and the needy who knock by the  
                     way ;  
 No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
 Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;  
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :  
 'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the  
                     tree,  
 Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
 And the covenant love of thy crucify'd son ;  
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,  
 Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness  
                     mine.

XXXIV. 5, 6. *TO PLADY.*

*Everlasting Love and electing Grace.*

- 1     **H**OW happy are we,  
      Our election who see,  
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!  
      In Jesus approv'd,  
      Eternally lov'd,  
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd:
- 2     'Tis sweet to recline  
      On the bosom divine,  
And experience the comforts peculiar to  
      thine:  
      While, born from above,  
      And upheld by thy love,  
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 3     Our seeking thy face,  
      Was all of thy grace,  
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the  
      praise:  
      No sinner can be  
      Beforehand with thee,  
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.
- 4     Our Saviour and friend  
      His love shall extend,  
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:  
      Whom once he receives  
      His Spirit ne'er leaves,  
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.
- 5     This proof we would give,  
      That thee we receive,  
Thou art *precious* alone to the souls that  
      *believe.*

Be precious to us !  
 All beside is as dross,  
 Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy  
 cross.

## PART THE SECOND.

- 6 Yet, one thing we want,  
 More *holiness* grant !  
 For more of thy mind, and thine image we  
 pant :  
 Thine image impress  
 On thy favourite race,  
 O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.
- 7 Thy workmanship we  
 More fully would be ;  
 Lord, stretch out thy hand and conform us  
 to thee ;  
 While onward we move  
 To Canaan above,  
 Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.
- 8 Vouchsafe us to know  
 More of thee below,  
 Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow ;  
 Our harps shall be tun'd,  
 The lamb shall be crown'd ;  
 Salvation to *Jesus* through heaven shall re-  
 sound.

## XXXV. 8, 7, 4. RIPPON'S SELEC.

*The godly consideration of election in Christ  
 comfortable.*

- 1 **S**ONS we are, through God's election,  
 Who in Jesus Christ believe ;  
 By eternal destination,  
 Sovereign grace we here receive :

- Lord, thy mercy  
Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Every fallen soul by sinning,  
Merits everlasting pain ;  
But thy love without beginning,  
Has restor'd thy sons again :  
Countless millions  
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder !  
Ask, " O why such love to me ?"  
Grace hath put me in the number  
Of the Saviour's family :  
Hallelujah !  
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee ?
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,  
And shall never, never cease ;  
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning !  
Guide me in the way of peace !  
Make me walk in  
All the paths of holiness,
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,  
And my soul returns to thee ;  
Let the power of thy ascension  
Manifest itself in me :  
Through thy Spirit,  
Give the final victory !
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet ;  
When my soul and body join ;  
When my Saviour comes to judgment,  
Bright in majesty divine ;  
Let me triumph  
In thy righteousness as mine.
- 7 When in that bless'd habitation,  
Which my God has fore-ordain'd ;

When in glory's full possession,  
 I with saints and angels stand;  
*Free Grace* only  
 Shall resound through Canaan's land.

XXXVI. 8, 7, 4. *F*——

*Finished Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
 It is finish'd!  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law!  
 Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe.  
 It is finish'd!  
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,  
 Taste the soul-reviving food;  
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant  
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood:  
 It is finish'd!  
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;



All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name!  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

XXXVII. 8, 8, 6. Chatham tune.  
*TOPLADY.*

*CHRIST'S Atonement.*

- 1 **O** THOU, who didst thy glory leave,  
 Apostate sinners to retrieve,  
 From nature's deadly fall,  
 If thou hast bought me with a price,  
 My sins against me ne'er shall rise,  
 For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?  
 Didst thou without the city bleed  
 To expiate my stain?  
 On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,  
 And made of infinite avail  
 The sufferings of the Man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given!  
 Behold the incarnate King of heaven  
 For us his foes expire!  
 Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!  
 He bore, that we might never bear,  
 His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,  
 The God, for your unrighteousness  
 Deputed to atone:  
 Praise till, with all the ransom'd throng,  
 Ye sing the never-ending song,  
 And see him on his throne.

## XXXVIII. 8, 7. L. H. C.

*Gratitude for the Atonement.*

- 1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,  
Hail thou *Galilean* king!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By thy merits we find favour;  
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid:  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made:  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood:  
Open'd is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide!  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side:  
There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give:  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

## XXXIX. 8, 6, 8. Ewell Tune.

CRUTTENDEN.

*Adoption.* 1 John iii. 1—3.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line  
 In long succession great ;  
 In the proud list let heroes shine,  
 And monarch's swell the state ;  
 Descended from the King of Kings,  
 Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,  
 Own me an heir divine ;  
 I'll pity princes on the throne,  
 When I can call thee mine :  
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,  
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure I pass my days,  
 To all I meet unknown,  
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,  
 And seat me near thy throne :  
 No name, no honours here I crave.  
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives ;  
 With him I too shall reign ;  
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,  
 Shall make the promise vain :  
 In him my title stands secure,  
 And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,  
 Shall once again appear,  
 Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,  
 And his full image bear :  
 Enough !——I wait th' appointed day,  
 Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away !

XL. 8, 7, 4. *RIPPON'S SELEC.**Free Salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.*

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation ;  
Worthy of our best esteem !  
He has sav'd his favourite nation ;  
Join to sing aloud to Him :  
He has sav'd us,  
Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,  
And no helper there was found ;  
Jesus our distress was viewing ;  
Grace did more than sin abound :  
He has call'd us,  
With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession,  
Save us from hypocrisy ;  
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession  
Of thy righteousness and thee :  
Best of favours,  
None compar'd with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee !  
Make us walk as Pilgrims here :  
We will give thee all the glory  
Of the love that brought us near ;  
Bid us praise thee,  
And rejoice with holy fear.
- 5 Free election, known by calling,  
Is a privilege divine :  
Saints are kept from final falling,  
All the glory, Lord, be thine,  
All the glory,  
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

XLI. 11, 8. Calme tune. K——.

*Distinguishing Grace.* Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,  
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of  
Days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,  
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,  
When each with the cords of his kindness  
he drew,  
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,  
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;  
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd  
too in sin,  
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey  
While others were suffer'd to go,  
The road which by nature we chose as our way,  
Which leads to the regions of wo.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name;  
To him all the glory belongs;  
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his  
fame,  
And crown him in each of your songs.

XLII. 11s. Broughton tune. *K*——.

*Exceeding great and precious promises.*

2 *Pet. i. 4.*

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say than to you he hath said ?  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
" As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
" ever be.
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
" I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid ;  
" I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
" thee to stand,  
" Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 " When through the deep waters I call thee  
" to go,  
" The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;  
" For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
" And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway  
" shall lie,  
" My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
" The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
" Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 " Even down to old age, all my people shall  
" prove  
" My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love.  
" And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
" adorn,  
" Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
" borne.

- 7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
 " *I will not, I will not* desert to his foes ;  
 " That soul, though all hell should endeavour  
 " to shake,  
 " *I'll never, no never, no never forsake.*"\*

XLIII. 8, 7, 4. Lewes tune. ROBINSON.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless thee,  
 May an infant lisp thy name ?  
 Lord of Men as well as angels,  
 Thou art all thy people's theme.  
 Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.
- 2 Lord, of every land and nation,  
 Ancient of eternal Days !  
 Sounded through the wide creation  
 Be thy just and lawful praise :  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,  
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,  
 For created works of power,  
 Works with skill and kindness wrought.  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 For thy providence, that governs  
 Through thine empire's wide domain,  
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;  
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
 Dark through brightness all along ;

\* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of  
 Heb. xiii. 5.



Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
Who dare sing that awful song ?

Hallelujah, &c.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?

Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !  
Sing the Lord who came to die.

Hallelujah, &c.

7 Did the Angels sing thy coming ?

Did the shepherds learn their lays ?

Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

Hallelujah, &c.

8 From the highest throne in glory,

To the cross of deepest wo ;

All to ransom guilty captives,

Flow my praise, for ever flow.

Hallelujah, &c.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour,

Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;

Thence return and reign for ever,

Be the kingdom all thine own.

Hallelujah, &c.

XLIV. As the 104th. *HART*,

*Fountain opened for sinners. Zech. xiii. 1.*

1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,  
Lord, help us to sing,  
The blood of our Priest,  
Our crucify'd King ;  
The fountain that cleanses  
From sin and from filth,  
And richly dispenses  
Salvation and health.

- 2    This fountain so dear  
      He'll freely impart;  
When pierc'd by the spear,  
      It flow'd from his heart,  
With blood and with water,  
      The first to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter;  
      The fountain's but one.
- 3    This fountain from guilt  
      Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
      Infallible cure;  
But if guilt removed,  
      Return and remain,  
Its power may be proved  
      Again and again.
- 4    This fountain unseal'd  
      Stands open for all  
Who long to be heal'd,  
      The great and the small:  
Here's strength for the weakly  
      That hither are led;  
Here's health for the sickly.  
      And life for the dead.
- 5    This fountain, though rich,  
      From charge is quite clear;  
The poorer the wretch  
      The welcomer here:  
Come needy, and guilty,  
      Come loathsome, and bare;  
Though lep'rous and filthy,  
      Come just at you are.
- 6    This fountain in vain  
      Has never been try'd,

It takes out all stain  
 Whenever apply'd:  
 The fountain flows sweetly  
 With virtue divine,  
 To cleanse souls completely,  
 Though lep'rous as mine.

XLV. 7, 6, 8. Clark's tune. C. WESLEY.

*Passover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.*

- 1 CHRIST, our passover, is slain,  
 To set his people free,  
 Free from sin's Egyptian chain,  
 And Pharaoh's tyranny.  
 Lord, that we may now depart,  
 And truly serve our pardoning God,  
 Sprinkle every house and heart  
 With thine atoning blood.
- 2 Let the angel of the Lord  
 His awful charge fulfil,  
 Let his pestilential sword  
 The first-born victims kill;  
 Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,  
 Protected by that crimson sign,  
 From the rage of earth and hell,  
 And from the wrath divine.
- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make  
 Betwixt thy friend and foe,  
 Vengeance on the Egyptians take,  
 And grace to Israel show?  
 Knowest thou not, most righteous God,  
 We on the paschal Lamb rely?  
 See us cover'd with the blood,  
 And pass thy people by.

XLVI. 8, 8, 6. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*  
*Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.*

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heavenly bliss,  
 Or solid joy, or lasting peace,  
 But Christ th' appointed road ;  
 O may we tread the sacred *Way*,  
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,  
 Till we sit down with God ?
- 2 The types, and shadows of the word  
 Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,  
 The Saviour, just and *true* ;  
 O may we all his word believe,  
 And all his promises receive,  
 And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,  
 And *life* to dying sinners gives,  
 Eternal and divine ;  
 O may his Spirit in me dwell,  
 Then sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,  
 Eternal life is mine.

XLVII. 8s. New Jerusalem tune. *K—*.  
*All in All; or, the testimony concerning Jesus,*  
*the soul of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.*

- 1 **T**HE Bible is justly esteem'd  
 The glory supreme of the land,  
 Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,  
 And brought to Jehovah's right hand.  
 With pleasure we freely confess  
 The Bible all books does outshine,  
 But Jesus, his person and grace,  
 Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In every *prophetical book*  
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,

With joy we behold as we look,  
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:  
His glories project to the eye,  
And prove it was not his design,  
Those glories conceal'd should lie,  
But there his full majesty shine.

3 The *first gracious promise* to man,  
A blessed prediction appears,  
His work is the soul of the plan,  
And gives it the glory it wears.  
How cheering the truth must have been,  
That Jesus, the promised seed,  
Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,  
And hell in captivity lead!

4 The *ancient Levitical Law*  
Was prophecy after its kind,  
In types there the faithful foresaw  
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind.  
The Altar, the Lamb, and the Priest,  
The blood that was sprinkled of old,  
Had life, when the people could taste  
The blessings those shadows foretold.

5 Review each prophetic *song*,  
Which shines in prediction's rich train,  
The sweetness to Jesus belong  
And point out his sufferings and reign:  
Sure David his harp never strung  
With more of true sacred delight,  
Than when of the Saviour he sung  
And he was reveal'd to his sight.

6 May Jesus more precious become—  
His word be a lamp to our feet,  
While we in this wilderness roam,  
Till brought in his presence to meet!

Then, then will we gaze on thy face,  
 Our prophet, our priest, and our King,  
 Recount all the wonders of grace,  
 Thy praises eternally sing.

XLVIII. 8, 7. *NEWTON.*

*The Word more precious than Gold.*

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword:  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloy:  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing med'cines here I find:  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty shield:  
 While the scripture truths are sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,  
 When I take the Spirit's Sword;  
 Then with ease I drive him from me,  
 Satan trembles at the word:

- 'Tis a Sword for conquest made  
Keen the edge, and strong the blade,  
6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
Doating on his golden store?  
Sure I am, or *should be* wiser,  
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:  
Jesus gives me, in his word,  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

XLIX. 8s. Lambeth tune. *RIP. SELEC.*  
*Faith fainting.*

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine:  
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
I sink at thy feet with my load,  
All-plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
The rock that is higher than I:  
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice.  
Thy presence is fair to behold;  
Attend to my sorrows and cries,  
My groaning that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,  
My hold of thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep:  
While harass'd and cast from thy sight  
The tempter suggests with a roar,  
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;  
Thy God will be gracious no more."



- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd  
 No covenant blessing for me,  
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find  
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?  
 Almighty to rescue thou art;  
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;  
 Come succour and gladden my heart,  
 Let this be the day of thy power.

L. 8, 8, 6. *RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Faith Reviving.*

- 1 **F**ROM whence this fear and unbelief;  
 Hast thou, O Father, put to grief  
 Thy spotless Son for me?  
 And will the righteous Judge of men  
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost farthing paid  
 Whate'er thy people ow'd;  
 How then can wrath on me take place,  
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with thy blood?
- 3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd  
 And freely in my room endur'd  
 The whole of wrath divine;  
 Payment God cannot twice demand—  
 First, at my bleeding surety's hand,  
 And then again at mine.]
- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;  
 The merits of thy great High Priest  
 Speak peace and liberty:  
 Trust in his efficacious blood;  
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
 Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

LI. 8s. New Jerusalem tune.

RIPPON'S SELEC.

*Faith conquering.*

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucify'd God,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption in full through his blood;  
Though thousands and thousands of foes  
Against him in malice unite,  
Their rage he, through Christ, can oppose,  
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith that embraces the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere notion or name,  
The work of God's Spirit it is;  
A principle active, and young,  
That lives under pressure and load;  
That makes even the weak t' be strong,  
And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world, and on hell,  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And O let us wonder to tell,  
It reaches to heaven in prayer,—  
Permits a vile worm of the dust,  
With God to commune as a friend;  
To hope his forgiveness as just,  
And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul;  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes wounded consciences whole;  
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
And raises the sinner on high,  
To dwell with the angels of light.

LII. 8s. New Jerusalem tune. *TOPLADY.**Faith Triumphant.*

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing;  
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
My person and offerings to bring:  
The terrors of law, and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
The arm of his strength will complete;  
His promise is *yea* and *amen*,  
And never was forfeited yet:  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Not all things below nor above  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase;  
Impress'd on his heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace:  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy but not more secure,  
The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

## LIII. 8, 8, 6. Baltimore tune.

*Hoping and Longing. Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,  
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,  
Shall one day see our God;  
Shall cease from all our painful strife,  
Handle and taste the word of life,  
And feel the sprinkled blood.

- 2 Let us not always make our moan,  
Nor worship thee a God unknown;  
But let us live to prove  
Thy people's rest, thy saints delight,  
The length and breadth, the depth and height  
Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
We stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow:
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest:  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.
- 5 O when shall we at once go up,  
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,  
But the good land possess:  
When shall we end our ling'ring years,  
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,  
An howling wilderness!
- 6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;  
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,  
Our unbelief remove:  
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide,  
And, O, with all the sanctify'd,  
Give us a lot of love!

LIV. 7s. CENNICK.

*Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.*

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee!

LV. 7s. Cookham Tune. *NEWTON.*

*Lovest thou me. John xxi. 16.*

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought:  
Do I love the Lord or no;  
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name.

- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove ;  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd ;  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?]
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case ?  
Thou who art thy people's sun ;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

LVI. 8s. New Jerusalem Tune. *B. FRANCIS.*

*Supreme Love to Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,

And join with the armies above  
To shout his adorable name.  
To gaze on his glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ,  
And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;  
To shine with the angels of light,  
With saints and with seraphs to sing,  
To view with eternal delight,  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,  
A darksome and restless abode !  
Molested with foes on each side,  
And longing to dwell with my God.  
O, when shall my spirit exchange  
This cell of corruptible clay,  
For mansions celestial, and range  
Through realms of ineffable day !

4 My glorious Redeemer ! I long  
To see thee descend on the cloud,  
Amidst the bright numberless throng,  
And mix with the triumphing crowd :  
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
To join in thy praises above,  
To gaze on thee, world without end,  
And feast on thy ravishing love ?

5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,  
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,  
Shall ever molest me again,  
Perfection of glory reigns there.



This soul and this body shall shine  
 In robes of salvation and praise,  
 And banquet on pleasures divine,  
 Where God his full beauty displays.

- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass in a moment away :  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;  
 My joy everlastingly flows,  
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

LVII. L. M. Bowden Tune. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Trust and Confidence ; or, looking beyond present Appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.*

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !  
 Let fear in me no more take place ;  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the brightness of his face :  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield ?  
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no !  
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
 Although the olive yield no oil,  
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
 The field elude the tiller's toil ;  
 The empty stall no herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating race,  
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear,  
 Let fear to cheering hope give place ;

My Saviour will at length appear,  
 And show the brightness of his face :  
 Though now my prospects all be crost,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
 Still will I in my Jesus trust,  
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.

- 4 In hope, believing against hope,  
 His promis'd mercy will I claim ;  
 His gracious word shall bear me up,  
 To seek salvation in his name :  
 Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh !  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

LVIII. Chatham Tune. *JESSE.*

*Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid.*

*John vi. 20.*

- 1 **U**NCLEAN ! unclean ! and full of sin,  
 From first to last, O Lord, I've been !  
 Deceitful is my heart ;  
 Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,  
 But Jesus can the waves control,  
 And bid my fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,  
 Ungratefully I hid my face,  
 Ungratefully delay'd :  
 At length his voice more powerful came,  
 "'Tis I," he cry'd, "I still the same,  
 "Thou need'st not be afraid."
- 3 My heart was chang'd, in that same hour  
 My soul confess'd his mighty power,  
 Out flow'd the briny tear :

I listen'd still to hear his voice,  
 Again he said, "In me rejoice,  
 "'Tis I, thou need'st not fear.

- 4 "Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd,—  
 "Freely I love," he soon reply'd,  
 "On me thy faith be staid :  
 "On me for every thing depend,  
 "I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,  
 "Thou need'st not be afraid."

LIX. 104th. Sussex Tune. *NEWTON.*

*I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.*

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief,  
 My Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief  
 Will surely appear ;  
 By prayer let me wrestle,  
 And he will perform ;  
 With Christ in the vessel,  
 I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,  
 Since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey,  
 'Tis his to provide ;  
 Though cisterns be broken,  
 And creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken  
 Will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past,  
 Forbids me to think.  
 He'll leave me at last  
 In trouble to sink ;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer  
 I have in review,

Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

- 4 Determin'd to save,  
He watch'd o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave,  
I sported with death ;  
And can he have taught me  
To trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me  
To put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain ?  
He told me no less :  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord
- 6 How bitter that cup,  
No heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up,  
That sinners might live !  
His way was much rougher,  
And darker than mine !  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,  
And shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The med'cine is food ;  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song !

LX. 8, 8, 6. Chatham Tune. J. C. W.

*The Spiritual Pilgrim.*

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from anxious care and tho't,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,  
Already sav'd from self-design,  
From every creature-love!  
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,  
And happiness beyond the view  
Of those who basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen:  
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own,  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home:  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away;  
And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies.  
I come to meet thee in the skies,

And' claim my heavenly rest :  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,  
Receive me to thy breast !

LXI. 148. *TOPLADY'S COLLEC.*

*The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep ;  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :  
For thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;  
My compass is thy word :  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord !  
I trust thy faithfulness and power  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie ;  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guide me with his eye ;  
My anchor hope shall firm abide,  
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest ;  
My soul thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast !  
O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss ;

Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss :

For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
Waft me from all below,  
To heaven, my destin'd place !  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

LXII. 7s. Hotham Tune. *RIP. SELEC.*  
*Tempted—but flying to Christ the Refuge.*

1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll.  
While the tempest still is high !  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past :  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is staid,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
All in all in thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;



Just and holy is thy name.

I am all unrighteousness,

Vile and full of sin I am,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,

Grace to pardon all my sin ;

Let the healing streams abound ;

Make and keep me pure within :

Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let me take of thee ;

Spring thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity.

LXIII. 7, 6, 8. Clark's Tune. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Backsliding and returning ; or, the Backslider's  
Prayer.*

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;

False to thee, like Peter, I

Would fain like Peter weep ;

Let me be by grace restor'd,

On me be all its freeness shown ;

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,

Repentance to impart,

Give me through thy dying love,

The humble contrite heart ;

Give, what I have long implor'd,

A portion of thy love unknown ;

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,

Nor suffer me to die ;

Life, and happiness, and love,  
 Smile in thy gracious eye :  
 Speak the reconciling word :  
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye  
 Was clos'd that we might live ;  
 " Father (at the point to die,  
 My Saviour gasp'd) forgive !"  
 Surely with that dying word,  
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done !"  
 O ! my loving, bleeding Lord,  
 This breaks my heart of stone.

LXIV. 8, 7, 4. *FAWCETT.*

*Cast down, yet hoping in God. Psalm xlii. 5.*

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness ?  
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;  
 Look to Jesus,  
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
 Vex and teaze thee, day by day ?  
 And thy sinful inclinations  
 Often fill thee with dismay ?  
 Thou shalt conquer,  
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee  
 From without and from within ;  
 Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin ;

He is faithful

To perform his gracious word.

- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road;  
His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:  
Therefore praise him,  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who for ever bow before him,  
And unceasing sing his love!  
Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join?

LXV. 112th. Uffculm Tune. *FAWCETT.*

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word:  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above,  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfy'd with living bread:

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

- 3 To us the sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;

And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear :

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;  
Teach us to know and do thy will ;  
Thy saving power and love display ;  
And guide us to the realms of day :

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

LXVI. 8, 7, 4. *TOPLADY'S COLLEC.*

*Prayer for Minister and People.*

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wondrous love !  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve :  
Bless, O bless them,  
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them  
To attend the gospel feast :  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;  
Every soul be Jesus' guest !  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

LXVII. 8s. Lock Tune. *HART.*

*Our God for ever and ever. Psalm xlviii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;  
Whose love is as large as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end :

- 2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

LXVIII. 6, 4. Bermondsey Tune. *RIP.*  
*SELEC.*

*Worthy the Lamb.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !  
 Let earth and skies reply :  
 Praise ye his name :  
 His love and grace adorn,  
 Who all our sorrows bore ;  
 Sing aloud evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
 Bore sin's tremendous load,  
 Praise ye his name :  
 Tell what his arm hath done,  
 What spoils from death he won ;  
 Sing his great name alone ;  
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 While they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name :  
 Those who have felt his blood  
 Sealing their peace with God,  
 Sound his dear fame abroad,  
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our holy Lord to bless ;  
 Praise ye his name :  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise.

Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What though we change our place,  
Yet we shall never cease  
Praising his name :  
To him our songs we bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,  
In realms of endless love,  
Praise his dear name :  
To him ascribed be  
Honour and majesty,  
Through all eternity ;  
Worthy the Lamb.

LXIX. 8, 7, 4. Helmsley Tune, *RIPRON'S*  
*SELEC.*

*At Dismission.*

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
O refresh us !  
Travelling through this wilderness,  
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound,  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found !  
3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away ;

Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
 May we ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day !

LXX. 8, 7. Carlisle Tune. *RIP. SELEC.*

*Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of  
 God. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.*

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion—city of our God !  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode :  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 [See ! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering.  
 See the cloud and fire appear !  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near :  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by day ;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !



Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God :  
 'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings,  
 And as priests, his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am ;  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show !  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

LXXI. 8, 7, 4. *Altered by RRLAND, junr.*

*Prayer for a Revival.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless thou return again :  
 Lord, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;  
 Shine upon us from on high :  
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die :  
 Lord, revive us, &c.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd  
 Every part look'd gay and green ;  
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
 Happy seasons we have seen !  
 Lord, revive us, &c.

- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed.  
Help can only come from thee :  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal and love and truth?  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth !  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below ;  
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show :  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,  
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud !  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again ;  
Oh, permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain :  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares :  
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;

And begin from this good hour,  
 To revive thy work afresh :  
 Lord, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee.

LXXII. 8, 7, 4. Kentucky tune.

*RIPPON'S SELEC.*

*Longing for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace :  
 Blessed jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
 Let the rude barbarian see,  
 That divine and glorious conquest,  
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;  
 Let the gospel  
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,—  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
 From the eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night,  
 And redemption  
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,  
 From eternal darkness dawn  
 And the everlasting gospel  
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;  
 All the borders  
 Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
 Win and conquer, never cease ;

May thy lasting wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase ;  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

LXXIII. 8, 8, 6. Chatham Tune. *W—*.

*Morning.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile !—what shall I say ?  
 I live to see another day,  
 O let me live to thee !  
 A thousand years to hope for this,  
 Should be unutterable bliss ;  
 What must fruition be !
- 2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 What Jesus hath for his prepar'd,  
 Nor can the heart conceive ;  
 Thou hast commanded me, to day,  
 To live by faith, and I'd obey,  
 Lord, help me to believe.

LXXIV. 7s. *RIP. SELEC.*

*At Parting.*

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend,  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus hear our humble prayer !  
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !  
 Let thy mercy and thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
 Give us, if we live, ere long  
 In thy peace to meet again.

- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,  
 Ebezers shall be rear'd ;  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
 Who our poor petitions heard.

LXXV. 8, 7, 4, Jordan Tune. *RIP. SELEC.*  
*The Grave ; or, Christ a Guide through Death*  
*to Glory.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

LXXVI. *NEW SELEC.*

*Encouragement under persecution.*

- 1 **C**OME all ye mourning souls,  
 Who seek rest in Jesus' love,  
 Who place your whole affections  
 On things that are above,

Come let us join together,  
And hand in hand go on,  
Till we arrive in Canaan,  
Where we no more shall mourn.

2 Behold how Satan rages,  
Temptations do abound;  
And often persecutions,  
Beset us all around;  
Old friends do now forsake us,  
They count us low and mean,  
Because we love the name  
Of th' despised Nazarene.

3 To all created comforts,  
We freely bid farewell;  
By faith we view the mansions  
Where we do hope to dwell.  
Our Saviour doth invite us;  
He reaches out a crown;  
To comfort and protect us,  
The angels wait around.

4 A few more days of sorrow,  
And Christ will call us home,  
To walk the golden streets  
Of the new Jerusalem.  
Until that glorious hour,  
Let's patiently endure;  
The promises are faithful—  
The crown and kingdom sure.

5 Adieu ye old companions,  
We love your precious souls,  
O'er all your sinful courses,  
Our heart in secret mourns.  
Fain would we take you with us,  
May grace make you comply!

We leave you all with Jesus;  
O to his bosom fly!

LXXVII. 6, 5. *NEW SELEC.*

*The loving saint.*

- 1 **O**H! Jesus, my Saviour,  
To thee I submit,  
With love and thanksgiving  
Fall down at thy feet;  
Accept my poor offering—  
My soul, flesh and blood :  
Thou art my Redeemer,  
My Lord, and my God !
- 2 I love thee—I love thee—  
I love thee, my Lord !  
I love thee, my Saviour !  
I love thee, my God.  
I love thee—I love thee—  
I trust thou dost know ;  
But how much I love thee  
I never can show.
- 3 I'm happy—I'm happy—  
O ! wondrous account,  
My joys are immortal !  
I stand on the mount !  
I gaze on my treasure,  
And long to be there,  
With angels my kindred,  
And Jesus my dear.
- 4 O Jesus, my Saviour,  
In thee I am blest,  
My life and my treasure  
My joy and my rest !



Thy grace is my theme,  
 And thy name is my song;  
 Thy love doth inspire  
 My heart and my tongue.

- 5 All human expressions  
 Are empty and vain,  
 They cannot unriddle  
 The heavenly flame!  
 I'm sure if the tongue  
 Of an angel I had,  
 I could not the myst'ry  
 Completely describe.

- 6 O who is like Jesus!  
 He's Salem's great King!  
 He knows me—he loves me;  
 He learns me to sing!  
 I'll praise him! I'll praise him,  
 With notes loud and shrill,  
 While rivers of pleasure  
 My spirit do fill.

LXXVIII. L. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*A hymn for Young Converts.*

- 1 **W**HEN converts first begin to sing,  
 Their happy souls are on the wing;  
 Their theme is all redeeming love,  
 Fain would they be with Christ above.
- 2 With admiration they behold,  
 The love of Christ that can't be told:  
 They view themselves upon the shore,  
 And think the battle is all o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,  
 And think their enemies are slain,

They make no doubt but all is well,  
And Satan is cast down to hell.

- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And make the heav'nly arches ring ;—  
Ring with melodious joyful sound,  
Because a prodigal is found,
- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel  
Their feeble souls begin to reel ;  
They think their former hopes are vain,  
They're fill'd with sorrow, grief and pain.
- 6 O ! foolish child ! why did'st thou boast  
In the enlargement of thy coast ?  
Why didst thou think to fly away  
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?
- 7 Come take up arms and face the field,  
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,  
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,  
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 8 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,  
Then bravely meet him with these lines ;  
*Jesus, our Lord, hath took the field,*  
*And we're determin'd not to yield.*

LXXIX. P. M. *NEW SELEC.*

*Farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home nor stay with you ;  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world can view ;  
Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss ;

I leave you here and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Farewell, &c.

- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
That soon we all shall meet above.

Farewell, &c.

- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
You've struggled long and hard for heaven ;  
You've counted all things here but dross,  
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given ;

Fight on, fight on, fight on,  
The crown shall soon be given.

- 5 Farewell, ye younger saints of God,  
Sore conflicts yet may wait for you ;  
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road  
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

Farewell, &c.

- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,  
It grieves my heart to leave you here,  
Eternal vengeance waits for you ;  
O turn and seek salvation here.

O turn, O turn, O turn,  
And seek salvation here.

LXXX. 8, 7. *NEW SELEC.*

*For a Prayer Meeting.*

- 1 **D**EAREST Lord, thou hast commanded  
All thy family to pray ;  
Promis'd good thou hast appointed  
Through this medium to convey.

- 2 Yes, to all thy praying people,  
Thou hast promis'd to appear ;

And thy wondrous condescension  
Honours much the path of pray'r.

- 3 Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,  
On thy promise we rely;  
Comfort ev'ry mourning spirit,  
Answer ev'ry feeble cry.
- 4 From thy glorious throne of mercy,  
Heav'nly cordials now impart;  
Exercise thy tender pity  
O'er the sinner's broken heart,
- 5 May we all who love the Saviour,  
Often to his throne repair;  
Feel the sweets of his compassion,  
While engag'd in solemn pray'r.
- 6 Lord, attend our supplications,  
Let thy mercies on us roll;  
Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,  
Comfort ev'ry praying soul.

LXXXI 8, 7, 4. *NEW SELEC.*

*Parting.*

- 1 **L**ORD, before we leave thy temple,  
Comfort every fainting heart,  
Assure us we shall reign in glory,  
One with thee, no more to part.  
Reign in glory, &c.  
Praising God with all the heart.
- 2 There in sweet triumphant splendour,  
We shall all thy love explore,  
And through one eternal sabbath  
Shout thy name for evermore.  
All in raptures, &c.  
We shall wonder and adore,

LXXXII. 8, 8, 6. *NEW SELEC.**The Rebel's Surrender to Grace.*

- 1 **L**ORD, to thy love at length I yield ;  
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,  
Surrenders all to thee ;  
Against thy terrors long I strove,  
But who can stand against thy love ?  
Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd.  
Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,  
And trampled on thy laws ;  
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,  
Could stand more stedfast for thy sake,  
Than I in Satan's cause.
- 3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,  
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,  
I can resist no more :  
Could'st thou for such a sinner bleed ?  
Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?  
I wonder and adore !
- 4 My will conform'd to thine would move,  
On thee my hope, desire, and love,  
In fix'd attention join ;  
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
Have Satan's servants been too long,  
But now they shall be thine.
- 5 And can I be the very same,  
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,  
And on thy gospel tread ?  
Surely each one who hears my case,  
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace,  
Invincible indeed !

LXXXIII. S. M. *NEWTON.**The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed  
By the Redeemer's grace !  
A rough and thorny path we tread,  
In hopes to see his face.  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
We are on our journey home.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,  
But faith approves it well ;  
This only leads to endless day :  
All others lead to hell.  
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 3 The promis'd land of peace  
Faith keeps in constant view,  
How diff'rent from the wilderness  
We now are passing through !  
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 4 Here often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine ;  
There we shall have unclouded skies,  
Our sun will always shine.  
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,  
And fears, distress us sore :  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more.  
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints,  
We follow at thy call ;  
The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints,  
Will make amends for all.  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
We are on our journey home.

LXXXIV. P. M. *NEW SELEC.**'Tis all for the best.*

- 1     **M**Y soul now arise,  
      My passions take wing,  
      Look up to the skies,  
      And cheerfully sing;  
Let God be the object,  
      In praises address'd,  
And this be my subject,  
      " 'Tis all for the best."
- 2     Search all the world through,  
      Examine and see,  
      And what canst thou view  
      More suited to thee,  
Than this declaration,  
      In scripture express'd,  
That God thy salvation,  
      "Does all for the best."
- 3     Though here day by day  
      His love shall see good,  
      Upon thee to lay  
      His fatherly rod;  
Yet be not dejected,  
      However oppress'd;  
Though sorely afflicted,  
      " 'Tis all for the best."
- 4     On creatures below  
      I'll not set my heart,  
      For surely I know  
      We shortly must part;  
For though when God gives them  
      His name's to be bless'd,  
Yet when he removes them,  
      " 'Tis all for the best."



- 5 But O the blest day !  
 And soon 'twill arise,  
 When freed from my clay,  
 I'll mount to the skies ;  
 And when I do enter  
 My heavenly rest,  
 I'll there sing for ever,  
 " 'Twas all for the best."

LXXXV. 7s. NEWTON.

*My name is Jacob. Chap. xxxii. 27.*

- 1 **N**AY, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
 Do not turn away thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case,  
 2 Dost thou ask me, who I am ?  
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !  
 Yet the question gives a plea,  
 To support my suit with thee.  
 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold,  
 Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy.  
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.  
 4 Once a sinner near despair  
 Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;  
 Mercy heard and set him free,  
 Lord, that mercy came to me.  
 5 Many years have pass'd since then,  
 Many changes I have seen ;  
 Yet have been upheld till now,  
 Who could hold me up but thou,  
 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,  
 This emboldens me to plead ;

After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last !

- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,  
’Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus’ sake.

LXXXVI. 7s. double. *NEWTON.*

*The Good Physician.*

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole !  
There is but one physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul !  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatch’d me from the grave ;  
To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous pow’r to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light compar’d with sin :  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within :  
’Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness—all combin’d ;  
And none but a believer,  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain ;  
But this prov’d more distressing,  
And added to my pain :  
Some said that nothing ail’d me,  
Some gave me up for lost ;  
Thus every refuge fail’d me  
And all my hopes were cross’d.

- 4 At length this great Physician,  
 How matchless is his grace !  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case :  
 First gave me sight to view him,  
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;  
 Then bid me look unto him ;  
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by the eye of faith ;  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death :  
 Come then to this Physician,  
 His help he'll freely give,  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only—look and live.

## LXXXVII. 8s. NEWTON.

*None upon earth I desire besides thee.*

*Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see ;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
 flow'rs,  
 Have lost all their sweetness with me ;  
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
 But when I am happy in him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice ;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice :  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;

No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind :  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear,  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song ;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

LXXXVIII. 8, 8, 6. *SONGS IN THE NIGHT.*

*In every thing give thanks, for this is the will  
of God. 1 Thes. v. 18.*

- 1 **I** THINK my table richly spread,  
And bless the Lord for wholesome bread,  
While nothing more appears ;  
With this I am not left to starve,  
This is far more than I deserve,  
And better than my fears.
- 2 I fear'd lest discontent should turn,  
And cause my appetite to spurn  
Against a meal so dry ;  
But sanctified by prayer 'tis sweet,  
More so than all the savoury meet  
That dainty sinners buy.

- 3 My God, how infinitely kind  
Art thou, to reconcile my mind  
To all thy sov'reign will !  
Content with poverty I'll be,  
If I may but converse with thee,  
And have thy presence still.
- 4 No one shall hear my tongue complain  
If thou my spirit wilt sustain,  
And fill my soul with peace ;  
My gratitude shall still ascend,  
I'll love and praise thee to the end,  
Till all my wants shall cease.
- 5 Humbly for those I'd intercede  
Who suffer poverty and need,  
Without contentment given :  
O teach them by thy grace to pray,  
And then do thou thy power display,  
And send them bread from heaven.
- 6 In earnest I would bear in mind  
The poor, the sick, the long confin'd,  
With such I sympathize ;  
To such I feel compassion move,  
To such I would appear in love,  
And wipe their weeping eyes.
- 7 O may their sorrows sweetly lead  
Their hungry fainting souls to feed  
On Christ, the living bread ;  
So shall they patiently endure,  
And find their happiness secure  
In him, their living head.
- 8 Come, O ye helpless and distress'd,  
Lean on a Saviour's loving breast,  
In him there's sweet repose ;

He will support, he will sustain,  
 He'll bear a part in every pain,  
 And sanctify your woes.

- 9 The time is short, you soon shall rise,  
 And bid farewell to weeping eyes,  
 And reach the heavenly shore ;  
 O pleasing thought ! my soul, prepare  
 To meet thy fellow-sufferers there,  
 And aid them to adore.

- 10 There shall our now complaining souls  
 Drink of those overflowing bowls  
 Of God's unchanging love ;  
 There Jesus, our exalted head,  
 Shall feed us with delicious bread,  
 And all our wants remove.

LXXXIX. 8, 8, 6. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

*Renouncing the world.*

- 1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,  
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
 The things I lov'd before :  
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
 And feel his animating grace,  
 And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
 Tell me no more of ease and health ;  
 For these have all their snares ;  
 Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
 But see my name enroll'd in heaven,  
 And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,  
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,  
 For these are trifling things ;

The little room for me design'd,  
Will suit as well my easy mind,  
As palaces of kings.

- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,  
Of sumptuous feasts, and gaudy dress,  
Extravagance and waste ;  
My little table, only spread  
With wholesome herbs, and wholesome  
bread,  
Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me the bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand,  
And faith to trust the Lord ;  
I'd sit alone from day to day,  
Or urge no company to stay,  
Nor wish to rove abroad.

XC. 11s. R. HILL.

*Contentment in poverty and labour.*

- 1 **M**Y heart and my tongue shall unite in the  
praise  
Of Jesus, my Saviour, for mercy and grace ;  
My pardon is sealed through his precious  
blood ;  
By him I inherit the peace of my God.
- 2 My lot may be low and my parentage mean,  
Yet, born of my God, I have glories unseen,  
Surpassing all joys 'mongst sinners on earth,  
Prepared for souls of an heavenly birth.
- 3 Secur'd from a thousand allurements to sin,  
I find in my cottage my heaven begin ;  
And soon I shall lay all my poverty by,  
And mansions of glory for ever enjoy.



- 4 By the sweat of my brow I labour for bread,  
 Yet guarded by Jesus, no evil I dread;  
 And Lord, while possess'd of all riches in  
 thee,  
 My poverty comes with a blessing to me.
- 5 My labouring dress I shall soon lay aside,  
 For robes rich and splendid, a dress for a  
 bride;  
 The bride that is married to Jesus the Lamb,  
 And clad in a garment that's ever the same.
- 6 Though fare be but scant while I travel be-  
 low,  
 A feast that's eternal will Jesus bestow;  
 No sorrow nor sighing shall ever annoy  
 The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy.
- 7 Then what though my body goes weary to  
 rest,  
 Yet, sav'd by the merits of Jesus, I'm blest;  
 Fresh strength for my labour on earth he be-  
 stows,  
 And soon I shall bask in eternal repose.

## XCI. 8s. WESLEY'S COLLEC.

*Divine Glories ; or, the beauties of Christ.*

- 1 **I** LONG to behold him array'd  
 With glory and light from above,  
 The King in his beauty display'd,  
 His beauty of holiest love :  
 I languish and sigh to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode :  
 O when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God !
- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,  
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word)

The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my Lord:  
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd,  
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,  
 My fulness of rapture I find,  
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

- 3 How happy the people that dwell  
 Secure in the mansions above!  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness nor sorrow shall prove;  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give;  
 And then from the body set free,  
 My soul to thy presence receive.

XCII. 6, 8. *BROADDUS'S COLLEC.*

*The heavenly Jerusalem.*

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home,  
 O, how I long for thee!  
 When will my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
 Most glorious to behold!  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green  
 My study long have been:  
 Such sparkling light by human sight  
 Has never yet been seen.
- 4 Is heaven thus glorious,—O my Lord!  
 Why should I stay from thence?  
 What folly 'tis that I should dread  
 To die and go from hence!

- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end !
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see ;  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care,  
And should I here no more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 There shall we meet and no more part,  
And heav'n shall ring with praise ;  
While Jesus' love in every heart  
Shall tune the song *Free Grace*.
- 9 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.
- 10 Millions of years around may run,  
Our songs shall still go on,  
To praise the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One.

XCIH. 11s. *BROADDUS'S COLLEC.*

*Experience.*

- 1 **C**OME, brethren and sisters that love my  
dear Lord,  
I pray give attention awhile to my word ;  
A wonder of mercy ! behold now and see  
What a precious Saviour has done for poor  
me.

- 2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,  
I thought that in torment I soon should be  
cast;  
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,  
Till faith saw my Jesus hang bleeding for  
me.
- 3 "O sinner (said Jesus) for you I have died,  
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied:  
My guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,  
The blood was apply'd with a witnessing  
voice.
- 4 At once on my knees before God I did fall,  
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all!  
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,  
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 There's peace now in heaven, and peace upon  
earth;  
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:  
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour did  
say,  
O! witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-  
day!
- 6 My soul now was humbled, I fell to the  
ground;  
"The time of refreshing at last I have found:  
"O Lord! thou hast ravish'd my soul with  
thy charms!  
"I'd die like old Simeon, with Christ in my  
arms."

XCIV. P. M. *BROADDUS'S COLLEC.*

*The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 **H**ARK how the gospel trumpet sounds!  
Through all the world the echo bounds;

- And Jesus by redeeming blood  
Is bringing sinners home to God ;  
And guides them safely by his word,  
To endless day.
- 2 Hail, all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord !  
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd ;  
Who undertook for fallen man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee might live and reign  
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory you shall wear  
In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,  
To save the lost from sin and guilt ;  
Poor sinners now may come to God,  
And find salvation through thy blood,  
And sail, by faith, upon that flood  
To endless day.
- 5 Through storms and calms by faith we steer,  
By feeble hope and gloomy fear,  
'Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
And then we'll shout, all trial's o'er  
To endless day.
- 6 There we shall in sweet chorus join  
With saints and angels—all combine  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
For this shall be our theme above  
In endless day.

XCV. 8s. *BROADDUS'S COLLEC.**Encouragement for Christians.*

- 1 **C**OME you that know the Lord indeed,  
Who are from sin and bondage freed,  
Submit to all the ways of God,  
And walk the narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you may meet,  
But soon shall walk the golden street ;  
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,  
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,  
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear  
Sound through the earth, and down to hell,  
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the righteous marching home !  
And all the angels bid them come :  
While Christ the Judge with joy proclaims  
" Here come my saints, I own their names.
- 5 " Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,  
" Make room for to receive my bride ;  
" Ye bells of heaven, sound aloud,  
" Here comes the purchase of my blood."
- 6 In grandeur see the royal line  
In glittering robes, the sun outshine !  
See saints and angels join in one,  
And march in splendour to the throne.
- 7 They stand with wonder, and look on,  
They join in one eternal song,  
The great Redeemer to admire,  
While rapture sets their souls on fire !

LXXVI. 7, 6. *BROADDUS'S COL.**Aspiring towards heaven.*

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Tow'rd heaven, thy native place :  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
 Both speed them to their source.  
 Thus a soul new-born of God,  
 Pants to view his lovely face ?  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,  
 While I that coast explore ;  
 Flattering world, with all your snares,  
 Solicit me no more :  
 Pilgrims fix not here their home,  
 Strangers tarry but a night :  
 When the last dear morn shall come,  
 We'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize ;  
 Soon your saviour will return,  
 Triumphant, through the skies :  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance shall be giv'n ;  
 All your sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.



XCVII. 8, 6. *BROADBUSH'S COL.**Happiness of the Christian.*

- 1 **H**OW happy's ev'ry child of grace  
 Who feels his sins forgiv'n !  
 This world, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek a place in heaven :  
 A country far from mortal sight,  
 Yet O ! by faith I see  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 A heav'n prepar'd for me.
- 2 A stranger in this world below,  
 I calmly sojourn here ;  
 Nor can its happiness or wo  
 Provoke my hope or fear :  
 Its evils in a moment end,  
 Its joys as soon are past ;  
 But O ! the bliss to which I tend  
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above,  
 With singing I'll repair ;  
 While in the flesh, by hope and love,  
 My heart and soul are there ;  
 There my exalted Saviour stands,  
 My merciful High Priest,  
 And still extends his wounded hands,  
 To take me to his breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,  
 And keep me back from home,  
 When angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come ?  
 Shall I regret to leave my friends  
 Here in this vale confin'd !  
 To God himself my soul ascends —  
 Farewell to all behind !

- 5 The race we all are running now—  
What though I first attain ?  
They too their willing heads shall bow,  
They too the prize shall gain :  
Now on the brink of death I stand,  
And if I pass before,  
They shall too escape to land,  
And hail me on that shore.
- 6 Then should I suddenly remove,  
That hidden life to share ;  
I should not lose my friends above,  
But more enjoy them there.  
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,  
His boundless love proclaim,  
And solemnize in songs divine  
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 7 O what a blessed hope is ours,  
While here on earth we stay !  
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,  
And antedate that day ;  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious presence here,  
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 8 O would he more of heav'n bestow,  
Then let this vessel break ;  
And let my ransom'd spirit go  
To see the God I seek :  
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
Who gives that sight to me ;  
And shout, and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity.

## XCVIII. 8, 7, C. WESLEY.

*Jesus, the soul of Music.*

- 1 LISTED into the cause of sin,  
Why should a good be evil?  
Music, alas ! too long has been  
Press'd to obey the devil !  
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay  
Flows to the soul's undoing,  
Widens and strews with flowers the way  
Down to eternal ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise ;  
Innocent mirth recover ?  
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,  
Plunder the carnal lover ?  
Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,  
Ev'ry melting measure,  
Music in virtue's cause retain,  
Revive the holy pleasure ?
- 3 Come, let us try if Jesus' love  
Cannot as well inspire us :  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth will fire us ;  
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing ;  
Is there a subject greater ?  
Melody all its strains may bring,  
Jesus's love is sweeter.
- 4 Jesus the soul of music is,  
He is the noblest passion ;  
Jesus's name is life and peace,  
Happiness and salvation ;  
Jesus's name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of grace,  
And carry us up to heaven.

- 5 Who hath a right like us to sing ?  
 Us, whom his mercy raises ;  
 Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,  
 Joyful be all our faces.  
 Who of his love doth once partake,  
 He in the Lord rejoices ;  
 Melody in our hearts we make,  
 Melody with our voices.
- 6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,  
 He that in heart is merry ;  
 Let him sing psalms, the Scripture saith,  
 Joyful, and ne'er be weary ;  
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
 Hearty and never ceasing ;  
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,  
 Worship and thanks, and blessing.
- 7 Come let us in his praises join,  
 Triumph in his salvation ;  
 Glory aspire to love divine,  
 Worship and adoration :  
 Heaven already is begun,  
 Open'd in each believer ;  
 Only believe, and then sing on,  
 Heaven is ours for ever.

XCIX. P. M. *TIEBOUT'S COLLECTION.*

*The wandering Pilgrim.*

- 1 **W**AND'RING pilgrims, mourning christians,  
 Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ,  
 Who endure great tribulation,  
 And with sins are much distress'd ;  
 Christ has sent me to invite you,  
 To a rich and costly feast ;

Let not shame nor pride prevent you,  
Come, the sweet provision taste.

- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,  
And bemoan your wretched case ;  
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,  
'Tis a sign of quick'ning grace,  
If you want a heart to fear him,  
Love and serve him all your days,  
Come to Christ the Lord and ask him,  
He will guide your feet always.

- 3 If your heart is unbelieving,  
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,  
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,  
Till the troubled waters move.  
If no man appear to help you,  
All their efforts prove but talk ;  
Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,  
" Rise, take up your bed and walk."

- 4 If like Peter you are sinking,  
In the sea of unbelief ;  
Wait with patience, always praying,  
Christ will send you sweet relief ;  
He will give you grace and glory,  
All your wants shall be supply'd,  
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,  
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,  
Christ shall guard you through the gloom,  
Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,  
To convey you to his home :  
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,  
Free from ev'ry want and care ;  
Come, O come ! my blessed Saviour,  
Fain my spirit would be there.

C. P. M. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.**Friendship.*

- 1 **T**HE reason we love friendship  
We will deny to no man,  
How shall, how shall, how shall we,  
Who are thus form'd for happiness,  
E'er slight a loving christian,  
Since Jesus, Jesus hath died on the tree,  
For to deliver men  
From violence and treason,  
That we might love each other,  
And find in him salvation.  
'Twas love that mov'd the Almighty God  
For to redeem the nation,  
That happy, happy we might be.
- 2 On a feast day in ancient times,  
Jesus stood thus crying;  
Whoso thirsteth let every one  
Come unto me and freely drink,  
And thus be sav'd from dying;  
For surely, surely there's nothing else can  
Quench the immortal thirst  
That in your heart is glowing,  
Then come and taste the streams of grace  
Which are so freely flowing;  
O! drink my love, my only dove,  
For you they now are flowing,  
Then happy, happy you shall be.
- 3 Let us who have begun to taste  
The sweets of this salvation;  
Follow, follow, let us follow on,  
Believing we shall overcome,  
Resisting all temptation,  
Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the Son;

With out-stretch'd arm expanded,  
 And voice that's so inviting,  
 To sacred streams of purest joys  
 Is thus our souls exciting,  
 Let us impart to him our heart,  
 By faith and love uniting,  
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

CL. 8s. *TIEBOUT'S COL.*

*Experience.*

- 1 **I** AM a stranger here below,  
 And what I am is hard to know ;  
 I am so vile, so prone to sin,  
 I fear that I'm not born again.
- 2 Would I, experience call to mind,—  
 I often find myself so blind,  
 All marks of grace seem to be gone,  
 Which make me fear that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way,  
 My thoughts are often gone astray ;  
 Like one alone I seem to be,  
 Or is there any one like me ?
- 4 'Tis seldom I can ever see  
 Myself as I would wish to be ;  
 What I desire I can't retain,  
 From what I hate I can't refrain.
- 5 So far from God I seem to lie,  
 That often I'm constrain'd to cry ;  
 I fear at last that I shall fall,  
 Or if a saint, I'm least of all.
- 6 I seldom find a heart to pray,  
 So many things come in the way ;  
 Thus fill'd with doubts, I ask to know,  
 Come tell me if 'tis thus with you ?



7 By sore experience I do know,  
 There's nothing good that I can do ;  
 I cannot satisfy the law,  
 Nor hope nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,  
 And all my duties so unclean,  
 That when I count up all the cost.  
 Without free grace I know I'm lost.

CII. 8s. *BALDWIN.*

*Union.*

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,  
 That hatred is conquer'd by love?  
 It fastens our souls in such ties,  
 As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;  
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
 And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends now so dear unto me,  
 (Our souls so united in love ;)   
 Where Jesus is gone I shall see,  
 In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O ! why then so leath for to part ?  
 Since there we shall all meet again,  
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
 At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And soon we shall see that bright day,  
 And join with the armies above,  
 Set free from these prisons of clay  
 United in mansions of love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 His glory eternally see,  
 Singing hallelujahs, Amen ;  
 Amen ! even so let it be.

CHIL. P. M. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.**Christ's love revealed.*

- 1 **F**AR above yon glorious ceiling  
Of the azure vaulted sky,  
Jesus sits, his love revealing  
To his splendid troops on high.  
Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,  
At his feet they prostrate fall;  
Saints and angels all avowing,  
God in Christ is all in all.
- 2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming,  
Of a fancied heaven below,  
And see Jesus' glory beaming,  
How our souls would long to go!  
Earth by us would then be spurned,  
As its vanity subside;  
Fuel fit for to be burned,  
All its honours, pleasures, pride.
- 3 From the general conflagration,  
We should to God's refuge fly,  
Clasp the hope of our salvation,  
Live in Christ, no more to die.  
We in him our rest obtaining,  
All his blessedness should prove;  
O'er our foes victorious reigning,  
Full of peace and joy and love.
- 4 We should for the day be waiting,  
When the full reward is giv'n;  
When the glorious work's completed  
Jesus takes his church to heav'n:  
Pure from every stain of nature,  
There in holiness to shine,  
Moulded by her great Creator,  
For society divine.

CIV. *WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.**Converse with Christ.*

- 1 I'M tir'd with visits modes, and forms,  
 And flatt'ries paid to fellow-worms;  
 Their conversation cloy's :  
 Their vain amours, and empty stuff :  
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough [my joys.  
 Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all
- 2 When he begins to tell his love,  
 Through every vein my passions move,  
 The captives of his tongue :  
 In midnight shades, on frosty ground,  
 I could attend the pleasing sound,  
 Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the  
 darkness long.
- 3 There while I hear my Saviour-God  
 Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)  
 He bore upon the tree,  
 Inward I blush with secret shame,  
 And weep, and love, and bless the name,  
 That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bore  
 it all for me.
- 4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,  
 And talks his bloody passion o'er,  
 Till I am drown'd in tears :  
 Yet with the sympathetic smart  
 There's a strange joy beats round my heart !  
 The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest  
 balm it bears.
- 5 I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell,  
 How on his cross he vanquish'd Hell,  
 And all the pow'rs beneath :  
 Transported and inspir'd, my tongue  
 Attempts his triumphs in a song ;  
 " How has the Serpent lost his sting, and where's  
 thy vict'ry death ? "

- 6 But when he shows his hands and heart,  
 With those dear prints of dying smart,  
 He sets my soul on fire,  
 Not the beloved John could rest  
 With more delight upon that breast,  
 Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more-  
 intense desire.
- 7 Kindly he opes to me his ear,  
 And bids me pour my sorrow there,  
 And tell him all my pains :  
 Thus, while I ease my burden'd heart,  
 In ev'ry wo he bears a part, [head sustains.  
 His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping
- 8 Fly from my thoughts all human things,  
 And sporting swains, and fighting kings,  
 And tales of wanton love :  
 My soul disdains that little snare,  
 The ringlets of Amira's hair :  
 Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor  
 can my heart remove.

CV. 7, 5. *TIEBOUT'S COL.*

*Longing for Heaven.*

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with him above ;  
 And from the flowing fountain  
 Drink everlasting love.  
 When shall I be deliver'd  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus,  
 Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before,

He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er;  
His promises are faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I am determin'd  
To conquer, though I die,  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love, I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you both adieu;  
And, O my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray:  
Gird on the heavenly armour  
Of faith and hope, and love;  
And when the combat's ended  
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,  
For Jesus is your friend:  
And if you want more knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend:  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though oft'ner your request;  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid th' entombed millions  
From their cold beds arise,

Our ransom'd dust, revived,  
 New beauties shall put on,  
 And soar to the blest mansion  
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture  
 The Saviour's face behold:  
 Our feet, no more diverted,  
 Shall walk the streets of gold;  
 Our ears shall hear with transport  
 The hosts celestial sing;  
 Our tongues shall chant the glories  
 Of our immortal King.

CVI. 11s. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.*

*The dying Christian.*

- 1 **M**Y soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue  
 Could I meet with angels, I'd sing  
 them a song:  
 I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms  
 And beg them to bear me to his loving arms
- 2 Methinks they're descending to hear while  
 I sing,  
 Well pleas'd to hear mortals a praising their  
 King;  
 O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame,  
 I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus's name.
- 3 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,  
 'Twas thee my dear Jesus that made my  
 heart whole:  
 O! bring me to view thee, thou precious  
 sweet king,  
 In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.
- 4 O heavens! sweet heavens, I long to be there,  
 To meet all my brethren, and Jesus my dear:

- Come angels, come angels, I'm ready to fly,  
Come quickly convey me to God in the sky.
- 5 Sweet spirits attend me till Jesus shall come,  
Protect and defend me till I am call'd home :  
Though worms my poor body may claim as  
their prey,  
'Twill outshine when rising the sun at noon-  
day.
- 6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd  
to blood,  
The mountains all melt at the presence of God;  
Red lightnings may flash, and loud thunders  
may roar,  
All this cannot daunt me on Canaan's blest  
shore.
- 7 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,  
I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal:  
My soul while I'm singing is leaping to go,  
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.
- 8 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids  
me come,  
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going  
home :  
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my  
ear,  
Away to thy Saviour thy spirit we'll bear.
- 9 I'm going, I'm going,—but what do I see?  
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me!  
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going, I'm gone!  
O glory! O glory! 'tis done, it is done!
- 10 To th' regions of glory the spirit has fled,  
And left this vile body inactive and dead;  
With angelic armies in glory to blaze,  
On Jesus's beauties for ever to gaze.



- 11 When th' seals are all open'd the trumpet  
shall sound,  
To wake God's dear children that sleep un-  
der ground ;  
Their souls and their bodies shall then join  
in one,  
And each from their Saviour receive a bright  
crown.

CVII. C. M. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.*

*On the Millenium.*

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,  
When Zion's light shall come,  
She shall arise and shine on high,  
Bright as the morning sun.  
The north and south their sons resign,  
And earth's foundations bend ;  
Adorn'd as a bride Jerusalem,  
All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King, who wears the glorious crown,  
The azure flaming bow,  
That holy city shall bring down,  
To bless the saints below.  
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King  
Shall sin and death destroy,  
The morning stars shall together sing,  
And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy bright musician band,  
Who play on harps of gold,  
In holy order then shall stand,  
Fair Salem to behold.  
Descending on sweet melting strains,  
Jehovah they adore :  
Such shouts through earth's extensive plains  
Were never heard before.

- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,  
 Nor think his reign is long,  
 Though saints are feeble, few and poor,  
 Their great Redeemer's strong.  
 He is their shield and hiding place,  
 A covert from the wind,  
 A fountain in the wilderness,  
 Throughout this weary land.
- 5 The crystal streams run down from heav'n,  
 They issue from the throne;  
 The floods of strife away are driv'n;  
 The church becomes but one.  
 This peaceful union she shall know,  
 And, perfected in love,  
 Adore and sing of grace below  
 Till rais'd to dwell above.
- 6 A thousand years shall roll around—  
 The church shall be complete;  
 Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound  
 Her Saviour for to meet,  
 She'll rise with joy and soar on high,  
 She'll fly to Jesus's arms,  
 And gaze with wonder and delight  
 On her Beloved's charms.

## CVIII. 7, 6. HART.

*A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul,*

- 1 BEL. COME my soul, and let us try,  
 For a little season,  
 Ev'ry burden to lay by:  
 Come and let us reason.  
 What is this that casts thee down?  
 Who are those that grieve thee?  
 Speak, and let the worst be known;  
 Speaking may relieve thee.

- 2 SOUL. *Oh! I sink beneath the load  
Of my nature's evil;  
Full of enmity to God;  
Captiv'd by the devil:  
Restless as the troubled seas;  
Feeble, faint, and fearful?  
Plagued with ev'ry sore disease;  
How can I be cheerful.*
- 3 BEL. *Think on what thy Saviour bore  
In the gloomy garden,  
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,  
To procure thy pardon.  
See him stretch'd upon the wood,  
Bleeding, grieving, crying;  
Suff'ring all the wrath of God:  
Groaning, gasping, dying!*
- 4 SOUL. *This by faith I sometimes view,  
And those views relieve me:  
But my sins return anew;  
These are they that grieve me.  
Oh! I'm leprous, filthy, foul,  
Quite throughout infected,  
Have not I, if any soul,  
Cause to be dejected?*
- 5 BEL. *Think how loud thy dying Lord,  
Cried out, "It is finish'd."  
Treasure up that sacred word  
Whole and undiminish'd.  
Doubt not; he will carry on,  
To its full perfection,  
That good work he has begun,  
Why then this dejection?*
- 6 SOUL. *Faith, when void of works, is dead;  
This the scriptures witness:*

*And what works have I to plead,  
Who am all unfitness?  
All my powers are deprav'd,  
Blind, perverse, and filthy;  
If from death I'm fully sav'd,  
Why am I not healthy?*

7 BEL. Pore not on thyself too long,  
Lest it sink thee lower;  
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,  
Mercy's join'd with power.  
Ev'ry work that thou must do,  
Will thy gracious Saviour  
For thee work, and in thee too,  
Of his special favour.

8 SOUL. *Jesus' precious blood once spilt,  
I depend on solely,  
To release and clear my guilt:  
But I would be holy.*

BEL. He that bought thee on the cross,  
Can control thy nature,  
Fully purge away thy dross,  
Make thee a new creature.

9 SOUL. *That he can I nothing doubt,  
Be it but his pleasure.*

BEL. Though it be not done throughout,  
May it not in measure?

SOUL. *When that measure, far from great,  
Still shall seem decreasing—*

BEL. Faint not then; but pray, and wait,  
Never, never ceasing.

10 SOUL. *What when pray'r meets no regard?*

BEL. Still repeat it often.

SOUL. *But I feel myself so hard—*

BEL. Jesus will thee soften.

*SOUL. But my enemies make head.*

*BEL. Let them closer drive thee.*

*SOUL. But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead,*

*BEL. Jesus will revive thee.*

- 11 **TOGETHER.** Come let us in his praises join,  
 Triumph in his salvation;  
 Glory ascribe to love divine,  
 Worship and adoration.  
 Heav'n already is begun,  
 Open'd in each believer,  
 Only believe, and still sing on,  
 Heav'n is ours for ever.

**CIX. P. M. BOSTON COLLEC.**

*Christian Union*

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell  
 The wonders of Immanuel,  
 Who sav'd me from a burning hell,  
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,  
 And feel a blessed *Union*.
- 2 He view'd me from his courts on high,  
 And saw my soul in ruin lie,  
 He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
 And said to me, as he pass'd by,  
 With God you have no *Union*.
- 3 Then I began to mourn and cry;  
 I look'd this way and that to fly;  
 It griev'd me sore that I must die;  
 I strove salvation for to buy,  
 But still I had no *Union*.
- 4 But when my Jesus took me in,  
 And with his blood did wash me clean.

- "Twas then I hated ev'ry sin ;  
 And O ! what seasons I have seen  
 Since I have felt this *Union*.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,  
 From house to house I went to pray ;  
 And if I met one on the way,  
 I always had some word to say  
 About this blessed *Union*.
- 6 I wonder why old saint's don't sing,  
 And praise the Lord upon the wing,  
 And make the heavenly arches ring  
 With loud hosannas to their king,  
 Who brought their souls to *Union*.
- 7 Return, backsliders, come away,  
 And learn to do as well as say,  
 Be careful that you watch and pray :  
 Come, bear your cross from day to day,  
 And then you'll feel this *Union*.
- 6 We soon shall break all nature's ties,  
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,  
 And shout salvation through the skies ;  
 And gain the mark, and win the prize,  
 And feel in *Heaven* this *Union*.

CX. 8s. *NEWTON.*

*What think ye of Christ ?*

- 1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ ? is the test  
 To try both your state and your scheme ;  
 You cannot be right in the rest,  
 Unless you think rightly of him,  
 As Jesus appears in your view,  
 As he is beloved or not ;  
 So far is revealed to you,  
 That mercy or wrath is your lot,

- 2 Some take him a creature to be,  
A man, or an angel at most :  
Sure these have not feelings like me,  
Nor know themselves wretched and lost ;  
So guilty, so helpless am I,  
I durst not confide in his blood,  
Nor on his protection rely,  
Unless I were *sure* he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,  
But mix their own works with his plan,  
And hope he his help will afford,  
When *they* have done all that they can ;  
If doings prove rather too light,  
(A little they own they may fail)  
They purpose to make up full weight,  
By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the Pearl of great price,  
And say he's the Fountain of joys ;  
Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
And cleave to the world and its toys ;  
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,  
And while they salute him, betray ;  
Ah ! what will profession like this  
Avail in the terrible day !
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,  
Though still my best thoughts are but poor ;  
I say, he's my meat and my drink,  
My life, and my strength, and my store ;  
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,  
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;  
My hope, from beginning to end,  
My portion, my Lord, and my all.



CXI. P. M. *BALT. COL.**The Believer's Triumph.*

- 1 **H**OW happy's every child of grace,  
The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,  
That bears the fruits of righteousness,  
And kept by Jesus' power;  
Their trespasses are all forgiv'n,  
They antedate the joys of heav'n;  
In rapturous lays  
Shout the praise  
Of Jesus's grace,  
To a lost race  
Of Sinners, brought to happiness  
Through th' atoning blood of Jesus.
- 2 Satan may tempt and hell may rage,  
And all the powers of earth besiege;  
Their united strength at once engage  
To pluck a soul from Jesus.  
The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,  
He's heaven-bound, he's heaven-born,  
He'll watch and pray,  
Night and day,  
Fight his way,  
Win the day,  
And all his enemies dismay,  
Through the mighty name of Jesus.
- 3 O monster Death, thy sting is drawn;  
O boasted Grave, no trophies won;  
The saint triumphs through grace alone,  
To praise the name of Jesus.  
At length he bids the world adieu,  
With all its vanity and show—  
The soul it flies,  
Through the skies,

- To Paradise,  
And joins its voice  
In rapturous lays, of love, to praise  
The glorious name of Jesus.
- 4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,  
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,  
And swears that time is at an end,  
Ye dead arise to judgment—  
See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,  
This earth wrapt like a parchment scroll,  
Comets blaze,  
Sinners raise,  
Dread amaze,  
And horrors seize,  
The guilty sons of Adam's race,  
Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.
- 5 The christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,  
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high  
To meet his Saviour in the sky,  
And see the face of Jesus :  
The soul and body re-unite,  
And fill'd with glory infinite :  
Blessed day,  
Christians say,  
Will you pray,  
That we may  
All join that happy company,  
To praise the name of Jesus.

CXII. 7s. NEWTON.

*Hear what he has done for my soul.*

- 1 SAV'D by grace I live to tell,  
What the love of Christ has done :  
He redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Of a rebel made a son ;

- Oh! I tremble still to think  
 How secure I liv'd in sin;  
 Sporting on destruction's brink,  
 Yet preserv'd from falling in.
- 2 In a kind, propitious hour,  
 To my heart the Saviour spoke;  
 Touch'd me by his spirit's pow'r,  
 And my dang'rous slumber broke.  
 Then I saw and own'd my guilt;  
 Soon my gracious Lord replied,  
 "Fear not, I my blood have spilt,  
 'Twas for such as thee I died."
- 3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
 All at once possess'd my heart;  
 Can I hope thy grace to prove  
 After acting such a part?  
 "Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,  
 But I freely all forgive;  
 I myself thy debt have paid,  
 Now I bid thee rise and live."
- 4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try,  
 Jesus' heart is full of love;  
 Oh that you, as well as I,  
 May his wondrous mercy prove!  
 He has sent me to declare,  
 All is ready, all is free;  
 Why should any soul despair,  
 When he sav'd a wretch like me.

CXIII. 7s. *BALT. COL.**The comforts of the way.*

- 1 **C**OME and taste along with me  
 Consolation running free;

From our father's gracious throne,  
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

- 2 Wherefore should I feast alone ?  
Mourning souls, there yet is room :  
Converts ever coming in  
Make the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,  
Asking for a little more ;  
Jesus gives a double share ;  
Still I am a gleaner there.
- 4 My old nature doth its best  
To deprive my soul of rest,  
But I've treasures coming in  
Which are opposite to sin.
- 5 Sinful nature, prone to vice,  
Cannot stop the force of grace,  
While there is a God to give  
Or a mourner to receive.
- 6 Goodness running like a stream  
Through the New Jerusalem,  
Doth by constant breaking forth  
Sweeten earth and heaven both.
- 7 Saints in glory sing aloud  
In the praises of their God ;  
We who sing in faith below  
Soon to glory too shall go.
- 8 Heaven's here and heaven's there ;  
Comforts flowing every where !  
This I freely do confess  
That my soul has got a taste.
- 9 Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume,  
Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mount of God.

CXIV. 8s. *BALT. COL.**The happy hopeful saint.*

- 1 **O** MAY it be my lot to see  
The church in full prosperity;  
To see the bright, the glittering bride;  
Close seated by her Saviour's side.
- 2 O may I find some humble seat,  
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;  
A servant as before I've been,  
And sing salvation to my king.
- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die,  
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;  
I hope to praise him after death;  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 5 Farewell vain world, I'm going home;  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;  
His angels beckon me away,  
To join the saints in endless day.
- 6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,—  
In his dear arms I'll lose my breath;  
And then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
Awake ye nations under ground:  
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
- 8 When to that bless'd world I rise,  
And join the anthems in the skies,

This note above the rest shall swell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

- 2 Then shall I see my blessed God,  
And praise him in his bright abode ;  
My theme through all eternity  
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

CXV. P. M. *BALT. COL.*

*Friend's Parting.*

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,  
Cemented, mix'd in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis Heaven on earth begun ;  
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,  
And glow'd with sacred fire ;  
He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and bless'd,  
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

- A Saviour let creation sing,  
A Saviour let all heaven ring ;  
He's God with us, we feel him ours,  
His fullness in our souls he pours ;  
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,  
We're joining them who're gone before,  
We soon shall meet to part no more.
- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
Let trembling cowards fly ;  
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd  
With Christ to live and die :  
Let Devils rage, and Hell assail,  
We'll cut our passage through ;  
Let foes unite, and friends desert,  
We'll still the crown pursue.  
A Saviour let, &c.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens abound with rain ;  
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,  
 And all its moisture drain ;  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
 But pour the mighty flood ;  
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
 'Till all proclaim thee God,  
 A Saviour let, &c.
- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And set'st thy starry crown,  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;  
 May we, the little band of love,  
 We sinners, sav'd by grace,  
 From glory into glory chang'd,  
 Behold thee face to face.  
 A Saviour let, &c.

CXVI. 7, 8. *MEDLER.**The Believer's hiding place.*

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love, that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man,  
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,  
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;  
 Despis'd the gospel of his grace,  
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrap't in dark Egyptian night,  
 Fonder of darkness than of light,  
 Madly I ran the sinful race,  
 Secure, without a hiding place.



- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,  
 "Almighty love, arrest the man ;"  
 I felt the arrows of distress,  
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view ;  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,  
 But justice cried, with frowning face,  
 This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,  
 And mercy for my soul appear'd,  
 Which led me on a pleasing pace,  
 To Jesus as my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,  
 And skake the globe from pole to pole,  
 No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,  
 For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 A few more rolling years at most,  
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,  
 When I shall sing the song of grace,  
 Safe in my glorious hiding place.

## CXVII. 11s.

*Desires for a Revival answered.*

- 1 **O**H how I have long'd for the coming of  
 God,  
 And sought him by praying and searching his  
 word ;  
 By watching and mourning my soul was op-  
 press'd,  
 Nor could I give over till sinners were bless'd.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length do appear,  
 According to promise, he's answer'd my pray'r,  
 The prospects now open'd do gladden'd my  
 soul ;  
 Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

- 3 The news of rich mercy is sounding aloud,  
And sinners come weeping and crying to  
God;  
They're mourning and praying at home and  
abroad,  
And many find favour through Jesus's blood.
- 4 Still more my dear Saviour here fall at thy  
feet,  
Each under a burden oppressively great;  
O hear them dear Jesus;—their burdens re-  
move,  
And let them exult in thy favor and love.
- 5 Ye saints be encourag'd—the promises plead,  
King Jesus is claiming his ransomed seed,  
And millions shall bow to his sceptre of love  
When we are remov'd to the city above.
- 6 We wait for his chariot, it seems to draw near;  
O come thou dear Saviour, let glory appear,  
We long to be singing with saints now above,  
With them overwhelmed in oceans of love.

CXVIII. *BALT. COL.**Christmas Hymn.*

- 1 **F**ROM the regions of love,  
Lo! an angel descended,  
And told the strange news  
How the babe was attended;  
Go, shepherds, and visit  
This wonderful stanger,  
With wonder and joy  
See your God in a manger.

## CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
Who obtain'd our redemption

We'll praise him evermore  
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring  
To you and each nation ;  
Glad tidings of joy,  
Now behold your salvation.  
When sudden a multitude  
Raise their glad voices,  
And shout the Redeemer  
While heaven rejoices.  
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now glory to God  
In the highest is given,  
Now glory to God  
Is re-echo'd through heaven :  
Around the whole earth  
Let us tell the glad story,  
And sing of his love,  
His salvation and glory.  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd I burn  
With delight and desire,  
A love so divine  
Sets my soul all on fire ;  
Around the bright throne  
Now hosannas are ringing,  
O, when shall I join  
Them, and be ever singing !  
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Triumphantly ride  
In thy chariot victorious,  
And conquer with love  
O, Jesus, all glorious !

Thy banner unfurl,  
 Bid the nations surrender,  
 And own thee their Saviour,  
 Their king and defender.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

CXIX. 8, 6. *MEDHURST*

*The Christian Traveller.*

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company  
 Of travellers are these,  
 That's walking yonder narrow way,  
 Along that rugged maze?
- 2 *They all are of a royal line,  
 They're children of a king,  
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
 And loud for joy they sing.*
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean;  
 And why so much despis'd?  
*Because of their rich robes unseen  
 The world are not appriz'd.*
- 4 Why some of them seem poor, distress'd,  
 And lacking daily bread?  
*Heirs of immortal wealth possess'd,  
 With hidden manna fed.*
- 5 Why do they shun that pleasant path,  
 Which worldlings love so well?  
*Because it is the road to death—  
 The certain way to Hell.*
- 6 Why do they walk the narrow road,  
 Along that rugged maze?  
*Because this way their leader trod;  
 They love and keep his ways.*
- 7 What, is there then no other road  
 To Salem's happy ground?

*Christ is the only way to God—  
No other can be found.*

CXX. P. M. BALT. COL.

*Adoration.*

- 1     **A**LMIGHTY love inspire,  
      My heart with pure desire,  
      Until the sacred fire  
      My sins shall subdue ;  
      I love the blessed Jesus,  
      On whom each angel gazes,  
      And still that love increases  
      My object to pursue.
- 2     My tender hearted Jesus ;  
      His love my soul amazes !  
      He came for to save us  
      When lost and undone !  
      No angel could redeem us,  
      No seraph could retrieve us,  
      No one could relieve us,  
      But Jesus alone.
- 3     In him I have believed,  
      And he has me received,  
      From sin he has redeemed  
      My soul which was dead :  
      I love the blessed Saviour,  
      I'm made to know his favour,  
      And hope with him for ever,  
      The golden streets to tread.
- 4     Then be thou not dismayed  
      My soul, thou shalt be raised  
      With Christ and all his saved  
      To mansions above ;  
      There t' enjoy the treasure  
      Of unconsuming pleasure,

And shout in highest measure  
Hallelujahs of love.

CXXI. 8s. *BALT. COL.**Jesus is my Friend.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a Heaven above the skies,  
A Heaven where pleasure never dies,  
A Heaven I sometimes hope to see,  
But fear again 'tis not for me.  
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend; O hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.
- 2 The way is difficult and strait,  
And narrow is the gospel gate,  
Ten thousand dangers are therein,  
Ten thousand snares to take me in.  
But Jesus, &c.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,  
Through conflict sore my spirit goes,  
The tempter cries "you ne'er shall stand,  
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land."  
But Jesus, &c.
- 4 The way of danger I am in,  
Beset with devils, men and sin;  
But in this way the track I see,  
Of him who liv'd and died for me:  
O Jesus, &c.
- 5 Come life, come death, come then what will,  
His footsteps I will follow still,  
Through dangers thick and Hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in his dear arms.  
O Jesus, &c.
- 6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,  
Yonder's thy Saviour, friend and king;

With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
And cries "Press on and here's the crown."  
O Jesus, &c.

7 "Endure the cross a few more days,  
"Fight the good fight and win the race,  
"And then thy soul with me shall reign,  
"Thy head a crown of glory gain."  
O Jesus, &c.

8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
'Till the Archangel's trump shall sound,  
Then burst its bands with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.  
O Jesus, &c.

CXXII. P. M. *BALT. COLLEC.*

*Christ's sufferings.*

1 **T**HROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we  
trace,  
Example or redeeming grace,  
No period else was seen,  
'Till he a spotless victim fell,  
Tasting in soul a painful hell,  
Caus'd by his people's sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see  
My Jesus kneel and pray for me;  
O! him will I adore;  
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,  
Blood-drops did force their passage out,  
Through ev'ry op'ning pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,  
His back they scourg'd, his flesh they tore,  
'Till one the bones might see!  
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,



Marking his way with blood and tear,  
Press'd by the heavy tree.

- 4 Thus up the hill oppress'd he came ;  
Round him they mock'd and made their game ;  
At length his cross they rear ;  
And can we see the Lamb of God,  
And hear him cry beneath our load,  
Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus veiled in humanity,  
He dies with anguish on the tree ;  
What tongue his grief can tell ?  
See shudd'ring rocks their heads recline !  
The sun itself refuse to shine !  
Dismay'd the powers of Hell.
- 6 But sing, ye saints, in songs divine,  
He drank the gall to give us wine,  
To quench our parching thirst ;  
Seraphs advance your voices higher,  
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,  
To praise your precious Christ.

CXXIII. *NEWTON.*

*Blind Bartimeus.*

- 1 “**M**ERCY, O thou son of David,”  
Thus blind Bartimeus cried ;  
“Others by thy grace are saved,  
O vouchsafe to me thine aid.”  
For his crying many chid him,  
But he cried the louder still ;  
’Till his gracious Saviour bid him,  
“Come and ask me what you will.”
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging us’d to live :

Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
Alms, that none but he could give ;  
“ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let mine eyes behold the day ;”  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

- 3 Now methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around ;  
“ Friends is not my case amazing,  
What a Saviour I have found !  
Oh that all the blind but knew him,  
Or could be advis'd by me ;  
Sure if they were brought unto him,  
He would cause them all to see.

- 4 “ Now I freely leave my garments,  
Following Jesus in the way,  
He'll direct me by his counsel,  
Bring me to eternal day ;  
There shall I behold my Saviour,  
Spotless, innocent and pure,  
I shall reign with him for ever,  
For his promises are sure.

- 5 Don't you see my Jesus coming,  
See him now in yonder cloud,  
With ten thousand angels round him ;  
O behold the glorious crowd !  
I will rise and go and meet him,  
And embrace him in my arms ;  
In the arms of my dear Jesus  
O ! he hath ten thousand charms.

CXXIV. P. M. *METHODIST COLLEC.*

*Dying Stephen.*

- 1 **H** EAD of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee,

- Till thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing in hope of glory.  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation ?  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise  
Which knows no days,  
And ever bring us nigher :  
We raise our songs exulting  
In thine Almighty favour ;  
The love divine,  
Which made us thine,  
Will keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation ;  
Nor will we fear,  
While thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation :  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes ;  
By thee we shall  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory  
To which thou wilt exalt us,  
The cross despise  
For that high prize  
Which thou hast set before us :  
And if it be thy pleasure,

We each, as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see thee stand  
 At God's right hand,  
 To take us up to heav'n.

CXXV. *METHODIST COLLEC.**Funeral.*

- 1 **A**H! lovely appearance of death,  
 What sight upon earth is so fair?  
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
 Can with a dead body compare:  
 With solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother bereft  
 Of all that could burden his mind;  
 How easy the soul that has left  
 This wearisome body behind!  
 Of evil incapable thou,  
 Whose relics with envy I see,  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain,  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again:  
 No anger henceforward, or shame  
 Shall redden this innocent clay:  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
 This quiet immovable breast  
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:

This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
The fountains can yield no supplies ;  
These hollows from water are free ;  
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death :  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
O might I this moment become !  
My spirit created anew,  
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

CXXVI. As the 148th. Walworth tune. *SWAIN.*

*The Foretaste of Heaven.*

1 **O**N earth the song begins,  
In heav'n more sweet and loud,  
To him that drowns our sins  
In his atoning blood :  
To him, they cry in rapt'rous strain,  
" Be honour, praise, and pow'r—Amen."

2 Ye saints on earth repeat  
What heav'n with rapture owns,  
And while before his feet  
The elders cast their crowns,

Go imitate the choirs above,  
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 Sing as ye pass along,  
With joy and wonder sing,  
Till others learn the song,  
And own your Lord their King :  
Till converts join you as ye go,  
And make a growing heav'n below.

4 Inform the list'ning world  
How Jesus, when he fell,  
The pow'rs of darkness hurl'd  
Down to the depths of hell :  
And, rising, bore the rescu'd prize,  
His church, in triumph through the skies.

5 Alone he took the field,  
Alone the battle fought ;  
With his own sword and shield  
The mighty work he wrought.  
The mighty work was all his own,  
And let him ever wear the crown.

6 Our feeble minds are lost  
Beneath the lofty strain ;  
But, Jordan's billows crost,  
We'll catch the sound again :  
In praise assist the heav'nly choir,  
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

CXXVII. 7s. Bath Abbey tune. *SWAIN.*

*Mutual Encouragement.*

1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
One that loves us to the end.

Forward then with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
“ Child, your Father calls—come home.”

2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie, to take us unawares ;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part :  
But, from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
“ Child, your Father calls—come home.”

3 But, of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet ;  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within.  
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these ;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.”

CXXVIII. 10, 8. *WATTS'S MISCEL.*

*Hymn for Sophronia.*

1 **F**ORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask  
no more,

Where all my cheerful airs are fled ;  
Why will you make me talk my torments o'er,  
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

2 Deep from my heart, mark how the sobs  
arise ;

Hear the long groans that waste my breath,  
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes ;  
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.



- 3 I was all love and she was all delight ;  
     O let me run to seasons past ;      [sight.  
 Ah ! flow'ry days, when first she charm'd my  
     But roses will not always last.
- 4 Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth ;  
     The seed, descending from above,  
     Roots in a soil prepar'd ; grows high on earth,  
     And blooms with life and joy and love.
- 5 Not the gay splendours of a flatt'ring court,  
     Could tempt her to appear and shine,  
     Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort :  
     But I was blest, and she was mine.
- 6 She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all ;  
     Love grew with ev'ry waning moon ;  
     Had heav'n a length of years delay'd its call,  
     I still had thought it call'd too soon.
- 7 But peace my sorrows ! nor with murm'ring  
     voice,  
     Dare to accuse heav'ns high decree ;  
     She was first ripe for everlasting joys :—  
     Sophronia waits in heaven for me.

## CXXIX. 6, 3. MS.

*God seen in the Works of Nature.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the world below,  
     God we see, all around ;  
     Search hills and valleys through,  
     There he's found.  
     The growing of the corn,  
     The lilly and the thorn,  
     The pleasant and forlorn—  
     All declare God is there :  
     In meadows dress'd in green,  
     He is seen.

- 2 See springs of water rise,  
Fountains flow, rivers run ;  
The mist below the skies  
Hides the sun ;  
Then down the rain doth pour,  
The ocean it doth roar,  
And dash against the shore,  
All to praise, in their lays,  
The God that ne'er declines,  
His designs.
- 3 The sun, to my surprise,  
Speaks of God as he flies ;  
The comets in their blaze,  
Give him praise.  
The shining of the stars,  
The moon as it appears,  
His sacred name declares ;  
See them shine all divine !  
The shades in silence prove  
God's above.
- 4 Then let my station be,  
Here on earth as I see,  
The Sacred One in Three  
All agree ;  
Through all the world is made,  
The forest and the glade,  
Nor let me be afraid,  
Though I dwell on the hill,  
Since nature's works declare  
God is here.

CXXX. 7, 6. JEREMIAH MOORE.

*Fall of Antichrist. Rev. 17.*

- 1 COME all ye dear believers  
Who wish to own the Lord,

- Take up your cross and follow,  
Directed by his word ;  
In all his institutions  
With solemn rev'rence join ;  
Soon Jews and Gentile nations  
In Sion shall combine.
- 2 Fear not the frowns of scoffers,  
Nor tremble at the rage  
Of those who, though professors,  
Against the truth engage ;  
As scribes, and priests, and lawyers,  
And mitred bishops too,  
Pope, cardinals and friars,  
With all that they can do.
- 3 They talk of circumcision,  
And ancient customs plead,  
Observed by the Fathers,  
A holy pious seed ;  
They talk of Christians' offspring  
In covenant with God,  
Though ignorant of Jesus  
And his atoning blood.
- 4 O flee their schemes of priestcraft,  
Those soul-bewitching snares,  
That captive lead the simple  
As sacred truth declares ;  
They keep their own traditions,  
And gospel rites despise,  
And of the poor and simple  
Make shameful merchandise.
- 5 Reject their wicked counsels,  
Their errors cast away ;  
Escape those chains of darkness ;  
O hear Jehovah say—

- “ Come out of her my people,  
“ Nor of her crimes partake,  
“ Before my dreadful fury  
“ In storms of vengeance wake.
- 6 Behold the mighty angel,  
And hear what he doth say,  
While, lifting up the millstone,  
He casts it in the sea :  
“ Thus shall proud Babel’s kingdom  
“ In utter ruin fall ;  
“ No more t’oppress God’s people,  
“ No more be found at all.
- 7 Rejoice ye saints and martyrs  
That God hath visited  
Her sodomy and witchcrafts  
Upon her guilty head ;  
While awful vengeance seizes  
Its long devoted prey ;  
Her glories are departed,  
Her riches fled away.
- 8 See troops of mourning merchants,  
And tradesmen stand aloof !  
They wring their hands for sorrow,  
And cry that awful truth :  
“ Alas ! alas ! she’s fall’n,  
“ And all our wealth is gone,  
“ There’s none to buy our purple :  
“ We’re utterly undone.”
- 9 The Lamb now stands on Zion,  
And saints around him bow ;  
Great God we own thy judgments  
Are just and righteous too ;  
We shout in hallelujahs,  
To thine eternal name,

“ For now is come the hour,  
And marriage of the Lamb.”

10 The bride adorn'd with jewels,  
All dug from gospel mines,  
And drest in richest garments,  
'The rising sun outshines :  
How like a glorious city,  
Fair Zion doth appear !  
Nor sun nor moon is needed,  
The Lord himself is there.

11 Amen, loud hallelujah,  
Let saints and angels sing ;  
For lo ! the Lord Jehovah  
Is now come down again :  
A thousand years of triumph  
The church on earth obtains,  
Loud let the jub'lee trumpet  
Announce that Jesus reigns.

CXXXI. 14s. *MS. Altered.*

*Animation.*

1 **Y**E weary heavy laden souls, who are op-  
pressed sore ;  
Ye trav'lers in the wilderness to Canaan's  
peaceful shore ;  
'Through chilling winds and beating rains—  
the waters deep and cold,  
And enemies surrounding you—take cour-  
age and be bold.  
Eternal glory is in view, we feel our Father's  
love :  
And all the sorrows of the way increase our  
joys above.

- 2 Though storms and hurricanes arise, the desert all around,  
And fiery serpents oft appear through the enchanted ground :  
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,  
and dragons often roar ;  
Yet in the great Redeemer's strength, we'll  
press to Canaan's shore.  
Eternal glory, &c.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove, that  
mourns her absent mate ;  
From hill to hill, from vale to vale, her woes  
she doth relate ;  
But Canaan's land is just before, sweet spring  
is coming on ;  
A few more beating winds and rains, and winter  
will be gone.  
Eternal glory, &c.
- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the skies, black  
Jordan's billows roar ;  
And make us weary pilgrims fear we never  
shall get o'er ;  
But when as from mount Pisgah's top we  
view the vernal plain,  
To fright our souls may Jordan roar, and hell  
may rage in vain.  
Eternal glory, &c.
- 5 Methinks I now begin to see the borders of  
that land ;  
The trees of grace, with heav'nly fruit, in  
beauteous order stand :  
The wint'ry time will soon be gone, the summer  
soon appear,  
The glorious day is rolling on—the great  
Sabbatic year.—Eternal glory, &c.

6 O! what a glorious sight appears to my believing eyes;  
 Methinks I see Jerusalem, a city in the skies;  
 Bright angels whisper me away, O come to glory, come,  
 And I am waiting to be gone to my eternal home.  
 Eternal glory, &c.

7 By faith I view my glorious God on his eternal throne;  
 At his right hand the loving Lamb, the Spirit, Three in one:  
 Oh! that my faith were strong to rise and bear my soul away,  
 I'd shout salvation to the Lamb, in one eternal day.  
 Eternal glory, &c.

8 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord, who are for Canaan bound;  
 And should we never meet again till the last trump shall sound,  
 I hope that I shall meet you there, on that delightful shore,  
 In oceans of eternal bliss, where parting is no more.  
 Eternal glory, &c.

CXXXII. 7s. HART.

*Gethsemane.—Jesus oft times resorted thither with his disciples. John xviii. 2.*

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,  
 As divine historians say,  
 To a place would often go,  
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay;



In this place he lov'd to be,  
And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.

2 'Twas a garden, as we read,  
At the foot of Olivet,  
Low, and proper to be made  
The Redeemer's lone retreat.  
When from noise he would be free,  
Then he sought *Gethsemane*.

3 Thither, by their Master brought,  
His disciples likewise came :  
There the heav'nly truths he taught  
Often set their hearts on flame.  
Therefore they, as well as he,  
Visited *Gethsemane*.

4 Here they oft conversing sat,  
Or might join with Christ in pray'r ;  
Oh, what blest devotion's that,  
When the Lord himself is there !  
All things to them seem'd t' agree  
To endear *Gethsemane*.

5 Her no strangers durst intrude,  
But the Prince of Peace could sit,  
Cheer'd with sacred solitude,  
Wrapt in contemplation's sweet :  
Yet how little could they see,  
Why he chose *Gethsemane*.

6 Much he lov'd the chosen race,  
On this conflict much he thought ;  
This he knew the destin'd place,  
And he lov'd the sacred spot.  
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be  
Often in *Gethsemane*.

7 They his foll'wers with the rest,  
Had incurr'd the wrath divine :

And their Lord, with pity prest,  
 Long'd to bear their loads—and mine.  
 Love to them, and love to me,  
 Made him love *Gethsemane*.

8 Many woes had he endur'd,  
 Many sore temptations met,  
 Patient, and to pains inur'd :  
 But the sorest trial yet  
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,  
 Gloomy sad *Gethsemane*.

9 Came at length the dreadful night :  
 Vengeance with it's iron rod  
 Stood, and with collected might  
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.  
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
 Grov'ling in *Gethsemane*.

10 Viewing him in that *Olive-Press*,  
 Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in blood !  
 View thy Maker's deep distress !  
 Hear the groans of Christ thy God !  
 Then reflect what sin must be,  
 Gazing on *Gethsemane*.

11 Poor disciples, tell me now,  
 Where's the love you lately had !  
 Where's that faith ye all could vow ?—  
 But this hour is too, too sad.  
 'Tis not now for such as ye  
 To support *Gethsemane*.

12 Oh, what wonders love has done !  
 But how little understood !  
 God well knows, and God alone,  
 What produc'd that sweat of blood.  
 Who can thy deep wonders see,  
 Wonderful *Gethsemane* !

- 13 There my God bore all my guilt :  
This through grace can be believ'd ;  
But the horrors which he felt,  
Are too vast to be conceiv'd.  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark, *Gethsemane*.
- 14 Gloomy garden, on thy beds,  
Wash'd by Kedron's waters foul,  
Grow most rank and bitter weeds :  
Think on these, my sinful soul.  
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee,  
Call to mind *Gethsemane*.
- 15 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,  
(If there's one so vile as I)  
Leave more righteous souls to boast ;  
Leave them, and to refuge fly.  
We may well bless that decree,  
Which ordain'd *Gethsemane*.
- 16 We can hope no healing hand,  
Leprous quite throughout with sin,  
Loath'd incurables we stand,  
Crying out, *unclean, unclean*.  
Help there's none for such as we,  
But in dear *Gethsemane*.
- 17 Eden, from each flow'ry bed,  
Did for man short sweetness breathe :  
Soon by Satan's counsel led,  
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death.  
But of life the healing tree  
Grows in rich *Gethsemane*.
- 18 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort  
Oft-times with thy little train :  
Here wouldst keep thy private court—  
Oh ! confer that grace again.

Lord resort with worthless me  
Oft-times to *Gethsemane*.

- 19 True, I can't deserve to share  
In a favor so divine :  
But, since sin first fix'd thee there,  
None have greater sins than mine :  
And to this my woful plea  
Witness thou *Gethsemane*.

- 20 Sins against a holy God—  
Sins against his righteous law—  
Sins against his love, his blood—  
Sins against his name and cause—  
Sins immense as in the sea ;  
Hide me, O *Gethsemane*.

- 21 Here's my claim, and here alone,  
None a Saviour more can need ;  
Deeds of righteousness I've none,  
No, not one good work to plead.  
Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
Only in *Gethsemane*.

- 22 Saviour, all the stone remove  
From my flinty frozen heart ;  
Thaw it with the beams of love—  
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart.  
Wound the heart that wounded thee,  
Melt it in *Gethsemane*.

- 23 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One Almighty God of love,  
Hymn'd by all the heavenly host,  
In thy shining courts above.  
We poor sinners, gracious THREE,  
Bless thee for *Gethsemane*.

## CXXXIII. 11, 3.

*Description of Christ.*

- 1 **O** THOU in whose presence my soul takes  
delight,  
On whom in affliction I call;  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all—  
Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy  
sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
For why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they  
see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.  
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flocks he is gone?
- 3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odours around:  
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the  
vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.  
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,  
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,  
On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence  
blow—  
And his eyes are as quivers of beams!
- 4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;

- The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.  
 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
 That waters the gardens of grace ;  
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall  
 know,  
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight  
 Through all the bright mansions on high ;  
 Their faces the cherubin veil in his sight,  
 And tremble with fulness of joy.  
 He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-  
 joice,  
 And myriads wait for his word ;  
 He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
 Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

## CXXXIV. S. M. WARTS.

*Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known ;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
 Be banish'd from this place :  
 Religion never was design'd  
 To make our comforts less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
 That never knew our God,  
 But fav'rites of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,  
 And thunders when he please,

- That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas.]
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love :  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9 [The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.]

## CXXXV. L. M. WATTS.

*A sight of God crucifies us to the world.*

- 1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.



- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this load of guilt remove ;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,  
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove !
- 3 O might I once mount up and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be,  
How despicable to my eyes !]
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;  
Vanish, as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave ;  
I should perceive their noise no more  
Than we can hear the shaking leaf,  
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All ! Eternal King !  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

CXXXVI. 8, 6. *RIP. SELEC.*

*The everlasting Song.*

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long ;  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour sits ;  
The God how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around ;

And move and charm the starry plains,  
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
Jesus, my love, they sing :  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds  
Of time and space they run ;  
And echo in majestic sounds  
The Godhead of the Son !

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,  
And gentler notes they play ;  
And bring the Father's equal down  
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the Man !  
(The God resides within :)  
His flesh all pure, without a stain ;  
His soul without a sin.

8 But, when to Calvary they turn,  
Silent their harps abide ;  
Suspended songs a moment mourn  
The God that lov'd and died.

9 Then, all at once, to living strains  
They summon every chord :  
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,  
And chaunt the rising Lord.

10 Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too !  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise :  
O for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies !

- 12 There ye that love my Saviour sit :  
 There I would fain have place,  
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
 So I might see his face.



## BAPTISM.

CXXXVII. 13s. *WILMINGTON COL. Altered.*

*The example of Christ. Matt. iii.*

- 1 **B**E<sup>N</sup>G<sup>I</sup>N the third of Matthew, and read that  
 chapter through ;  
 It teaches true believers, what they are call'd  
 to do ;  
 It speaks of John the Baptist, who in the wil-  
 derness,  
 Did preach the joyful tidings of Christ the  
 prince of peace.
- 2 Some Pharisees attended to be baptiz'd of  
 him,  
 But he demanded fruit of repentance wrought  
 in them ;  
 Saying I'll baptize you freely, when you con-  
 fess your sin,  
 Submit to Christ the Saviour, and own him  
 for your king.
- 3 Then came the great Redecmer, Jehovah  
 God the Son,  
 And was baptiz'd in Jordan, by his own ser-  
 vant John ;  
 As he came out of the water, the Spirit from  
 above,  
 Descending, lighted on him in th' likeness of  
 a Dove.

- 4 The heav'ns thus were open'd, that plainly  
 you might see,  
 A witness to the people, that so it ought to be ;  
 A voice too from the Father, proclaim'd  
 " This is my son,  
 " In whom I am well pleased with all that he  
 " has done."
- 5 You that believe in Jesus, come show it by  
 your love ;  
 Come follow his example recorded from  
 above ;  
 Take up your cross as freely as Jesus did for  
 you,  
 To him I recommend you, and bid you *adieu*.

CXXXVIII. 8, 7, 4. *P.*—\*

*Baptism.*

- 1 **L**ONG with doubts and fears surrounded,  
 I've delay'd to own my Lord ;  
 In the ways of his appointment,  
 Though recorded in his word ;  
 " If ye love me, &c.  
 " Keep, saith Jesus, my commands."
- 2 Conscious now it is my duty  
 To obey the Shepherd's voice,  
 Though I fear, I cannot tarry ;  
 'Tis my soul's delightful choice,  
 To be walking, &c.  
 With the flock in holiness.
- 3 Dear neglected, injured Saviour,  
 By thy grace I'll follow thee ;  
 Since thy saints in love receive me,  
 To thy courts, I gladly flee ;

\* Sung at the Author's Baptism.

Here is water, &c.  
In thy name I'll be baptiz'd.

- 4 O ye saints, who now behold me,  
Join to praise a gracious God;  
While you see a blood-bought sinner,  
Tread the path his Master trod!  
By submission, &c.  
To the gospel's great command.
- 5 While a pop'lous crowd surround me,  
And the wicked laugh to scorn;  
Lead me Jesus to mount Calv'ry,  
Thy derisions there to mourn;  
While expiring, &c.  
On the cross for guilty man!
- 6 While I now behold the water,  
Wherein I am soon to lie,  
Aid me Saviour to remember  
That for sinners thou didst die!  
Of which wondrous, &c.  
Grace, an emblem waters are.
- 7 While beneath that stream\* immersed,  
May I think on Jordan's wave,  
In which Jesus was baptized,  
Showing forth his future grave!  
Endless wonder! &c.  
That my Lord should die for me!
- 8 Boundless goodness, sovereign mercy,  
Here in my Redeemer shine;  
In this figure I behold him,  
Once o'erwhelm'd in wrath divine,  
To deliver, &c.  
From the flames a chosen world.

\* If a river, sing—those waves.

- 9 While emerging—when emerged,  
 May I think how Jesus rose,  
 After he had been baptized,  
 In a flood of blood and tears;  
 All for sinners, &c.  
 Whom the father in him chose.

*To be sung after the administration of the Or-  
 dinance.*

- 10 Now since I have been baptized;  
 In the triune sacred name;  
 May I, Jesus, by thee guided,  
 Bear thy cross, despise the shame:  
 By thy spirit, &c.  
 Seal me thine, for ever thine!
- 11 Purge my heart, preserve my conscience;  
 From the love and guilt of sin;  
 If I'm of thy dear-bought purchase,  
 Cleanse me, make me pure within:  
 Saviour keep me, &c.  
 Ever near thy sacred side.
- 12 Then when I am done with shadows,  
 And my trials here shall cease;  
 May I, Jesus, in thy presence,  
 Dwell in sweet eternal peace;  
 There to praise thee, &c.  
 For thy free amazing grace!

CXXXIX. 8s. *MS.*

*Baptism.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Master, O discover,  
 Love unto us, while we stand,  
 On this bank of Schuylkill\* river,  
 To attend thy great command.

\* At the North river, sing—Hudson.

- 2 Make this stream like Jordan blessed,  
Wherein thou baptized wast;  
At this ston<sup>†</sup> be thou confessed,  
While the ston<sup>†</sup> or stream shall last.
- 3 Here the world, the flesh, the devil,  
We do solemnly renounce;  
Here profess to cease from evil,  
And a life to God announce.
- 4 Be this ston<sup>†</sup> a lasting token,  
Ston<sup>†</sup> of witness bear record,  
Should we, after all we've spoken,  
Leave the truth—forsake the Lord.
- 5 Help us, thou baptized Jesus,  
Thy dear name to honour still;  
From our fears of failing ease us;  
Form and mould us to thy will.

CXL. 112th. Carey's Tune. *RIPPON'S*  
*SELEC.*

*Christ baptized in Jordan.*

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,  
Immersing the repenting Jews;  
The Son of God the rite demands,  
Nor dares the holy man refuse:  
Jesus descends beneath the wave,  
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies  
In deeps conceal'd from human view;  
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,  
A fit example thus for you:  
The sacred record while you read,  
Calls you to imitate the deed.



- 3 But lo ! from yonder opening skies,  
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !  
 Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,  
 And lights on the Redeemer's head ;  
 Amaz'd they see the power divine,  
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !  
 What sounds are those that roll along,  
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,  
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !  
 " This is my well-beloved Son,  
 " I see, well pleas'd what he hath done."
- 5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,  
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;  
 Through parting skies the accents broke,  
 And bid us hear the Son of God ;  
 O hear the awful word to-day,  
 Hear all ye nations, and obey !

CXLI. 8, 8, 6. *NORMAN.*

*Thus it becometh us &c. Matt. iii. 15.*

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of grace,  
 And thus should all the favour'd race  
 High heaven's command fulfil ;  
 For that the condescending God  
 Should lead his followers through the flood,  
 Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,  
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,  
 And thus with zeal pursue :  
 No ; heaven's eternal sovereign Lord  
 Has, in the precepts of his word,  
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.

- 3 And shall we ever dare despise  
 The gracious mandate of the skies;  
 Where conscending heaven,  
 To sinful man's apostate race,  
 In matchless love and boundless grace,  
 His will reveal'd has given ?
- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,  
 Assist us now thy grace to sing,  
 And still direct our way,  
 To those bright realms of peace and rest,  
 Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd  
 With one great choral day.

CXLII. 8, 7. Welsh Tune. *FAWCETT.*

*Invitation to follow the Lamb.*

- 1 **H**APPY souls, who feel salvation,  
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
 Hear the voice of revelation,  
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.  
 Found in him, your only Saviour,  
 In his mighty name confide ;  
 In the whole of your behaviour  
 Own him as your sovereign guide :
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,  
 Listen to his gracious voice ;  
 Dread no ills that can befall you,  
 While you make his ways your choice :  
 Jesus says " Let each believer  
 " Be baptized in my name :"  
 He himself, in Jordan's river,  
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly hear his footsteps tracing,  
 Follow him without delay ,  
 Gladly his command embracing,  
 Lo ! your Captain leads the way :

View the rite with understanding ;  
 Jesus' grave before you lies ;  
 Be interr'd at his commanding,  
 After his example rise.

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DAY OF JUDGMENT.

CXLIII. 8, 7, 4. Helmsley Tune. *RIP.*  
*PON'S SELEC.*

*Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14, 17. xxii. 17. 20.*

- 1 **L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !  
 Thousand thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train :  
 Hallelujah,  
 Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him  
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at nought and sold him ;  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away :  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
 Come to judgment !  
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear !  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air !  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of God appear !

- 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,  
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom !  
 The new heaven and earth t'inherit,  
 Take thy pining exiles home :  
 All creation  
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come !
- 6 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine exalted throne !  
 Saviour, take the power and glory :  
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own !  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

## CXLIV. C. M. S. STENNETT.

*The Last Judgment,*

- 1 “ **H**E comes ! he comes ! to judge the  
 world,”  
 Aloud th' archangel cries :  
 While thunders roll from pole to pole,  
 And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,  
 And upward lift their eyes :  
 The slumb'ring tenants of the ground  
 In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,  
 Of hosts divinely bright,  
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends,  
 Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow,  
 His eyes a fiery flame,  
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,  
 And Jesus is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,  
 And scars his vict'ries tell :

- Lo ! in his hand the Conqu'ror bears  
The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
And at his dread command,  
Myriads of creatures round his feet  
In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and subjects here expect  
Their last, their righteous doom ;  
The men who dar'd his word reject,  
And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 " Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"  
The injur'd Jesus cries,  
While the long-kindling wrath within  
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,  
With rapture in his face,  
Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
The sentence of his grace :
- 10 " Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
" The children of my love ;  
" Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones,  
" Prepar'd for you above."

CXLV. 8, 6. *TIEBOUT'S SEL.*

*The last trumpet.*

- 4 **W**HAT sound is this salutes mine ear;  
Methinks 'tis Jubal's trump I hear,  
Long look'd for, now is come ;  
It shakes the heavens, the earth, the sea,  
Proclaims the year of Jubilee ;  
Return ye exiles home.
- 2 Behold ! the New Jerusalem,  
Illuminated by the Lamb,  
In glory doth appear ;

Fair Zion rising from the tomb,  
To meet the bridegroom now she's come;  
And hails the jubile year.

3 King Jesus takes her to his arms;  
'Transported with his glorious charms,  
She thus begins to sing :  
From sins and cares and sighs and pains,  
I rise where joy immortal reigns,  
To view the rosy spring.

4 The seventh trumpet we shall hear,  
A great white throne shall then appear,  
Ten thousand angels round;  
An angel turns the moon to blood,  
Puts out the sun, consumes the flood,  
An burns the solid ground.

5 Arise, ye nations, and come forth;  
From east and west, from south and north;  
Behold the Judge is come !  
What horrors fill the trembling breast,  
Compell'd to stand the solemn test,  
And hear the final doom !

6 Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,  
With howling fiends for ever dwell;  
No more you'll see my face ;  
My precious gospel you've withstood,  
You've set at nought my precious blood,  
And scoff'd at sovereign grace.

7 See ! parents and their children part :—  
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,  
Never to meet again ;  
In fiery chariots Zion flies,  
And quickly gains the upper skies,  
On Canaan's happy plain.

- 8 My soul is longing to be there,  
Fain would I rise and wing the air,  
And trace the heav'nly road.  
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,  
Oh ! that I had an angel's wings,  
I'd quickly see my God.

CXLVI. 7s. BALTIMORE COLLEC.

*The great tribunal.*

- 1 **J**OHN, in vision saw the day,  
When the Judge will hasten down:  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away,  
From the terror of his frown;  
Dead and living, small and great,  
Raised from the earth and sea,  
At his bar shall hear their fate:  
What will then become of me?
- 2 Can I bear his awful looks?  
Shall I stand in judgment then,  
When I see the open'd books,  
Writ by the Almighty's pen?  
If he to remembrance bring,  
And expose to public view,  
Ev'ry word and secret thing;  
Ah ! my soul, what can'st thou do?
- 3 When the list shall be produc'd  
Of the talents I enjoy'd;  
Means and mercies how abus'd,  
Time and strength how mis-employ'd;  
Conscience then, compell'd to read,  
Must allow the charge is true;  
Say, my soul, what canst thou plead,  
In that hour what wilt thou do?
- 4 But the book of life I see—  
Is my name not written there?



Yes :—from guilt and danger free,  
 Glad I'll meet him in the air ;  
 That's the book I hope will plead,  
 My acquittal, and decide,  
 Though I am a wretch indeed,  
 Yet for me the Lamb hath died.

- 5 This to know, is what I crave ;  
 Then with boldness shall I stand,  
 Number'd with the millions sav'd,  
 Own'd and bless'd at thy right hand ;  
 If thou help a feeble worm  
 To believe thy promise now ;  
 Justice will at last confirm  
 What thy mercy wrought below

CXLVII. 6, 6, 4. *BALT. COL.*

*Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark the trump of God  
 Sounds through the earth abroad ;  
 Time is no more.  
 Horrors invest the skies,  
 Graves burst, and myriads rise,  
 Nature in agonies,  
 Gives up her store.
- 2 Chang'd in a moment's space,  
 Lo the affrighted race,  
 Shrink and despair :  
 Now they attempt to flee  
 Dread immortality,  
 And eye their misery,  
 Suddenly near.
- 3 Quick reels the bursting earth,  
 Rock'd by a storm of wrath,  
 Hurl'd from her sphere ;  
 Heart-rending thunders roll,  
 Demons tormented howl,

Great God support my soul,  
Yielding to fear.

4 O my Redeemer come,  
And through the fearful gloom,  
Brighten the way,  
How would our souls arise,  
Soar through the flaming skies,  
Join the solemnities,  
Of the great day.

5 See, see th' incarnate God,  
Swiftly emits abroad,  
Glories benign :  
Lo, lo, he comes ! he's here :  
Angels and saints appear,  
Fled is my ev'ry fear,  
Jesus is mine.

6 High, on a flaming throne,  
Rides the eternal Son,  
Sov'reign august.  
Worlds from his presence flee,  
Shrunk at his majesty,  
Stars streaming through the sky,  
Awfully burst.

7 Thousands of thousands wait  
Round the great judgment seat,  
Glorified there :  
Prostrate the angels fall,  
Wing'd is my raptur'd soul,  
High to the Judge of all,  
Lo, I draw near.

8 O my approving God,  
Wash'd in redeeming blood,  
Bold I advance :  
Fearless I'll range along,  
Join the triumphant throng;

Shout the extatic song,  
Through the expanse.

CXLVIII. 8, 8, 6. Chatham tune.

*RIPPON'S SEL.*

*Longing for a place at the right hand of the  
Judge.*

1 **W**HEN thou my righteous Judge shalt  
come

To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die.  
Be found at thy right hand.

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought?  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
In this th' accepted day:  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

## CXLIX. 10s. SACRED POETRY.

*Life, death, judgment, hell, heaven.*

**I**N three short moments death shall teach  
us more,  
Than life in three long years, or in three  
score :

What death conceals, in *judgment* shall be  
known,  
Where truth shall triumph, and *the truth*  
alone ;

What then remains untold, to *heav'n* and *hell*,  
That great infallible *eternity* shall tell !

CL. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6. MS.

*The Son of Man.*

- 1 The Son of Man they did betray,  
He was condemn'd and led away ;  
Think O my soul on that dread day !  
Look to Mount Calvary !  
Behold him lamb-like led along,  
Surrounded by a wicked throng,  
Accused by each lying tongue,  
For thus the Lamb of God was hung  
Upon the shameful tree !
- 1 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood  
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,  
From every wound a stream of blood  
Come flowing down again !  
His bitter groans all nature shook  
And, at his voice, the rocks were broke,  
The sleeping saints their graves forsook  
While spiteful Jews around did mock  
And treat him with disdain.
- 2 Now, hung between the Earth and skies,  
Behold, in agonies he dies !

O sinners hear his mournful cries—  
And think how great his pain!  
The morning sun withdraws his light,  
Refusing to behold the sight;  
The azure sky is robed in night—  
All nature mourns and stands affright  
While Christ the Lord is slain.

4 Ye men and angels hear the Son;  
He cries for help—but O! there's none;  
He treads the wine-press all alone,  
His garments stain'd with blood:  
In lamentations hear him cry  
“Eloi lama sabachthani;”—  
In death he closed his languid eyes  
But soon did mount the upper skies,  
The conqu'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,  
With hearts like steel did round him stand  
And, mocking, said “Come save the land—  
Come try thyself to save:”  
A soldier pierc'd him when he died,  
And healing streams ran from his side;  
My dearest Lord was crucified;—  
And Justice now is satisfied  
Mourners, for you and me.

6 Behold him now enthron'd in state,  
He fills the mediatorial seat,  
While millions, bowing at his feet,  
With loud Hosannas tell,  
Though he endured exquisite pains,  
He led the monster death in chains;  
Ye seraphs raise your loudest strains,  
With music fill bright Salem's plains  
He's conquer'd death and hell,

7. 'Tis done—the dreadful debt is paid,  
 The great atonement now is made;  
 Mourner on him your guilt was laid  
     For you he spilt his blood,—  
 For you his tender soul did move,  
 For you he left the courts above;  
 That you the length and breadth might prove,  
 And height and depth of perfect love,  
     Through him th' incarnate God.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,  
 Who lives and reigns above the sky,  
 Who sent his son to bleed and die,  
     Glory to him be given;  
 In heaven above his praise resounds,  
 (O Zion sing! *his grace abounds,*)  
 And we shall shout eternal rounds,  
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,  
     When swallowed up in heaven.

CLI. STANFORD'S COLLEC.

*The Crucifixion.*

- 1 **F**LOW fast, my tears; the cause is great;  
 This tribute claims an injur'd friend;  
 One whom I long pursu'd with hate,  
     And yet he lov'd me to the end.  
 When death his terrors round me spread,  
 And aim'd his arrows at my head,  
 Christ interpos'd; the wound he bore,  
 And bade the monster dare no more.
- 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow;  
 Stream copious as yon purple tide;  
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,  
     I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.  
 Keen pangs and agonizing smart,  
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;

While justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,  
Pours on his head what's due to mine.

- 3 Fast, and yet faster, flow my tears,  
Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes,  
His visage marr'd, tow'rds heav'n he rears,  
And, pleading for his murd'rer, dies !  
My grief nor measure knows, nor end,  
Till he appears the sinner's friend !  
And gives me in an happy hour,  
To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

CLII. *WATTS'S PSALMS.*

- 1 **A** LONG the banks where Babel's current  
flows  
Our captive bands in deep despondence  
stray'd,  
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,  
Her friends, her children mingled with the  
dead.
- 3 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we  
strung,  
When praise employ'd, and mirth inspir'd  
the lay,  
In mournful silence on the willows hung,  
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious  
day.
- 3 The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,  
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim,  
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,  
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's  
name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands un-  
known,  
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise ?



- O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,  
 Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise;  
 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,  
   If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame :  
   My hand shall perish and my voice shall  
   cease.
- 6 Yet shall the Lord who hears when Zion calls,  
   O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,  
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
   And raise her children to eternal day.

## CLIII. WILMINGTON COL.

*Beware lest thou forget the Lord. Deut. vi. 12.*

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, the sacred page,  
   Let all its truths thy pow'rs engage ;  
 And mark *this* passage on record,  
 Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 2 My sinful nature proves, indeed,  
 That I this caution daily need ;  
 O may it in my heart be stor'd,  
 Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 3 If health, and wealth, and joys abound,  
 And all my lower hopes are crown'd ;  
 Then, O my soul, this truth regard,  
 Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 4 Or, if quite diff'rent scenes appear,  
 And want and poverty are here ;  
 And thou from earthly joys are barr'd,  
 Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 5 If in thee fierce temptations rage,  
 Or hosts of hell thy soul engage,  
 Then, be thou mindful of this word,  
 Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.

- 6 Thro' all thy pilgrimage below,  
In paths of comfort, or of wo ;  
And when thou death's cold stream shalt ford,  
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 7 Look up, my soul, and onward press,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace ;  
And come what will, think on this word,  
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.

CLIV. *WILMINGTON COL.**Complaint of a hard heart.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,  
Who gladly would to thee return ;  
Thy tender mercies O impart,  
And take away this stony heart !
- 2 'Tis this hard heart which sinks me down,  
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown ;  
This causes all my wo and smart,—  
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,  
Which scorns thy love and slights thy word ;  
Which tempts me from thee to depart ;  
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 4 'Tis this hard heart whose bold reply,  
Gives all thy sacred truth the lie,  
And would thy promises pervert ;  
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 5 'Tis this hard heart I feel within,  
Which slights thy grace, and cleaves to sin ;  
Sure 'tis of hell the counter part ;  
Lord take away this stony heart !
- 6 'Tis this hard heart which dares withstand  
All the dread judgments of thy hand,  
Which daily acts the rebel's part ;  
Lord, take away this stony heart.

- 7 'Tis this hard heart which day by day  
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray,  
Yea, would from ev'ry duty start;  
Lord, take away this stony heart!
- 8 'Tis this hard heart whose cursed snare,  
Tempts me to pride, or to despair;  
O, in me, Lord, thy pow'r exert,  
And take away this stony heart!
- 9 'Tis this hard heart I cannot bear,  
Lord, hear and answer this my prayer;  
Its rage, its pow'r, its madness slay;  
Lord, take this stony heart away!
- 10 Sure the bless'd day will shortly come,  
When this hard heart shall know its doom,  
When I no more shall sin retain,  
Nor of a stony heart complain.
- 11 Yes, friendly death, with welcome stroke,  
Will loose the chain—will break the yoke;  
And, when arriv'd on glory's shore,  
A stony heart be felt no more.

## CLV. P——.MS.

*The Believer's trust in darkness. Is. l. 10.*

- 1 **O**! HOW tedious the days  
When my Jesus delays,  
And withholds the sweet smiles of his face;  
Then I mourn all alone,  
As a stranger unknown,  
But still lie at the fountain of grace.
- 2 Herein thousands do find  
That Jehovah is kind,  
And are rais'd from the gates of despair;  
O that I may obtain  
Light and comfort again  
And in Jesus my Lord persevere!

- 5 May my days all be spent  
 Serving Him who was sent  
 To redeem me by his precious blood !  
 Then at Jesus' return,  
 While the elements burn,  
 I shall sing hallelujahs to God.

CLVI. *MS.*

*Come good Shepherd, feed thy Sheep.*

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
 Come, and bid our jarring cease;  
 Come, O come and reign for ever,  
 God of love and Prince of Peace;  
 Visit now thy needy Zion,  
 See thy people mourn and weep;  
 Day and night thy lambs are crying;  
 Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Many follow men's inventions  
 And neglect the Saviour's laws;  
 Thence divisions and contentions  
 Wound the dear Redeemer's cause;  
 Saints themselves, in sad declensions,  
 Like the foolish virgins sleep—  
 All are wrong and in confusion;  
 Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.
- 3 Some for Paul, some for Apollos—  
 Some for Cephas—few agree;  
 Jesus let us hear thee call us,  
 Aid us Lord to follow thee;  
 Then we shall, whate'er encumbers,  
 Ev'ry hindrance overleap,  
 Fearing neither force nor numbers;  
 Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

- 4 Lord in us there is no merit,  
We've been sinners from our youth ;  
Guide us by thy Holy Spirit  
Into all revealed truth ;  
On thy word of grace we'll venture,  
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,  
Love's our banner, Christ's our leader ;  
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 5 Saviour, still with courage arm us  
That we may not yield to fear,  
Nothing Lord, we know can harm us  
While thy gracious aid is near.  
Glory, glory be to Jesus,  
At his name our hearts do leap ;  
He both comforts us and heals us ;  
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 6 Hear the Prince of your salvation  
Saying, " Fear not little flock,"  
I myself am your foundation,  
Ye are built upon this rock ;  
Shun the paths of vice and folly  
Be aware of sin and sleep,  
Look to me and be ye holy ;  
I delight to feed my sheep.
- 7 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,  
Taught by him, we own his name ;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus—  
How it doth our souls inflame !  
Saints and angels chaunt the story,  
Jesus all the flock will keep,  
He hath led the way to glory,  
And will thither bring his sheep.

CLVII. 8, 7. Jewin Street Tune. *ROBINSON.*

*Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.*

1 **C**OME thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above :  
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home :  
Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He to save my soul from danger  
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee !  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

CLVIII. *MS.*

*The Missionaries' Farewell.*

1 **K**INDRED, and friends, and native land,  
How shall we say farewell ?  
How, when our swelling sails expand,  
How will our bosoms swell !

- 2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,  
And tender ties we know,  
But love more strong than death, unites  
To him that bids us go.
- 3 The sighs we breathe for precious souls  
To whom he's yet unknown,  
Might waft us to the distant poles,  
Or to the burning zone.
- 4 Thus when our ev'ry passion's mov'd,  
The gushing tear-drop starts,  
The cause of Jesus more belov'd  
Shall glow within our hearts.
- 5 With this warm wish our bosoms swell,  
*May his dear cause expand,*  
Farewell, then we can say farewell  
*Our friends—our native land.*

## CLIX. WILMINGTON COL.

*The Preacher's Farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,  
The gospel sounds a jubilee :  
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,  
From land to land, from sea to sea :  
And as I preach from place to place,  
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,  
Like strings you twine about my heart,  
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,  
Till we shall meet no more to part,  
Till we shall meet in worlds above,  
Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, to all my friends below,  
Though long so kind and dear to me ;



- My Jesus calls and I must go  
 To sound the gospel jubilee ;  
 To sound the joys, and bear the news,  
 O'er Gentile lands and to the Jews.
- 4 Farewell, young people, one and all ;  
 While God shall grant me breath to breathe,  
 I'll pray to the eternal all ;  
 That your dear souls in Christ may live ;  
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be,  
 To reign in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell, to all below the sun ;  
 And as I pass in tears below,  
 The path is strait, my feet shall run,  
 And God shall keep me as I go ;  
 And God will keep me in his hand,  
 And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 6 Farewell, farewell, I look above ;  
 Jesus, my friend, to thee I call ;  
 My joy, my crown, my only love,  
 My safeguard here, my heavenly all ;  
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,  
 My hope in life and death, amen.

CLX. *MS.**The Social Band.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL my dear brethren! the time  
     is at hand  
 When each must be parted from this social  
     band,  
 Our sev'ral engagements do call us away,  
 Nor must we refuse heav'n's voice to obey.
- 2 Farewell loving christians—farewell for a  
     while,  
 We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence  
     smile ;

And while we are parted and scattered abroad  
Let's pray for each other and wrestle with  
God.

3 Farewell faithful soldiers, tho' wearied and  
scarr'd,

The war's nearly ended—you'll soon be dis-  
charg'd ;

Then singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may  
roar,

We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on that  
shore.

4 Farewell ye dear converts, just listed for war,  
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near,  
And tho' you must march through this dark  
wilderness,

Your Captain's before you—he'll lead you to  
peace.

5 The world, flesh and satan their strength all  
unite

And bold persecution may strive to affright,  
Yet He that is for you is greater than they,  
Let this animate you to hold on your way.

6 Farewell ye dear mourners, who feel you're  
undone,

The Saviour is able and bids you to come ;  
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do  
mourn ;

Your state is most awful, tho' you've no con-  
cern ;

A judgment's appointed where all must ap-  
pear,—

There you must stand trembling with tor-  
menting fear.

- 3 Then vices and follies which give most delight  
Will serve most to heighten confusion and  
fright,  
And sermons and counsel, now heard with  
disdain,  
Must then be remembered with anguish and  
pain.
- 9 Farewell faithful pilgrims, farewell all around;  
And should we ne'er meet 'till the last trum-  
pet's sound;  
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,  
For ever to join in a *pure social band*.

CLXI. *TIEBOUT'S COLLEC.**At Parting.*

- 1 **J**ESUS pardon all our follies,  
Since together we have been;  
Make us humble, make us holy,  
Cleanse us all from every sin;  
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Saviour grant us all thy blessing,  
Send it down Lord from above;  
May we all go on a praising  
And rejoicing in thy love;  
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
Till we all shall meet above.
- 3 May thy presence, Lord, go with us  
While this wilderness we roam;  
And the spirit of our Jesus  
Lead and guide us every one;  
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
Till we all shall meet at **HOME**.

## CLXII. MS.

*The Young Convert.*

- 1 **T**HE glorious light of Zion is spreading far  
and wide,  
And sinners now are coming unto the gospel  
tide,  
The standards of King Jesus in glorious tri-  
umph rise,  
And sinners crowd around them with bitter  
groans and cries.
- 2 The suff'ring of the Saviour upon Mount  
Calvary,  
Are heard with deep attention, and sighs for  
liberty ;  
And while the wondrous message has circu-  
lated round,  
Some souls exposed to ruin, have free salva-  
tion found.
- 3 Of this most happy number I hope that I am  
one,  
And Jesus soon will finish the work he has  
begun ;  
He'll cut it short in righteousness and I shall  
surely be  
A monument of mercy to all eternity.
- 4 I am but a young convert, who lately did en-  
list.  
A soldier under Jesus, my Prophet, King and  
Priest ;  
I have received my bounty, likewise my mar-  
tial dress—  
A ring of love and favour, a robe of righteous-  
ness.

- 5 I've been into the water, where wē young  
converts go,  
As did our Lord and Master when he was  
here below ;  
Well pleas'd with his example, as well as sav-  
ing grace  
We tread his sacred footsteps, and hope to  
see his face.
- 6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus hath done for  
such as me—  
Behold his sacred body hang writhing on  
the tree !  
His head, his hands and bleeding side, to you  
he doth display,  
O ! tell me, ruin'd sinner, how can you stay  
away.
- 7 Come all ye elder brethren, ye soldiers of the  
cross,  
Who for the sake of Jesus have counted all  
but loss,  
Still pray for us young converts, that we may  
travel on,  
And meet with you in glory, where our Re-  
deemer's gone.

CLXIII. C. M. *NEWTON.*

*A Prodigal Returned.*

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent ;  
They stopp'd the Prodigal's career,  
And forc'd him to repent.  
Although he no relenting felt,  
Till he had spent his store ;  
His stubborn heart began to melt,  
When famine pinch'd him sore.

- 2 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,  
But hunger, shame and fear ;  
My father's house abounds with bread  
While I am starving here.  
I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
And fall before his face ;  
Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.
- 3 His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,  
And threw his arms about the neck  
Of his rebellious child.  
Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive !  
Enough, the father said,—  
Rejoice my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 4 Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around ;  
My son was dead but lives again,  
Was lost but now is found.  
'Tis thus the Lord his grace reveals,  
To call poor sinners home ;  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.
- 5 Says Faith, look yonder, see the crown  
Laid up in heaven above ;  
Says Hope, it shortly shall be mine,  
I long t' wear it, says Love.  
Desire says, what's that ? my crown ?  
Then to that place I'll flee ;  
I cannot bear a longer stay,  
My rest I fain would see.
- 6 But stay, says Patience, wait awhile,  
The crown's for them that fight ;

The prize for them that run the race,  
By faith and not by sight.  
Thus Faith doth take a pleasing view,  
Hope waits, Love sits and sings ;  
Desire flutters to be gone,  
But Patience clips her wings.

CLXIV. G. WHITEFIELD'S COL.

*A Sinner's Prayer.*

- 1 **G**OD of my Salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe :  
Simply would I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive ;  
Full of guilt, alas, I am,  
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Apply thy blood to me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine eye ;  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy blood is always nigh :  
Now, as yesterday the same,  
Thou art and wilt for ever be ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Apply thy blood to me.
- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure ;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st, am poor :  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Apply thy blood to me.



- 4 Without money, without price,  
I come thy love to buy ;  
From myself I turn my eyes,  
The chief of sinners I.  
Take, O take me as I am,  
And let me lose myself in thee ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

CLXV. C. M. Cambridge New Tune.

S. STENNETT.

*The promised Land.*

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow :  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er, those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day :  
There God the Sun for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore :  
Sickness, and sorrow, pain and death  
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest ?

When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?

- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Can here no longer stay :  
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

CLXVI. *SMITH'S SELEC.*

*Soul thirstings from Heaven.*

- 1 **S**TILL out of the deepest abyss  
Of trouble I mournfully cry ;  
And pine to recover my peace,  
And see my Redeemer and die :  
I cannot, I cannot forbear  
These passionate longings for home ;  
O ! when shall my spirit be there ;  
O ! when will the messenger come.
- 2 Thy nature I long to put on,  
Thine image on earth to regain ;  
And then in the grave to lay down,  
This burden of body and pain.  
O ! Jesus in pity draw near,  
Permit me to sleep on thy breast,  
Appear to my rescue, appear  
And gather me into thy rest.
- 3 To take a poor fugitive in,  
The arms of thy mercy display ;  
And give me to rest from all sin,  
And bear me triumphant away ;  
Away from a world of distress,  
Away to the mansions above ;  
A heaven of seeing thy face—  
A heaven of feeling thy love.

## CLXVII. P. M. POPE.

*Departing flight of the Happy Spirit.*

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame;  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.  
     Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
     Sister spirit, come away:  
     What is this absorbs me quite?  
     Steals my senses, shuts my sight;  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?  
 The world recedes; it disappears;  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
     With sounds seraphic ring;  
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

## FOR CHILDREN.

## CLXVIII. MS.

*The Child's Request.*

- 1 **T**HOU giver of my life and joy,  
 Let songs to thee my tongue employ;  
 Whilst *immature* this feeble frame,  
 Teach me to lisp thy sacred name.
- 2 May my fond *genius*, as I rise,  
 Seek the fair fount\* where knowledge lies—  
 On wings sublime trace heav'n's abode,  
 And learn my duty to my God.

\* The Holy Scriptures.

- 3 From low pursuits exalt my mind—  
 From ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind;  
 Nor let my conduct ever tend  
 To wound the feelings of a friend.
- 4 Though golden flow'rs my path should grace,  
 And joys salute me as I pass,  
 Yet may my generous bosom know,  
 And learn to feel another's woe.
- 5 If providence should lend me wealth,  
 And joys increas'd by peace and health,  
 Yet my I ne'er despise the poor,  
 Nor send them begging from my door.
- 6 If poverty, with stern command,  
 Should grasp me in her iron hand,  
 In my distress, may I receive  
 That kind relief I'd wish to give.
- 7 When time its hoary frost has shed,  
 And silver'd o'er my favour'd head,  
 May my calm mind reflect intent  
 On length of days in virtue spent.
- 8 When death his curtain shall o'erspread,  
 And wrap me in his awful shade,  
 May my blest soul to thee arise,  
 And triumph in her native skies.

## CLXIX. MS.

*The Orphan's Prayer.*

- 1 **O** THOU, the helpless orphan's hope,  
 To whom alone my eyes look up,  
 In each distressing day;

FATHER, for that's the sweetest name  
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,  
O teach my heart to pray !

- 2 Low in the dust my parents lie,  
And no attentive ear is nigh  
But thine, to hear my woe;  
No hand to wipe away my tears,  
No gentle voice to hush my fears  
Remains to me below :
- 3 My relatives, and friends are gone  
And all my earthly hopes are flown,  
But I continue here ;  
Be *thou* my patron, *thou* my guide,  
This friendless heart from sorrow hide,  
Reposing on thy care.
- 4 Should I be spar'd throughout the span  
That marks the narrow life of man,  
And reach to hoary age,  
Instruct me in thy holy will,  
Teach me the duties to fulfil  
Of each succeeding stage.
- 5 But if thy wisdom should decree  
An early sepulchre for me,  
*Father*, thy will be done ;  
On thy rich mercy I rely,  
And if I live or if I die  
O save me in thy Son !

CLXX. *P*——. ACROSTIC.

L. M.

**W**hen, O my Jesus ! Saviour, when,  
**I**n thy dear bosom shall I lie ;  
**L**ong are the hours that roll between ;  
**L**ong till I lay this body by.  
**I**n this waste howling wilderness,  
**A**midst ten thousand cares I dwell :  
**M**y heart and soul with sin distress'd,  
**P**erplex'd with foes from death and hell.  
**P**round then roll ye wheels of time ;  
**R**un on my moments that remain ;  
**K**ept and secur'd by power divine,  
**I**hope and long for heav'n my home.  
**N**othing below th' eternal skies,  
**S**un, moon, or stars, or friends can fill  
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END OF THE SONGS.

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TO FIND ANY SPIRITUAL SONG BY THE FIRST LINE.

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*\* These are two different Songs.*

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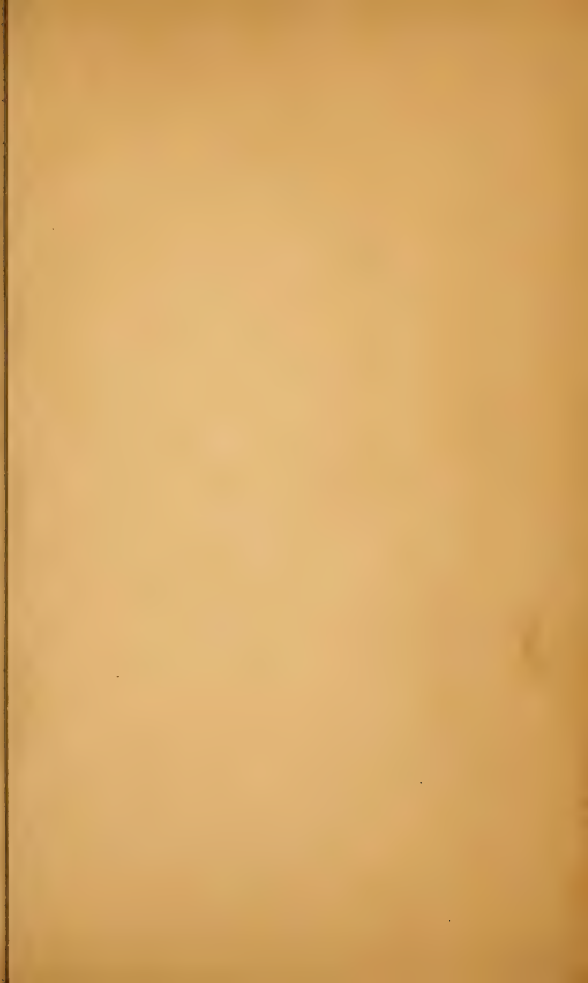


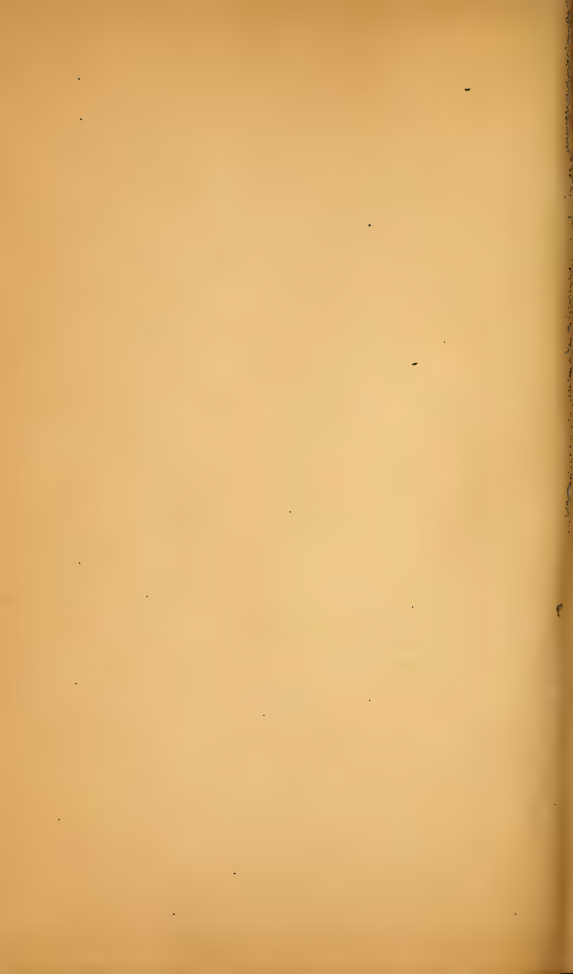
















Mellay  
1904



